PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

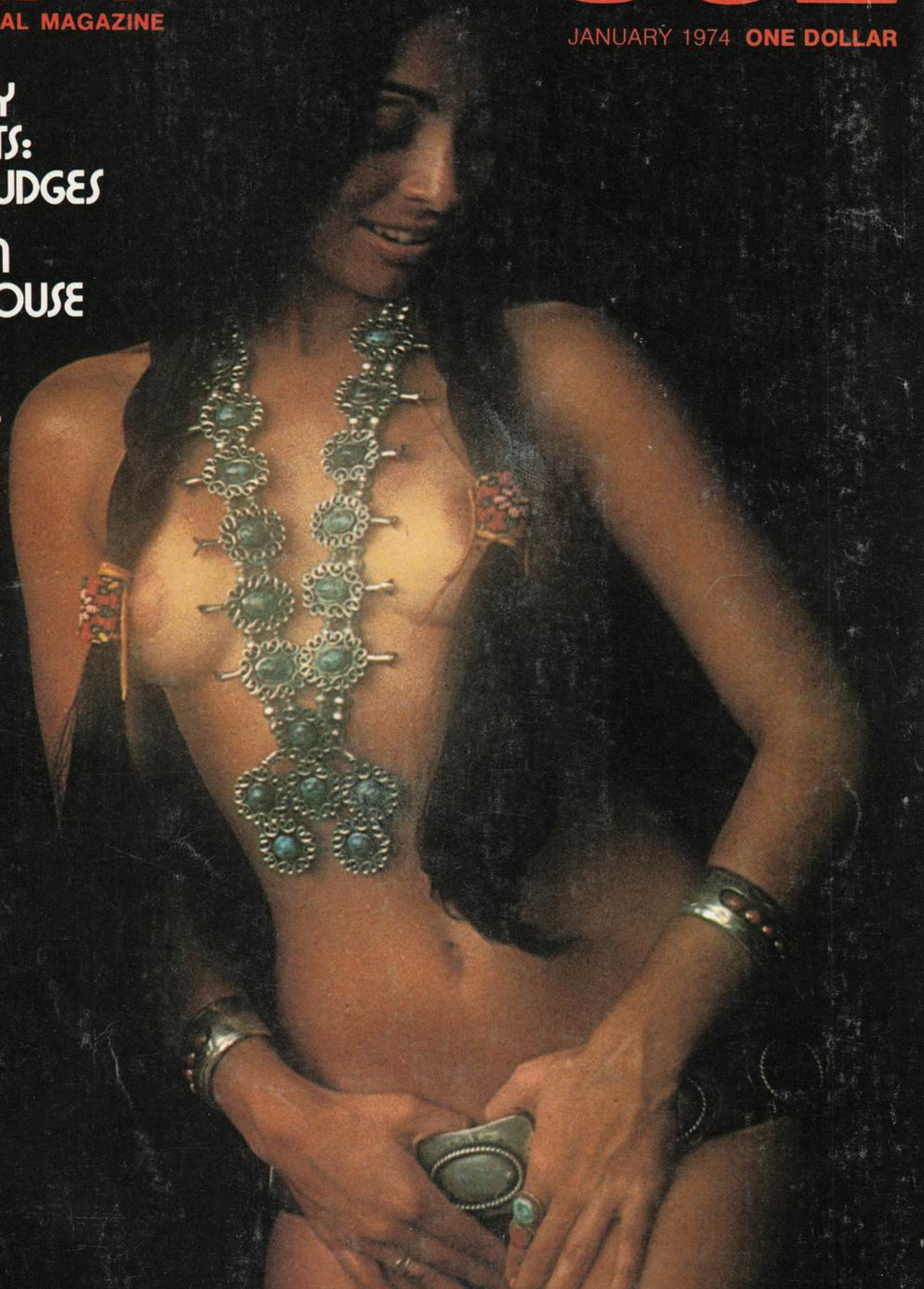
JANUARY 1974 ONE DOLLAR

PROMISCUITY IN THE COURTS: THE NAKED JUDGES

THEIR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

INTERVIEW: DR. DICHTER - ADMAN'S GURU

FICTION BY GERALD GREEN



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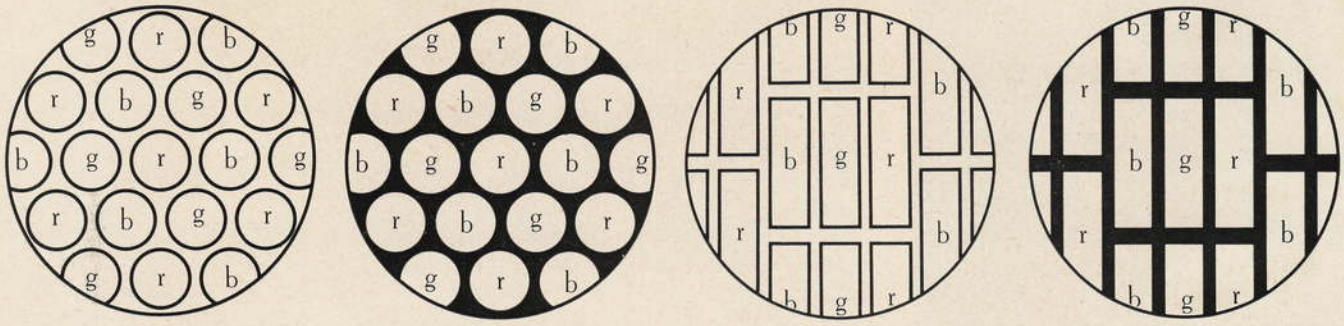


Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

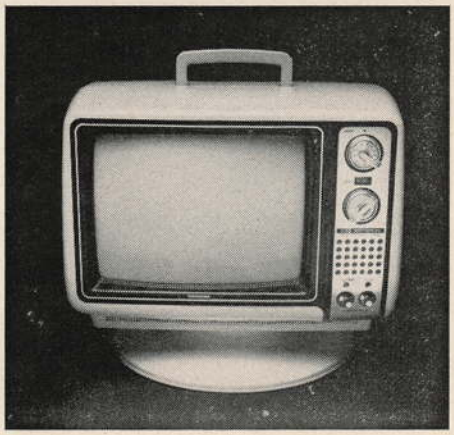
Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.™

We decided to demonstrate its superiority to you the best way possible. By letting you see for yourself.

Toshiba Blackstripe.

If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a $400 mistake.



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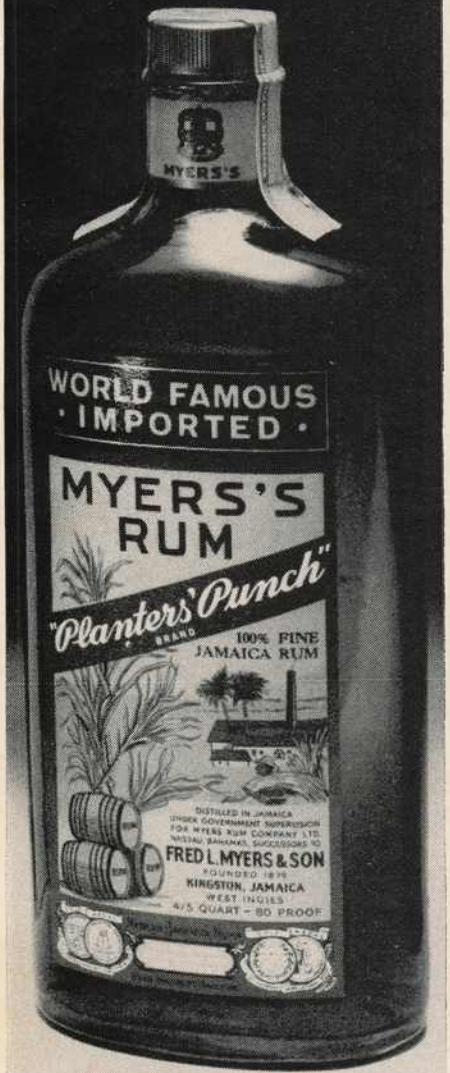

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PENTHOUSE

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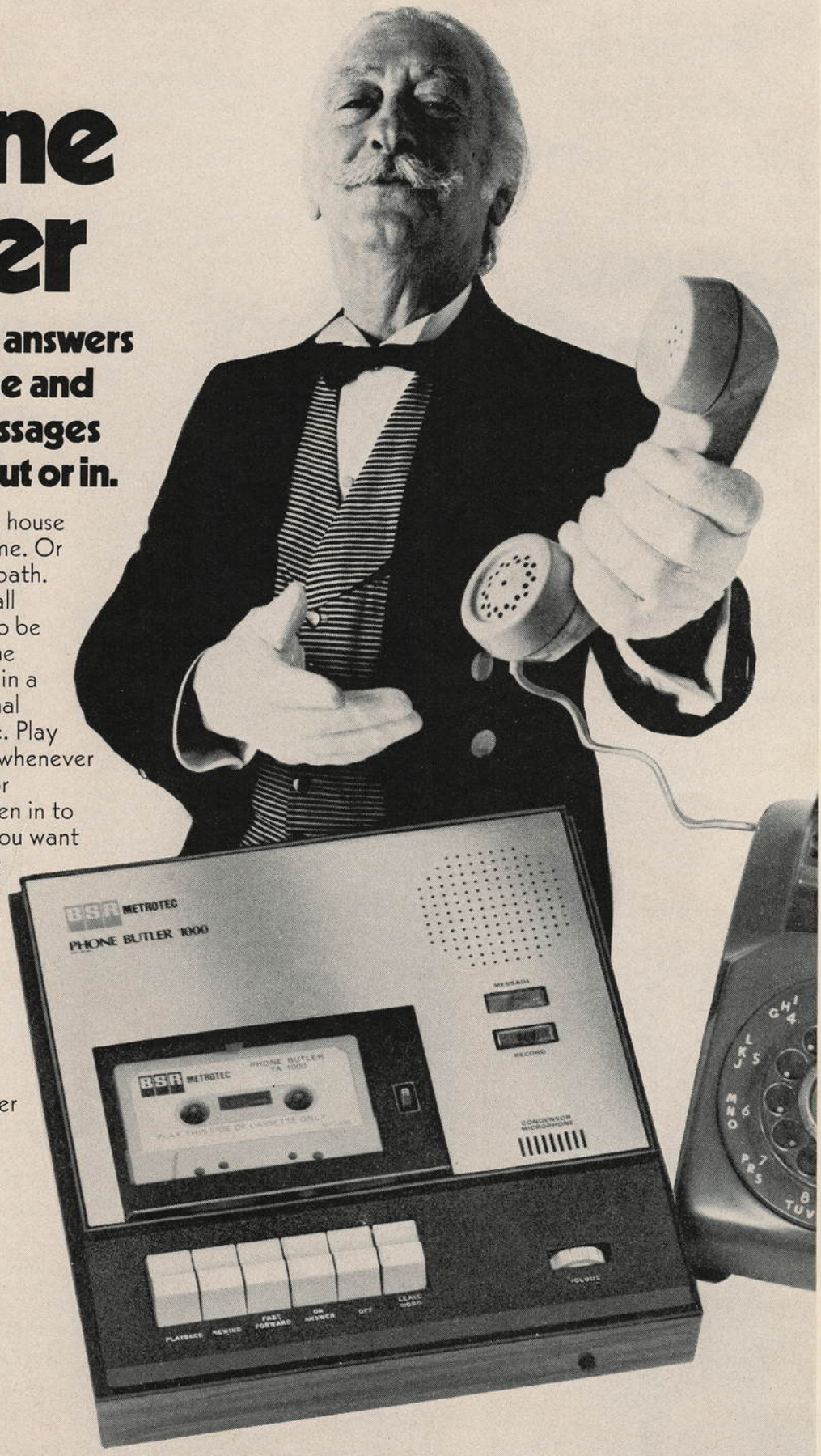

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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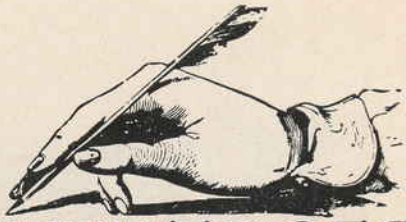

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HOUSECALL

"If you can't stand the wheat, get out of the Kremlin." Comrade Nixon's order was clear, but the Party stood pat. Meanwhile, a cold front moved up in Siberia. If Lenin knew what his chief American agent was up to, he'd turn in his tomb—but what would he turn it in for? For the answer to this and other fearful questions, read *The Kremlin Tapes*, specially prepared for this issue of *Penthouse* by **Jerome Doolittle**. Men—do you sincerely want to increase your breast size? "If there's anything worse than being a faggot, it's being a cunt"—or so says the venerable credo of male chauvinism—yet many men and women are born with an excess of wayward hormones that should have been his or her sister's or brother's and through no fault of their own suffer the lifelong agonies of the sexually damned. However, this is the age of scientific miracles, and thousands of American transsexuals, with the aid of open-minded surgeons, are becoming the women and men nature meant them to be. In *Transsexuals*, **Terri Schultz** tells the strange story of America's sexually displaced persons—and their husbands and wives. Schultz, a former reporter and columnist of the *Chicago Tribune*, is a contributing editor of *Chicago Guide Magazine*. Heredity's determination of an infant's gender is made with Solomon-like fairness compared to the arbitrary, willful, capricious, perverse, corrupt, and decadent jurisprudence of some of our judges. What gives a whoremongering magistrate the right to condemn criminals, civic offenders, and prostitutes while letting his own political friends and pimps get off scot-free. Only our awe of the judiciary's "mysticism of superiority," says **Charles R. Ashman** in *The Sensuous Judges*, a report based on his *The Finest Judges Money Can Buy* (Nash). Ashman, a former lawyer and professor of constitutional law, is the author of *Kissinger: The Adventures of Superkraut* (Lyle Stuart) and *The People vs. Angela Davis* (Pinnacle Books). He began last fall to host *The Devil's Advocate*, a television talk show originating in St. Louis and syndicated in twenty-seven cities. Ashman finds a dangerous tendency in our country to regard our lawmen as sacrosanct—when in fact they are often immoral bums unfit to judge a Pillsbury bake-off, let alone a murder trial. Of course, that's not to say that Joe Citizen's choices are made with cold hard logic. Chances are that many of us would have the free will of dead goldfish if it weren't for the democracy-loving spirit of **Dr. Ernest Dichter**, the sixty-seven-year-old father of motivational research. It's his job to tell Madison Avenue what will make you buy what—from pet food to political ideas—and he's always right. In this month's *Penthouse Interview* Dichter explains why cars are sexy, advocates emotional honesty in advertising, and defines happiness as "constructive discontent: never be satisfied with what you have." Which is pretty much the philosophy of Guru Maharaj Ji. Answering his own question—*Who Is Guru Maharaj Ji and Why Is He Saying All These Terrible Things About God?*—underground litterateur and *Screw* editor **Dean Latimer** explains why thousands of young Americans are exchanging their worldly goods for the fifteen-year-old guru's dubious brand of godhood, and why they were willing to shell out $225 a head to attend his millennial Astrodome rally last fall: because they're idiots, that's why. Examining one of the pastimes of an older generation in this month's lead fiction, **Gerald Green** suggests that a deck of cards was a self-destructive addiction for *The Bremen Six*. Their boys-only poker game begins in a repatriation center in Germany in 1945 and runs on for over a quarter of a century, in the course of which the lads get married (but not to each other), divorced, miscellaneously laid, old, and even dead, while constantly seeking refuge at the table of chance from the cruel world outside. That very world was the subject of Green's famous best-seller *The Last Angry Man*—made into Paul Muni's last great film in 1959—and of his recently published *Blockbuster* (Doubleday), a novel of boiling landlord-tenant tensions in a turbulent metropolis. If this sidelong glance at social history makes you nostalgic, come wander within the budding grove of our *Memoirs of a Casabanova*. **Tony Lane's** photographs of fun-loving fruit and voluptuous vegetables make Molly Bloom look like a wallflower, but we feel intelligent satire can fertilize anyone's growth. Elsewhere, **Lionel Chetwynd** takes us behind the scenes with **Bob Fosse**, who directed *Cabaret* and the other fine entertainments that won him the Oscar, Emmy, and Tony Awards in a single year. Nobody's ever done that, *Except For Bob Fosse*. Here he recollects his years of poverty and obscurity and talks about his plans for a forthcoming film about the life of Lenny Bruce. Screenwriter Chetwynd, the only person to graduate from Oxford University with only an eighth-grade education previously, wrote the television play *The Guest Room* for CBS. And that—mortised by **Henry Morgan, Xaviera Hollander**, and **Wicked Wanda**; and with an added fillip from the sexual Baedeker of **Allan Mankoff**—is how things stand with *Penthouse* at the New Year. Welcome to it.

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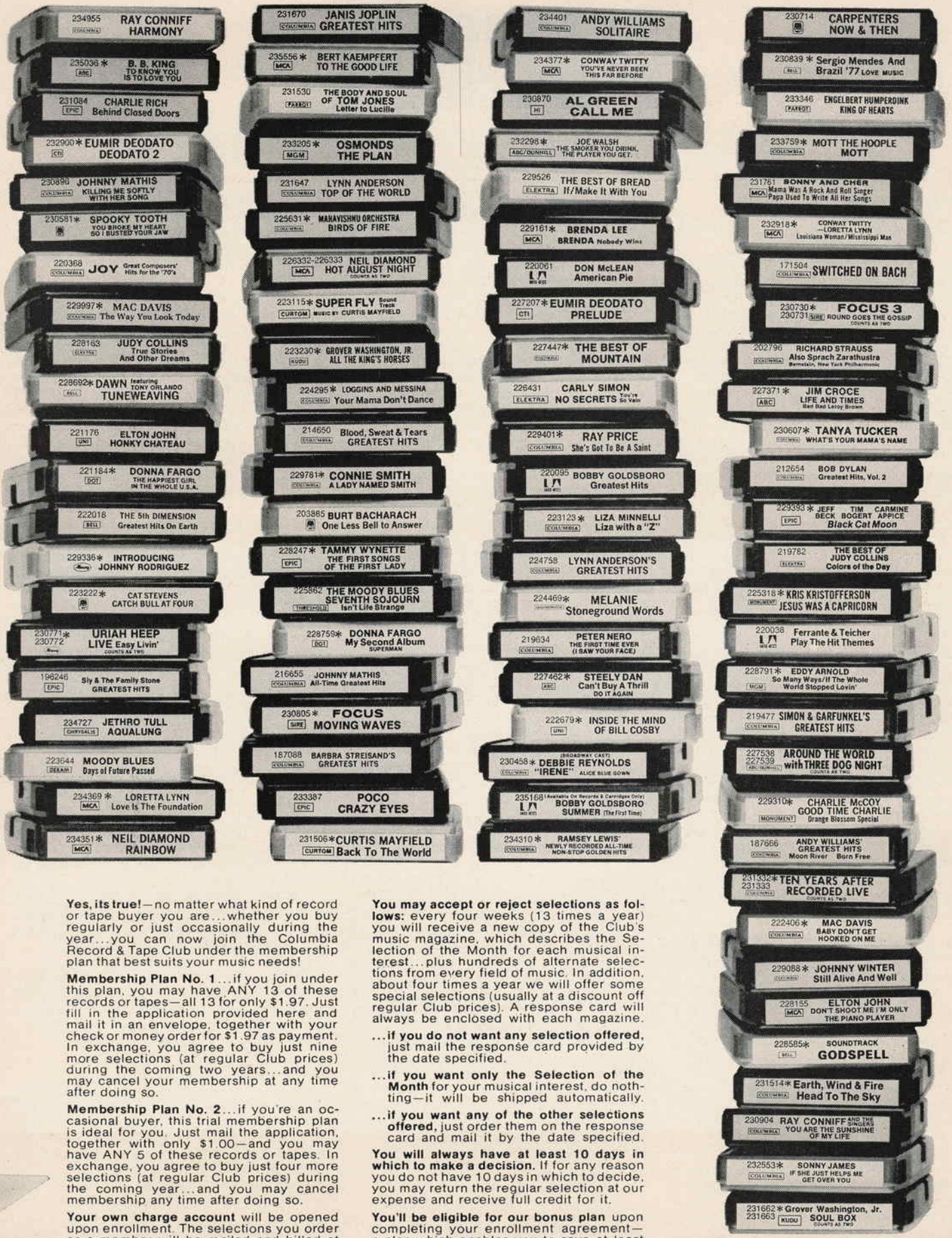
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Welcome to the club

On September 6, three of my friends and myself were treated to an experience that we will never forget.

Two of my friends were in London for a two-week vacation when a buddy of mine and I decided to join them on a five-day leave from the 472nd Signal Company, our duty station in Nellingen, Germany. They had been given discount cards and booklets in New York which said they could get into the Penthouse Club in London. We called to check this out and were told that the cards were good and that each cardholder could bring one guest.

So that evening we took the train and walked to the club at 11 Whitehorse Street. When we arrived, the Pet at the door referred us to the manager. He said that the cards were not good. Then we explained our call earlier in the day and told him where we were from, and of our desire to partake of the club's facilities.

He then wrote us a ticket which enabled us to go to the Speakeasy Cabaret for the evening. We were seated in the lounge and were promptly waited on by a Pet from Iran. I believe her name was Ahmid, or something similar to that.

Another Pet named Mary (from Scotland) came over, and the six of us became engrossed in a conversation about London, New York, and Germany. When the night manager, Gino, came in, we thanked him for the hospitality.

In closing I would like, on behalf of my friends and myself, to compliment the staff of your club in London for the glorious and meticulous care and service they gave us in our brief stay at your establishment. We felt very much at home because of the friendly, easygoing attitudes of your Pets, who are even lovelier in person than they are in pictures.

Hope you will open clubs in the U.S. very soon, as I know they will be welcomed by those of us who read your magazine over here in the military. Keep up the good work—in the magazine and in the clubs.—*Louis Romano, Jr., U.S. Army, APO, N.Y.*

I have been receiving *Penthouse* since 1970—I was one of the first people in the United States to receive a subscription.

I think people would like to know more about *Penthouse* clubs and the girls. For example, what kind of food and entertainment do they have? I'm personally interested in seeing a ten-page spread of the girls in the clubs—you know, their dressing rooms, rules, etc.

By the way, *Penthouse* is getting better; it's like a good wine—every year it gets better.—*Ken Pankovic, New York, N.Y.*

Our London Club has a Piano Bar, where cocktails are served in an intimate atmosphere, a Speakeasy with smorgasbord lunch and a resident band in the evening for dancing, and an International Restaurant serving businessmen's lunches and dinners accompanied by soft music. Customers are attended by Penthouse Pets in special outfits designed by Bob Guccione. Right now we don't have any plans for a pictorial on the Club, but it's an interesting idea.—Editor

Courting obscenity

Some weeks ago I read a report of your strong stance on the recent Supreme Court decision on the definition of obscenity and the old mixed bag of manners, morals, and censorship.

Your demonstrative protest and your putting money up for legal defense will hopefully serve to deter the censors who are surfacing across the country.

It's some years since I handed *Fanny Hill* out to my congregations and screened *Ulysses* in the sanctuary with open forums for all who came. Perhaps the freedoms and responsibilities handed down by my friends Justice Bryan on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Justice Brennan in several other opinions will have to be argued out again.

In any case, if I can serve in any way in an action which *Penthouse* or any of your colleagues in the field are into, please let me know.—*The Reverend William Glenest, New York, N.Y.*

Thank you, Reverend. We are grateful to all the clergymen who have written to us to express their sympathy and high regard for ***Penthouse****, as well as their concern for the gathering clouds of censorship and thought control in America.—Editor*

Words and pictures

I bought my first issue of *Penthouse* in June, and while I thoroughly enjoyed the photography of feminine flesh, I found the editorial content of your magazine somewhat disappointing.

I did not see another copy of *Penthouse* until I bought your September issue, and I was amazed at the improvement in the calibre of the articles and fiction. Keep up the good work.—*Jim Barden, Pleasantville, N.Y.*

Man in the can

I am presently incarcerated in San Quentin State Prison for Men, and I am writing this letter for myself as well as for the inmate population of California's prisons, which is about 38,000 men. I'd be safe in saying that one third of this population reads *Penthouse* magazine; and I must say it's the best in its field, as I've read your many competitors' magazines.

Because *Penthouse* has been made available to us, I would like to see a "Pet of the Prisoners Pinup." This would really make us feel we are thought of outside. I guarantee that whoever you choose would most definitely be hung on these grey and green walls as a reminder of the female beauty of the world that passes us by.

When you take pictures of her, make sure she has a number. I'm sure that it would move the hearts of many men in prisons all over the country, as I'm sure *Penthouse* is read by them, too. It would also be something different for your book, and this is one reason we buy it on the stands. —*(Name withheld)*

Pet partisans

I must say that I'm getting a little behind in my *Penthouse* reading and am loving every round inch of it; loving not only the beautiful butts, but the beautiful faces of their owners. I'll defend this contention to the end (sic)—that a girl's best features are her head and her tail, and the lovelier each is, the better. Beautiful, shapely girls with well-formed, exquisite gluteals—that's what I like. *Penthouse* has them all, and I hope it continues to.—*P.K. (name withheld), Villanova, Pa.*

I never thought I would see a girl as beautiful and sexy as Lane Coyle (August). She is by far the best Pet you've had to date. This lady is so lovely I can't get her out of my mind. Her body is so soft and sensuous, from her cute smile to her—as you said—"impeccable ass" and her inviting pussy. I especially enjoyed the pictures on pages 68, 70, 78, and the centerfold. I want to congratulate Mr. Guccione for the way he shot the photos; the lighting and poses were perfect. Finally, I think Lane would have been a better "Pet of the Year" than the candidates who won. —*T.B. (name withheld), Los Angeles, Calif.*

You have truly outdone yourselves with October's Pet of the Month, Miss Francis Cannon. She is totally delightful—a beautiful face, magnificent body, and wonderful outlook on life. I appreciate her unselfishness in sharing herself, as she has, for all to see.

I am anxiously looking forward to more photos of her in your magazine. I could eternally gaze upon her large and firm breasts, which are tipped by two of the most succulent nipples I have ever seen. And I could never see enough of her bush, which looks so soft and warm and feminine.

Miss Cannon is undoubtedly all woman—warm, loving, sensual, and obviously aroused by the idea of displaying herself so freely.

Thanks, and I shall be hoping for more Pets like her in the future.—*C.M. (name withheld), Asbury Park, N.J.*

Lady pornographer

While at my office I decided to read *Confessions of a Lady Pornographer*, by Florence King in the September *Penthouse*.

It had me laughing audibly. What a relief to read about sex presented in a humorous way. Thank you for an enjoyable article.—*C.E. (name withheld), Brooklyn, N.Y.*

So Miss King has difficulty finding a synonym for clitoris. Podner, she ought to visit us down here in Texas. Since I was a young'un, we have always referred to it as the little filly's "trigger." —*B.K. (name withheld), Kaufman, Tex.*

Son of the king of rock 'n' roll

I enjoyed your October issue with Philip Cioffari's *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll*. Regarding Johnny A.'s "most complete private collection of Fifties' rock in the country," 2,306 records, I know of many private collectors, myself included, for whom two thousand oldies is merely a basic introductory library to Fifties R&B. Individual collections can be in the five-thousand-and-up category and still stress the quality of sound.

Actually, judging by Mr. Magee's illustration for the story, the *real* reason Johnny A. destroyed his collection is that he found out he had a collection of reissues and bootlegs, not original records ("Lovers Never Say Goodbye" by the Flamingos

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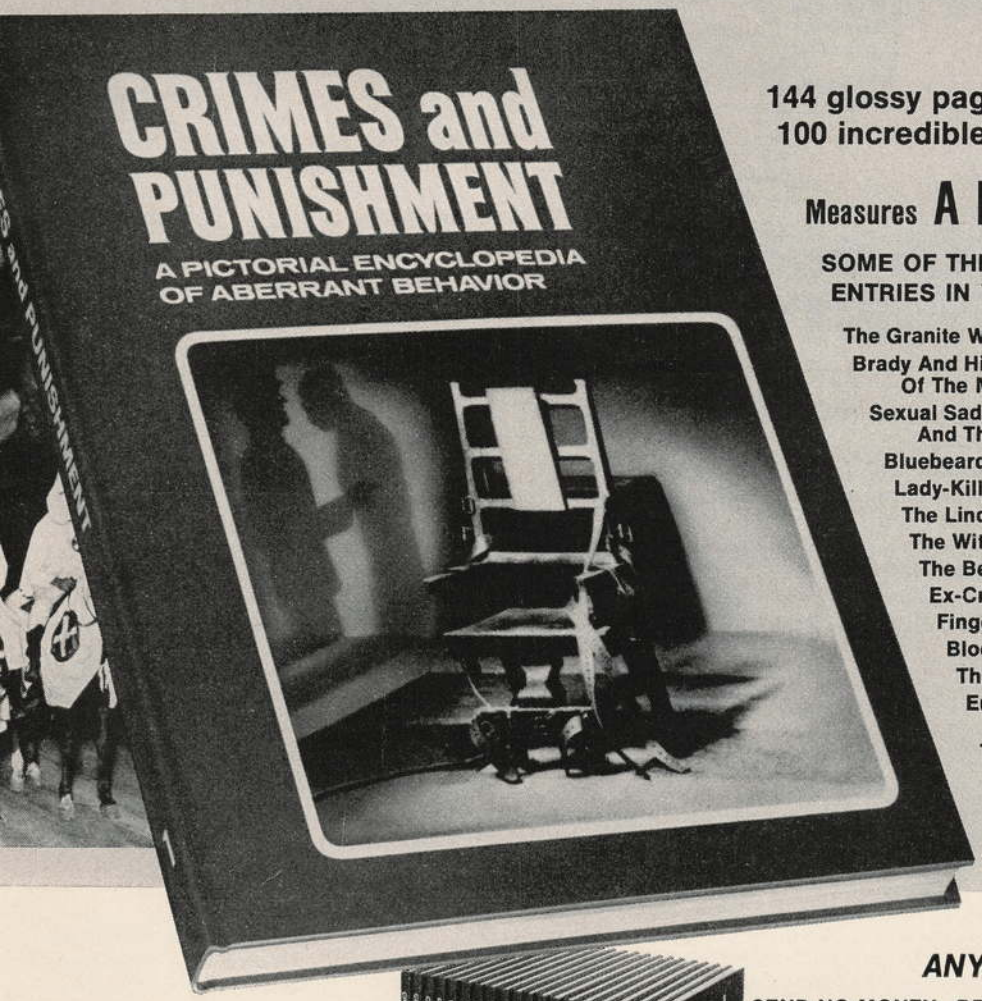

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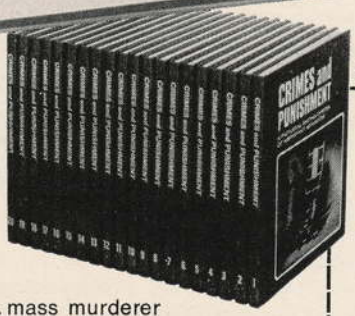

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originally appeared and was a hit on the "End" label, #1035). Johnnie was also apparently driven insane while trying to play his 45's *backwards*. Since record platters turn clockwise, the machine's reversed tone arm would destroy the records for him.

The story, however, was excellent, capturing a very common sense of loss. Keep it up.—*Mike Murray, White Plains, N.Y.*

Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll is not fiction at all. It is a very true story about me and a lot of other people—you can't really live in the past. Each record is a trip that sometimes gets too heavy. The ending tells it all—as the girl broke your heart, she also broke that hit record. Now we have nonbreakable records.—*Raymond Peck, Chicago, Ill.*

Dr. Lilly analyzed

Your interview with Dr. John Lilly In September was very enlightening. I believe that he is a great man. His words contain much wisdom. He is one among few and I feel fortunate to have been able to become aware of his revolutionary and evolutionary thoughts. I thank you for publishing your interview. It's easy to realize from his words that he wishes to help the earth and its organisms, and I have a similar desire. Dr. Lilly teaches us never to hide thought, as most people do, with constant stimuli. Truth lies in your soul and you'll never find it unless you search. And you'll never search for the truth as long as you can keep from it because you are afraid of what it might be. So you tend to keep from thinking by bombarding all of your senses with stimuli. Stimulus deprivation allows you time for thought. Some do it with meditation or drugs, but Dr. Lilly first did it in his water tanks.

You'll find that those who spend much time thinking become very wise, for they have found the truth in their souls. There are few men like this, but you can tell who they are because they are mellow and filled with love. They trust all of the laws of nature and thus have no fear of death, because death is a natural law.

Gandhi and Einstein were two such men. They saw truth. Oftentimes men such as these become great. Their love for humanity (not civilization as we know it) forces them to. I believe Dr. John Lilly is such a man. Thank you.—*Ned Lancaster, Vancouver, Wash.*

I would like to express my satisfaction with your interview with John Lilly. Dr. Lilly is perhaps the foremost authority in his areas of scientific investigation. Lilly the scientist experientially examines information, while Lilly the explorer maps the way to points of reference for those who also look inward. I hope you will further study his work. —*Harold Lockhart, Sacramento, Calif.*

Carrection

I must compliment you on your fine choice of Car of the Month for October. I picked up my new Jeep Renegade just three days before I picked up my October *Penthouse*. Your story caused me a moment of concern, though. You say the Renegade is not available with four-wheel drive, but mine has it and it really is handy in the Rockies. In fact, I have never seen a Jeep without four-wheel drive. My dealer tells me there is no such thing. What happened, did you trade your four-wheel drive for the girl in the picture?—*R.S. (name withheld), Denver, Colo.*

You're right. Every Renegade is equipped with the standard Jeep four-wheel drive system. Quadra-Trac, a full-time four-wheel drive system, is also available on many Jeep models, but not on the Renegade. We met the girl at a custom-parts store.—Editor

Whorehouses of my youth

It seems to me that an exaggerated myth is being perpetrated and strengthened by your magazine and others like it.

After reading *Whorehouses of My Youth* (July), my senses had been insulted enough. What I'm getting at is this junk about the new morality that James L. Collier claims has put the friendly neighborhood hooker out of business. He goes on to mention the amateurs (sex for sex) who have taken over and the coed college dorms with communal showers. Hey baby, I'll gladly read Kahlil Gibran to any fox "willing." Just let me at her. And when I say let me at her, I mean in the flesh. In real life. I'm not talking about magazine pictures and pornographic articles. I mean the real thing.

I seriously share Collier's grief over the loss of many of the nation's whorehouses. There are many of us frustrated young men who, in the midst of this exploding "paper morality," could really use one.

Collier described the girls of his youth as girls who didn't fuck much, if at all, and if they did it was either when they were drunk or under heavy pressure. Well, as far as that being different, today the booze is being replaced by dope. The rest is much the same, just as many of my friends who are still virgins in their early twenties will tell you. Luckily I lost my virginity at nineteen, but only with the aid of booze, dope, and heavy pressure.

If Collier had more insight or if he was a young man, he might see that in fact it wasn't the new morality and the so-called amateurs that caused the houses to give up, but the paper morality that gave their clients a greater hope for free love, which even in 1973 is still damned hard to come by!—*J.C. (name withheld), Berwick, La.*

James Lincoln Collier replies:

Mr. C. is to some extent correct, in that the effects of the sexual revolution have been exaggerated, both by the puritans who deplored it and the libertarians who gloried in it. However I'd like to point out that application of the new sexual freedoms varies considerably from one area to another: what goes in New York and San Francisco may very well not go in Berwick, La. I'm sure that Mr. C. would have better luck in some larger metropolitan area.

I'm seventy-three years old and I'd like to add some information to your article on whorehouses. I'll tell you about some of 'em. In Chicago—in the early Twenties—the old Rex Hotel was the largest in the Middle West, the "Four Deuces" —2222 South Wabash Avenue—was another doozie, as was Joe Colisimoe's on the Avenue. That's three within two blocks of one another. In those days, the price was $2, and you were told, "If we get raided, say nothing and we will bail you out." In Reno, Nevada, they had a whorehouse that, if you wanted to know where it was, you'd just ask a cop—he'd tell you. They called it "the Crib." If you picked up a whore off the street and took her to a hotel—you would have had it. Thirty days, and no bullshit. In San Francisco they had the old Barbary Coast town and 99 percent of the houses were whorehouses; and you got women who were white, black, yellow —you name it. You could get the finest dose of clap a man could want. All for $2.

Has Collier ever been to the one in Panama? You pay $2 for straight, $3 for a blow-job, and

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$5 for sixty-nine. (That was in the Twenties.) And there was one in Cuba where they had peephole shows.

You'd sit on a stool, look through some holes in the wall, and watch "Superman" do his stuff. All of a sudden a girl would open your pants, take it out and say, "Three dollars please." There were whorehouses in them days!

When one went to a whorehouse, one was asked, 'You want to get: laid, relayed, parlayed, or blown?" It cost two to five dollars, but what a good time one had then! But now I'm over seventy-two. I'm anxious, willing, and unable! —*P.L. (name withheld), West Palm Beach, Fla.*

Slowing of America

I would like this letter to rebut portions of Walter Gutman's article, *The Slowing of America*, in your September issue. Certain phrases and sentences offend not only me, but a great many "independents" in the oil business.

Mr. Gutman's statement that a higher price for domestic crude will not greatly increase our reserves indicates a great lack of basic knowledge and understanding of the petroleum industry. Crude is one of the very few commodities on the market that has not kept pace with inflation. In 1957, the average cost of drilling a 3,800-foot well in eastern Texas was approximately $1 per foot. The approximate price of crude the same year averaged about $2.74 per barrel. The cost of drilling the same hole today would average $4 per foot, and price we receive for crude averages $3.60 per barrel.

As you can see, while the cost of drilling has quadrupled, the price we receive for our crude has advanced approximately one-third. If, at the same time, we correlate drilling activity in the Fifties with drilling in the late Sixties and Seventies, we see a direct relationship to the decrease in the "real" price of crude in this period with drilling activity. Mr. Gutman's statement that "no one is looking for mice at any price" is asinine and ridiculous, and again points up his lack of knowledge. The executive report of the Independent Producers' Association of America (August 1973) points out a study by the Petroleum Information Corporation on exploratory drilling, showing that nearly 89 percent of all exploratory wells were done by small producers and that "small" operators drilled 82.5 percent of the total wells.

The only ax that an independent producer has to grind is the price that he receives for his barrel of crude. Once it leaves our hands, we have no control over or contact with it. Consequently, the more we receive per barrel, the more wells we are financially able to drill.

Mr. Gutman's example of a "good well by American standards"—showing $400,000 to $600,000 a year in gross revenue—is pretty; to say the least, however, he should have checked the incidence of this type of well. When compared to the more normal well, or the "mice," he will see that these "small fortunes" are very few and far between. His innuendos that oil companies are making a killing should be applied only to the major companies, as per their last quarterly showing.

To sum up, the majority of the independents (i.e., small producers) would prefer, in opposition to Mr. Gutman's idea, less involvement by the federal government in the exploration area of the oil and gas industry. What is needed is a free market for our product on the crude level, and more tax incentives to make it advantageous for the small investor to participate with the small producer in exploring for oil and gas.

The only governmental intervention required at this time (in Texas), would be a mandatory-development drilling addendum to leases requiring the drilling of development wells within two years of any discovery well on the same lease. This would eliminate acreage being "held by production," which simply means that any block of leases or lease can be held for no fee with just one producing well for as long as that well produces. A study made by Texas Western, Inc., indicated in excess of 48,000 acres are being "held by production" in Ector County, Texas, alone. A majority of this acreage is held by major oil companies. Independents would like to see regulations requiring the leaseholder to either develop the acreage, farm out to other developers, or release the property back to the landowner for someone else to lease and develop. This would enable the small producers, such as Texas Western, Inc., to pursue more "mice," since it appears that, as in the past, the small producer will be discovering the majority of the domestic crude. Mr. Gutman's statement that "most of what I know of the energy crisis has been learned in the stock market," was unnecessary. His lack of knowledge was evident when he put his pen to paper.—*Ken R. Farmer, Vice President, Texas Western, Inc., Dallas, Tex.*

Walter Gutman replies:

Ken R. Farmer is apparently an experienced and practical oil man operating mainly in Texas. As I pointed out, I am not an oil man at all, but an economist trained in Wall Street—a very practical place. I doubt that any of the private or government authorities I spoke to have had much, if any, experience operating oil wells. But I think that they, and certainly I, appreciate the complexities of this enormous worldwide business.

The east Texas well Mr. Farmer used as an example is scarcely typical of wells throughout the world. In the Rocky Mountain region, with which I am more familiar, a 3,800-foot well would be a very cheap well if it produced. The point really is production, not the cost of drilling. I don't mean that higher drilling costs haven't made oil men think harder—obviously they have. But there is an enormous amount of drilling being done all over the globe. In the Rocky Mountain region alone, over 2,000 wells were drilled this year through August, with the most active months remaining. Of these, 763 were new-field wildcats, of which 693 were dry. Total footage was over four million. Using Mr. Farmer's cost-per-foot estimate, this would represent $16 million. However, drilling the deeper wells in the Rockies is probably much more expensive, and I am uncertain whether Mr. Farmer's figures cover more than the actual mechanics of drilling. Other costs, such as casing and electronic logging, must be substantial. But it's clear that numerous companies and individuals are willing to gamble large sums on the chance of finding oil or gas, even though the odds look worse than those at Las Vegas. This must mean that even at present prices, the gamble is attractive for the right sort of money. Probably the gamble is sweetened by some anticipation of higher prices in future years —I don't wish to say that higher prices wouldn't make the search for oil still more attractive, but it's a very appealing gamble right now.

Mr. Farmer is absolutely right when he says that the independents are spending more than the majors in exploratory drilling. This is because of the tax laws, which make it attractive for those in the very high brackets to finance exploratory partnerships with small companies. Or in other words, small independents are not as small as they seem, because through these partnerships they have financial resources far greater than those appearing on their books. The term "small

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independent" is an uncertain description. Transocean Oil, United Canso, Buttes Gas & Oil, and dozens more are all substantial companies, but they are tiny compared to Exxon. And they all are involved in big-time drilling. For a half-dozen years, members of the Transocean group have been high bidders in Louisiana offshore lease sales—they paid $102 million for a five-thousand-acre tract, an all-time record. Very large companies like Ashland or Signal are also small compared to Exxon and are also classed as "independents." You'd have to use a magnifying glass to find a company like Chapparal Resources—still, a group of larger small companies are backing it in the drilling of an especially interesting lease. Independents of various sizes and majors work with each other in various ways—it's not simply a question of two teams.

But money isn't everything—the independents are important because their managements are made up of aggressive geologists, promoters, or practical operators. The big companies have organizational problems that can't be escaped. In any size of company, it's often one dominant man who makes the decision. Obviously since there are more small companies, there are more execs in the decision-making position. None of these men is going to waste his time on small possibilities if he can help it. That's why I don't think the sort of price rise that one can reasonably expect is going to greatly increase our reserves of oil—and perhaps not of gas either. (There is probably more incentive to look for local gas than for local crude, because massive shipments of offshore gas are still some years away.) To greatly *increase our domestic reserves, billions of barrels of crude must be found. The billion-barrel naval reserve Nixon would like to tap represents less than three months' consumption. The Alaskan North Slope, even with its estimated ten billion barrels in commercial leases and another ten billion in naval reserve leases, represents only a few years' supply. Some people guess there might be a total of a hundred billion barrels in Alaska. That's what is needed to* greatly *increase our national reserves. But even this equals less than twenty-five years' consumption. Unless one thinks that twenty-five years is a lifetime, there is no way that I can see to greatly increase our reserves except by tremendous economies in consumption or massive development of other fuels, or both.*

Music feedback

I would suggest that Mr. W.E. Shank (whose letter appears in your September issue) sounds more like a fan of the Allman Brothers Band than a judge of music.

Not only have the Everly Brothers contributed much to today's *rock* music, but to country music as well. I agree, they are not the current rage, but I am willing to bet that Mr. Shank and quite a few others would be surprised to learn the number of songs the Everly Brothers have written, which certainly takes more talent than he gives them credit for. It is also unfair to compare musicians of completely different classes and eras.

I can agree with only one statement in Mr. Shank's letter: "Only an ignoramus would even speak of the Everly Brothers and the Allman Brothers Band in the same paragraph."—*J.R. (name withheld), Minneapolis, Minn.*

I'm writing to back up Mr. Orin Kimball, whose letter appeared in the April issue. He's the gentleman who gallantly upheld the reputation of the Everly Brothers by complaining that they were not included in the 100 All-Time Albums list. I, along with many other fans, wholeheartedly agree with Mr. Kimball on this matter. The Everly Brothers undoubtedly were innovators of rock music and were copied by many other artists.

This letter is not meant to condemn *Penthouse* for not including them, nor to condemn other rock groups for copying their style, but to condemn that pseudointellectual in your September issue, Mr. Shank, who blatantly cut down the Everly Brothers and Mr. Kimball.

Shank feels that Kimball should shake some of the Wildroot out of his ears. Maybe so, because the "Everly sound" started way back in 1957—seventeen long years of recording as a duo. Maybe Shank should attempt to remove something else from his ears and listen to the now sound of the Everly Brothers. I'm sure he would be quite surprised. For example: RCA's *pass the Chicken and Listen* and *Stories We Could Tell.* Both albums are absolute dynamite.

Shank refers to their talent as "nasal whining in two-part harmony." Now who's being absurd? That's exactly what so many other artists have tried to copy. Some have come close, but none have been able to master it as well as the Everlys. The Everly Brothers have a very unique harmonizing method and have been considered by other great artists to be the world's best. Harmony, Mr. Shank, covers a wide range, if you have ever studied music. The Everlys have their own unique method which is extremely difficult to control and master. And that, Mr. Shank, takes talent!—*Mike Barker, Buffalo, N.Y.*

Another kind of sexindex

I was reading one of your back issues a few nights ago. I wish to bring to your attention an error of omission.

In the November 1972 Sexindex you mention "Erotic Bibliographies." One notable omission is Robert George Reisner's book *Show Me the Good Parts: The Reader's Guide to Sex in Literature.* Mr. Reisner worked as a librarian and was constantly asked by prospective readers which books had "good parts." He decided to write a book that would show just where the good parts of books are.

His book lists two thousand books, arranged alphabetically from Adultery to Voyeurism. He also includes a chapter on "Unwarranted Reputations" for books that have an inflated reputation but little of erotic value, a bibliography at the end of each chapter, as well as a "General Interest Bibliography" and two indexes, one of authors and one of titles.

Each book is classified by author, title, place of publication, publisher, date, number of pages, and the exact pages worth reading, together with Reisner's own perceptive comments.

Mr. Reisner is also the author of two books on jazz, a book on art forgeries and a biography of jazz artist Charles Parker. His latest book is a history of world graffiti. I hope you'll include him when your Sexindex is published in book form.—*J. David Reno, Boston, Mass.*

Both ways on Hayes

This is the first letter I've ever written to a magazine, because it's the first time I've ever been moved enough to write one.

I'm a young and erotic woman who likes to be turned on. It isn't easy to turn me on. I'm more than a little sophisticated and discriminating. But you've done it, because you've had the good sense to continue using Ken Marcus's delicate, deliciously sensual photographs. They're so technically and aesthetically brilliant that they arouse both my mind and my body. I've never seen Marcus do anything but outstanding work in your magazine. I'm in love with his women

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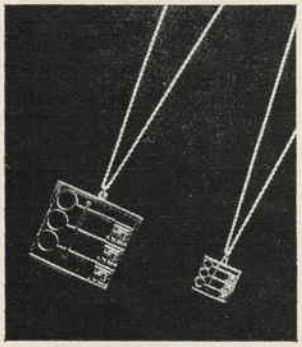

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because they are real, fantastic, down-to-earth fairy tales. I'm in love with his photos of Isaac Hayes (September) because I could feel the sexual power of the man coming through, not just an image . . . a real *man*.

I'm in love with Ken Marcus, whose photos make me want to make love. Keep turning me on. Give me more of Ken Marcus.—*C.L. (name withheld), North Hollywood, Calif.*

Congratulations for your exciting and provocative September pictorial essay on Isaac Hayes. Hayes is indeed "the" sex symbol of the 1970's. Resplendent in golden chains and skin-tight leotards, Hayes overwhelms and then masters those in his presence—male or female, white or black.

Hayes can and does make a mockery of the chains that once repressed his people. Now Hayes uses the chains to symbolize his power and attraction.

Should anyone doubt Hayes's elevated status as the sex symbol of the Seventies, they should look at your stunning portrayal of Hayes. Your full-page picture on page 56 says it all. As a male, I have great admiration for your lovely Pets, but for sheer sex appeal Isaac Hayes has it all. —*(Name and address withheld)*

I have been buying *Penthouse* for over a year and enjoyed every copy of it until the September issue.

The waste on Isaac Hayes—"Black Moses"—is revolting, disgusting, and sickening. Why do you show an ugly black troublemaker with white women?

Playboy started it, and that is the reason I quit them. Your magazine has always had good articles and beautiful women. Why mess it up now? Everyone I know says the same thing.

The picture of a white woman on a leash held by a black woman is revolting. Why wasn't it the other way around?

If your next issue isn't back to normal, I know you will lose thousands of buyers. No more ugly blacks with white women, please.—*C.E. (name withheld), Houston, Tex.*

We feel that Isaac Hayes is an exciting, dynamic entertainer. Like all individuals in our society, Isaac Hayes has the liberty of associating with whomever he wants. It has always been **Penthouse** *policy to depict beautiful encounters between real people—the fact that people come in different colors only enhances their beauty. This certainly would be a dull world if we were all exactly alike, wouldn't it, C.E.?—Editor*

Two's company

I am a female bisexual who has been reading your magazine for some time because I enjoy seeing beautiful women.

I was surprised and excited to see your August article, *Two's Company*. I felt that some of the final remarks were made just to reassure male egos. However, this was a great beginning. More! More!—*A.R. (name withheld), St. Petersburg, Fla.*

An eye-opening occupation

As a young artist, I had to take a daily job in order to support my creative efforts. There was an opening for a shower matron at a local high school, so I applied and was hired. My job was to enforce the requirement that all girls shower after gym classes. I worked in the towel room, from which I would supervise showers, take attendance, distribute towels, and weigh the girls periodically.

Every hour or so, a class of thirty to forty naked girls—with flushed faces and sweaty behinds —would enter the shower room. Among them were the finest examples of the classic female form I have ever encountered. I worked there two years and it was especially gratifying to see pale, smooth twelve-year-olds leave in June only to return in September with suntanned bodies, complete with bikini marks and pubic hair.

While some were brash and appeared to take delight in prancing around nude in front of everyone, washing each other's backs and pushing and racing each other to the towel room, others were shy and careful not to look at each other's bodies. The girls were from middle-class families, most of them WASP's with blond hair, light eyes, and fair complexions. It was a joy to see them lined up, dripping wet, waiting for towels, and I came to look forward to weighing them. (They were weighed in the nude.)

My point in writing this is to ask you to feature more photographs of younger females. My aesthetic standards are high and I believe the ages between twelve and seventeen represent feminine perfection as far as physical form is concerned. I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of drawing several such girls (or, more accurately, *women*) in the nude, and I think your magazine, which seems dedicated to depicting feminine beauty, should present features on women in their mid-teens, because most of them will never look as good again.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Rebel without a hair?

In Harry Hollingsworth's letter (September) concerning pubic hair, he says if man hadn't rebelled he would still be in Paradise. He refers to Adam's young descendents. *What* descendents? As I recall, the bearing of children was one of the punishments of man's fall *from* paradise. I'm afraid there wouldn't be any sex *or* children *in* paradise.—*Barbara Sturm, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Pain and pleasure

I have just read a back issue of *Penthouse* and the letters on spanking really interested me. Some females may like to be spanked, but the vast majority do not. I base my knowledge on fourteen years of experience as an employee of a detention center for delinquent girls. During those fourteen years I witnessed many girls being spanked. Spankings were always administered by a senior matron on the spot that nature provided. The instrument of correction was an old-fashioned razor strap, referred to as "the persuader."

I have seen many girls, ranging in age from thirteen to eighteen, undergo a spanking. These girls turned snow-white in the face when the superintendent ordered them spanked. Some have tried to keep a stiff upper lip en route to the punishment room; others had to practically be carried or pulled down the hall to this special room in the basement. Without fail, all pleaded with the matrons to let them keep their underwear on, but rules stipulated that spanking must be on the bare posterior. After the third stroke of the persuader, the recipient would scream at the top of her voice and kick her legs frantically, but the spanking continued.

After an inmate had received the full measure of one dozen strokes, she was crying like a six-year-old and her backside was crimson. Upon being released from the spanking-table, the girl would invariably grab her bottom and dance up and down, sobbing loudly.

Never in my fourteen years at this center have I known an inmate who had to be given a second spanking. Following their release or discharge from the center, several have written back thanking us for the spanking, saying they would always remember the lessons they were taught.

It has been a few years since I worked at this center, but I am confident that spanking is just as good a deterrent today as in those days. A good bare-bottom beating would remove the halo from our young people today.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Sweet two-way bondage

My wife and I have been married for some time, enjoying a very happy life devoted mainly to raising a big family. Sexually, we have always been very compatible. We started out shyly but became better lovers as time went by. We have managed to keep in good shape, and she is actually still a very good-looking gal.

The main point of this letter is to tell you that I think some of the features in your magazine are a real help to people. Like all couples, we have our favorite erotic fancies. Sometimes, as it must be in all marriages, it is a little embarrassing to reveal desires. I have had pleasure in seeing women in chains, and the first time I revealed this to my wife and she consented to let me chain her wrists, I experienced an enormous orgasm. I was surprised to find that she did not mind and indeed had a good one herself. As time went on, of course, we would occasionally escalate. Eventually, I purchased a pair of handcuffs for her, and made up some leg chains. The point I am trying to make is that both of us felt a little queer about the use of chains occasionally. We never really abused one another, but we were a little uncertain about it. Then she read a recent column by Xaviera Hollander and it convinced her that we were not that odd.

The last time I had to go to Detroit on business she came along. We had looked forward to a little fun, but it proved to be a strenuous trip and I was unable to show much interest in sex. So she insisted on spending an extra day. We loafed most of it away and that night we had a pleasant dinner. Evidently she had planned on a little more activity than I realized, because after we returned to our room she started to take charge.

First, she asked me to shave her crotch, I did so, leaving all the hair in front, just cleaning off the lips. By this time I was beginning to regain my interest in sex. She went to her suitcase and removed a pair of handcuffs, which she put on behind my back. I was really surprised to discover how uncomfortable it had been for her so many times. Standing in front of me now, she took out a pair of lace bikinis which she put on my legs and drew up. I could see myself in the mirror and I felt like a perfect fool with her black panties on. They had a slight hole in front and my cock slipped out the hole. She laughed at me and said that she was going to teach me a lesson for exposing myself in front of a lady. So she painted the tip of my cock with lipstick. Then she really surprised me; I had a box of French ticklers at home which we seldom used, but she had one in her purse and she put it on me, saying that it would serve to protect her modesty, as she did not like to see a naked prick. I felt like a damn fool, handcuffed, wearing a tickler which was particularly fancy—so she had me walk around the room a bit while she lay on the bed.

Then she got up and put on stockings, garter belt, and an open bra and pushed my face into her breasts. I sucked her and kissed her until she told me to get down on my knees, and she said I better start eating if I wanted to be relieved of my enormous hard-on. Well, I gave her the best I could and she had a terrific orgasm. I begged her to let me come too, and she said she would take off the 'cuffs, since I had been so dutiful. After she did this, she inserted me

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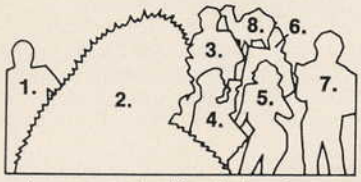
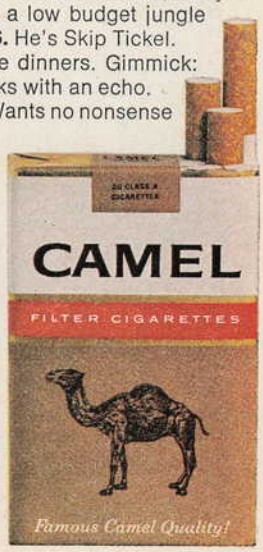


Even at the Zoo everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Find the one who doesn't. 1. No. He's Miles Tugo, underwear salesman pretending he's a jogger. Gimmick: Cigarettes with filters so thick every time he inhales, his ears pop. **2.** Meet Livingston I. Presume, gorilla. A latent Homo Sapien, who throws tires at anybody who doesn't believe in Evolution. **3.** Nope. He's Jerry Bilt, zoo painter. Holds gimmick: A long pole to paint ape's cage (says he's allergic to fur and having his leg pulled off). His *Maxi-Long* cigarettes easily break in half, too. **4** & **5.** No and no. They're Sam and Janet Evening, movie team making a low budget jungle picture: "King Kong Gives Detroit A Hickie." **6.** He's Skip Tickel. Was given this address to deliver 12 Chinese dinners. Gimmick: Smokes cigarettes with filters so hollow he talks with an echo. **7.** Right. He prefers wildlife to wild gimmicks. Wants no nonsense in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **8.** No. It's either the symbol of a high-quality cigarette, or a high-rise sheep.



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and the tickler and we had a tremendous screw.

I asked her later where on earth she got so many ideas and she said it was from the article by Miss Hollander, which she had improved a bit for us. I really think we owe Miss Hollander our thanks. We had a wonderful time, and we both came home feeling relaxed and happy. Now that I know she is capable of turning the tables on me this way I am, of course, looking forward to the next time. At this point I'm uncertain whether I prefer to have her for my slave or to be her slave. I know one thing: whenever she wants me, she can have anything she wants.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Texas correspondence

Don't get me wrong, I'm a devoted reader (and viewer) of *Penthouse*. But your letter column is beginning to irritate me. Why the preoccupation with monopede fetishists and enema freaks? Why can't these people stick to honest, old-fashioned sheep raping, like the rest of us?—*M.S. (name withheld), De Soto, Tex.*

Consumer report

It seems to me that your letters are directed toward increasing the knowledge and pleasure of your younger readers. I believe that it is time for an idea from a member of the senior generation to be printed. My wife and I are both in the "Super Sixties," and are finding avenues for new sexual experiences each night. My sexual desires have been on a downward trend for a number of years, so I have resorted to artificial means to keep my wife satisfied. I find that she is quite pleased with an electric vibrator, and much to my amazement, so am I. We now have "his" and "hers" vibrators (hers is ten inches and mine is seven inches). I receive great sexual stimulation from having it inserted in my anus and hope that continued use will lead to my being able to maintain an erection once again.

I recommend this wonderful apparatus to all of those readers who believe that their days of pleasure are in the past. Believe me, a pulsating vibrator in the anus coupled with my wife's toothless fellatio is enough to keep this man going for another sixty-three years.—*(Name withheld), Richmond, Va.*

Keep studying

Well, well, well! So R. E. Clark, in his letter in the July *Penthouse*, is "damn well upset" about what he learned in Philip M. Stern's *Letter From an Indignant Taxpayer* (March). The amazing thing is that this business student should get so far in education as to be in the University of Nebraska and, all of a sudden, come face-to-face with the reality which is a part of the American scene. Sorry to hear he was more than "moved." Hope it wasn't in his pants, the result of an upset stomach.

I am a self-employed commission representative of a machinery company, and in the average-income bracket. I've paid income taxes since my first job in 1936. I've also paid social security and self-employment taxes since then. Whether or not there are inequities in the federal income tax, or in the manner used to collect the tax by the IRS is moot. We all know there are inequities, and we don't have to be business students to realize it.

Clark is enjoying higher education at an institution operated by the state of Nebraska, and not a small part of the expenses of operating that university comes from the income tax he so detests. Does he realize that most of the "public benefits" he enjoys (roads, parks, universities, public buildings, etc.) come from two sources: taxes, including the income tax, and deficit financing, which our "democratic government" doesn't have the guts to eliminate. Us oldsters have paid our share of the public improvements that Clark enjoys and apparently takes for granted as his heritage. His reference to "us average taxpayers" is a laugh. I'll bet the only taxes Clark has paid were on things he bought, and then with his father's money. I wonder how he happened to come up against the IRS, which he says "we" have put up with.

If Clark and the other business students want to do something constructive, let them become aware of the fact that they now outnumber us oldsters, and that they are in the position of changing the situations he deplores to get rid of the "federal-income-tax monster."

But first let him, and those he would speak for, achieve a taxpaying status; then having reached a responsible level of citizenship, they should organize themselves sensibly and make their first goal the reduction of the national debt. If the federal budget was such that we spent less than we took in and reduced the huge debt annually, all the rest of Clark's problems would vanish.

He forgets that it is his generation, and future generations, that will have to pay the debt, and he had better be thinking of a better method of taxation to do that little thing. And I hope this letter doesn't upset him again. PS Your magazine is tops!!—*Dale B. Griffin, Champaign, Ill.*

Navel possibilities

Lately, with the new attitudes toward sex, I have seen mention of just about every orifice and protrusion of the human body used as an implement or receiver of sexual gratification. One area of the body, however, seems to have gone neglected: the navel. How soon we forget the little belly button that once connected us to our mother's womb!

Centrally located, attractive, and easy to clean, the navel is a virtual oasis of sexual pleasure. Whether you have an "in" navel or an "out," you will find that certain touches and probings stimulate nerve endings that lead all through the body.

Having a rather deep navel myself, I fill it with creamed corn or cheese whip and have my girl friend nibble it out. Not only is it tasty for her, but it's ecstasy for me.

The possibilities are endless: oral-navel, anal-navel, pedal-navel, penile-navel, and many, many more. I highly recommend exploration of this erogenous zone to all *Penthouse* readers and hope to see navel-oriented pictures and stories soon.—*W.G. (name withheld), Leonia, N.J.*

Navel fondlers seem to be emerging from the closet, perhaps in response to Fred Darwin's View From the Top in November.—Editor

C'mon Bo, you're jealous!

It is my opinion that many of the letters from your readers result from wild and erotic imaginations, rather than from true and actual experiences. I am not putting this down, as I also possess a wild imagination. But can some of your readers frankly expect their fellow readers to believe such cock-and-bullshit stories as the one from G.M. in your September issue? This cat and his chick suckin' and fuckin' on his cycle!? And he came while doing 50 mph! Wow! And what's more, the state trooper got a blow-job as well! G.M. didn't tell you how his chick scorched her rump on one of his bike's hot pipes, did he? Who in Hades does he think he's kiddin'?

Anyhow, I want to say how much your great magazine means to me. It means a *whole* lot.

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Your magazine is superb any way you look at it, and here's to your growing success.—*Bo Roxoff, West Columbia, S.C.*

Hung small? Now read this!!!

From time to time, I have read letters in *Penthouse* from women who place great emphasis on large penises. I would like to comment on the average and smaller-than-average-sized male.

I am single, in my late twenties, and have had many beautiful sexual experiences with some wonderful men, both black and white. These have included men with penis sizes ranging from small to "hung like a horse," and I feel that penis size does not necessarily make a difference in performance or enjoyment. I have what I consider a capable, average-sized vagina, and have handled large men. However, my most enjoyable and memorable sexual experiences have been with men who are small to average.

I have multiple orgasms and for me to thoroughly enjoy myself (my partner permitting and able), I like to go for long periods of time; I usually climax at least four to six times. I can remember occasions, after having sexual romps with men possessing seven to nine-and-a-half-inchers, where I have become raw and sore as a boil; sitting becomes very uncomfortable, and the slightest pressure is very painful. This discomfort can last anywhere from three to ten days, and definitely puts me out of action. However, when I have sex with a smaller-sized man, I am able to feel his every move as he goes in and out, from top to bottom, side to side; I can climax many times, and I am ready and able to have more the next day or on the next occasion.

Also, I have noticed that men with smaller penises seem more anxious to please and that many of them view sex as an art; and like any other art, they put in a lot of work and effort to achieve perfection. So, to the women who feel that the larger the better, I say it's not how much you've got, but how you use what you do have.

The intent of this letter is not to argue that smaller is better than larger (this is a matter of personal choice), but to give due credit to the smaller-sized men. They may not be the biggest, but like Avis, I think they try harder—and there's nothing wrong with that.

I enjoy your magazine. I think Forum is the greatest example of freedom of expression I've seen. Thanks.—*(Name and address withheld)*

The controversial cut

The foreskin is an ugly and wrinkled surplus scrap of tissue which conceals the beauty of the penis. The circumcised cock, with its head permanently and proudly exposed, and the ring of scar tissue far back on the penis where the skin and mucous membrane are joined, really turns me on.

I love to shower with my boyfriend and pull on his penis and tug on the remaining skin and feel the smooth throbbing head without having to roll back any surplus covering in order to remove the debris underneath. After our shower he likes me to dry his penis with a rough towel and then apply a few drops of oil and gently massage and pull him.

Talk about loss of sensitivity is nonsense. My boyfriend was circumcised when he was fifteen and he says it is as sensitive now (age twenty-five) as it was then. Prior to circumcision, his foreskin extended an inch beyond the tip. It was like having a finger hanging between his legs. The result of his circumcision was to clip off the foreskin an inch behind the rim. Now, the sensitive pink head gently bobs to and fro and brushes against his clothing as he walks. During erection the skin is stretched tight and in intercourse it is massaged by the in-and-out action.

It is not really possible to keep the foreskin pushed back permanently without having it permanently removed. I say, men, have your precious foreskins removed and join the clipped generation!—*R.M. (name and address withheld)*

Anal encounters

On pages 28 and 29 of July's *Penthouse* I felt that I had—or rather we had—come home. The lady describes her encounter with anal intercourse so beautifully that I just had to write to you. I hope to find more letters on this much-maligned way of sharing of the innermost secrets of womankind.

My wife and I have been devotees of this way of love for thirty years, and the years have only added to the enjoyment of using her anus and rectum. We do not neglect vaginal intercourse, but there is no way for me to approximate the sheer pleasure I experience when her anal ring clutches my penis when I have penetrated her deep enough.

Fellatio and cunnilingus are also in our range, and give much mutual pleasure, but nothing like anal insertion of the penis. True, a couple needs mutual trust and consideration.

Since we have a mess of kids, it is obviously not a method of birth control for us. Also, for those who never tried it, there is nothing in the rectum until a few seconds before evacuation of the bowels, so they should not be squeamish. Until a man has spent several minutes slowly and lovingly inserting his finger into his love's behind to lubricate and relax it, he hasn't lived.

We wish you success with your magazine—and hope to see this and other letters on this subject in print.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Special preference

Because you have been open-minded enough to publish letters from readers who have what you call "special preferences," my wife and I are indebted to you for having provided an additive to our sex life. As a consequence of reading letters in your magazine, my wife announced one evening that she was going to give me an enema. I soon found myself across her lap as she sat on a chair in the bathroom where she had prepared a half-filled enema bag. When she applied the petroleum jelly to my rectum I realized that she had uncovered an erogenous area I had not earlier known about. Administering the enema obviously stimulated her because when it was completed we engaged in torrid sex. Several weeks later when we reversed the process and I administered an enema to my wife, she discovered that she has a far more satisfactory climax when her colon has been cleansed. We surely do not overdo the enema as part of foreplay, but when we do use it occasionally, we surely enjoy the sex which follows. Thanks.—*(Name withheld), Washington, D.C.*

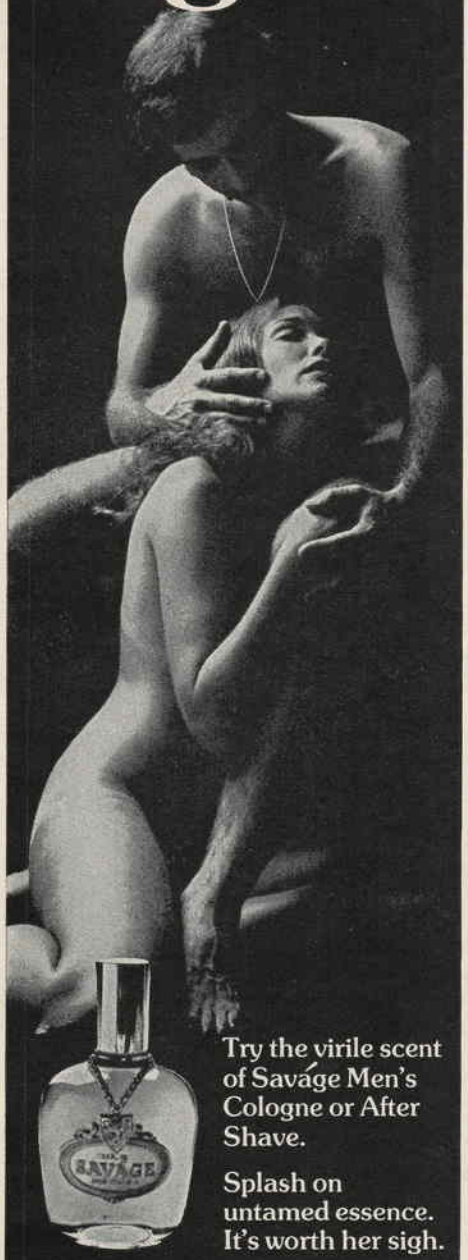
After reading the letters to the *Penthouse* Forum of the last several issues, I am not surprised to see that the pleasure of the enema is a controversial subject. Most of the letters indicated that the colonic stimulation leads to a different realm of sexual enjoyment, and a few considered it insipid and undesirable.

A few years ago in the question-and-answer section of a medical periodical, the journal answered a woman who had asked why her husband enjoyed enemas by stating, "Well, don't you know that in various steps of sexual development there is such a stage as anality and anal pleasures, which precedes genital and phallic

"Our liberty depends on the freedom of the press, and that cannot be hunted without being lost."

Thomas Jefferson, letter to James Currie, 1786

Try it on for sighs.



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stages, and a person who enjoys anal stimulation is somewhat fixated in his sexual activities in a pregenital period. . . ." This explanation, though acceptable, is not plausible to many sexologists.

I have a different explanation for the pleasurable enema. My theory is based upon a proposed sexual typology of men and women. Men and women, according to their modality of sexual enjoyment, are divided into two groups—clitoro-penile and semino-vaginal. Penile man and clitoral woman are characterized by displaying direct, ostensible, and overt pleasure-seeking. They are prompt in learning how to satisfy their sex drives. Their most sensitive erotic areas are fully accessible to them and their partners. That is why they are called clitoral and penile. Their orgasmic experiences are clear-cut, memorizable, and faithfully repeatable. The seminal man and vaginal woman are characterized by showing a tangential, camouflaged, and subtle approach in their sexual behavior. For them, the prerequisite for satisfactory sexual enjoyment is an amalgam of conscious and semiconscious elements. Their erotically sensitive areas are located partially inward and are not totally accessible without the aid of instrumentation. Their sensation of sexual pleasures is scattered and vaguely demarcated. It has to be mentioned that, like any broad categorization, only a few people are totally semino-vaginal or clitoro-penile; and the rest are predominantly or slightly typified.

Now, what does this have to do with the pleasures of enema? The individuals who have discovered the enjoyment of colonic stimulation are seminal men and vaginal women. For them the cerebral representation of sexual sensuality does not focus upon the glans-foreskin combination or vagina-labia minor combination, but rather upon larger and more scattered anatomical entities such as: colon, prostate, seminal sac, uterus, vagina, and other visceral organs. The concept of sexual typology does not claim that the semino-vaginal type cannot enjoy clitoro-penile stimulation and vice versa. The types are not inborn, they are developmental; effective experiences during the crucial periods of the individual's life determine the predominance of either semino-vaginal or clitoro-penile sensitivity.

Is either of the two types superior to the other? No. Each type has its own merits. The advantage of the clitoro-penile is that in this type the sensual touch is precisely outlined. It is close to awareness. It is relatively free from emotional vagueness, and it does not require many auxiliary attributes to reach its high peak of climax. In the semino-vaginal the sensuality has a wider horizon. It has many allies and attributes. The intensity of the climax is longer, though it has a blunt or a plateau summit. The pleasure of the enema is one of the attributes of this type. Possibly there are some semino-vaginal individuals who would enjoy colonic stimulation but have not initiated the experience.

It has been said that a penile man and a clitoral woman have the blessing of being in a satisfactory sensual accord. Nothing has been said about seminal man and vaginal woman. But it is understandable that seminal man with clitoral woman or penile man with vaginal woman might have sexual discord. Should they seek different partners? Not necessarily. By becoming aware of their own inclinations and those of their partner, a greater mutual collaboration and attainment of fuller sexual enjoyment is not out of their reach.

Clitoro-penile and semino-vaginal modalities are a baseline of sensuality. Sexual drive is in a constant state of flux, but it returns to its baseline. An enema lover does not employ the colonic stimulation as a solo device for sexual satisfaction. As a matter of fact, an enema lover, being a semino-vaginal, could dream of many ingenious devices to stimulate deeply situated visceral organs. Though the colonic stimulation brings some to orgasm, in the majority the enema is a prelude to the orgasmic finale attained by the direct involvement of genital organs.

The concept of sexual typology does not elucidate all the puzzling shadows of the pleasures of the enema and other sexual derivatives. There are other theories and implications, and all of them have some shortcomings. One should be cautious of overgeneralization. I believe that one good medium of enlightenment is sharing experiences, as in Forum. I hope that I am contributing some by the explaining of the why's—*A. H. Hemmat, M.D. (Psychiatrist), Fayetteville, N.Y.*

Family affairs

I am writing in response to E.R.'s letter in the August Forum. I'm a woman who started reading *Penthouse* when I found out about Xaviera Hollander's column in it. My experiences were with my brother, and they started when I was twelve. (I am now nineteen.) He is seven years older than me and was nineteen when we started messing around. As I recall, I was in his room and wanted to know something, but he wouldn't tell me. Finally he said he would tell me if I pulled down my pants. This was the first time he had ever acted like this and I was shocked. But I really wanted to know, so I showed him. He messed around with his fingers, and then tried to put his penis in. He got it in about halfway, but he was too much for my twelve-year-old frame. We messed around on and off until I was sixteen. I felt rather guilty about it, and was scared I would get pregnant. He kept getting more and more insistent, so I went out and got some rubbers. We started having sex regularly, and with the fear of pregnancy gone, I really got into it. After my parents and grandmother would go to bed at night, I would sneak over to his room or he would sneak over to mine. The thing I liked about it was that it was so convenient. I could get all the sex I wanted and never even had to leave the house! When he moved into an apartment, I would go over and see him. No one ever thought anything about going over to see my own brother.

The reason our relationship finally stopped was because I went to college over twelve hundred miles away from home. During this past summer I wasn't limited to just my brother for a partner. I had three other friends who would be up and ready anytime I wanted. I had a great thing going and I'm really sorry I had to leave it. Now I am so frustrated sex-wise I can hardly stand it. I have embarrassing sex dreams almost every night. Many times they are about my brother and me, and this is strange, since I haven't done anything with him since July, and I've had other partners more recently than him. I guess that goes to show that subconsciously I still place my brother ahead of my other lovers. I guess maybe you never get your siblings out of your system once you have had the type of relationship I have had with my brother, but I don't feel guilty about it, and don't regret having it.—*(Name and address withheld)*

I was really turned on by E.R.'s letter (August) describing his incestuous relationship with his sister.

I, too, enjoyed my older sister's body for over a year. We couldn't keep our hands off each other. We sexed it up all over the house whenever the opportunity presented itself. Sometimes we couldn't wait and risked getting caught.

One time our stepmother almost caught us when I was standing Sis up against the wall of her room. We heard Mom coming up the stairs, so we went into a walk-in closet without missing

a stroke. The excitement of possible discovery increased our pleasure immensely. Although she never said anything, we felt Mom knew what we were up to and we were very careful after that.

A few months later my sister, who was twenty-one and four years older, met her future husband and our relationship tapered off. She married some months later and moved away.

In the eight years since her marriage my sister and I have seen one another some four or five times without any thought of sex.

Then E.R. in your August issue did two things—brought back exciting memories and gave me a hard-on for my sister.

I lost no time in visiting her and took *Penthouse* with me. The evening of my arrival, my sister, her husband, and I sat around talking and I steered the conversation to *Penthouse,* pointing out various articles for each to read. She, of course, was given the E.R. letter. I watched her closely for her response as she read the item. A slow blush spread over her and I detected labored breathing. I could see that it was having an effect on her. In fact, her husband asked her if she was feeling ill, but she laughed it off.

She gave me a penetrating look, which told me that she knew what I had in mind. For the remainder of the evening she was somewhat cold, and I figured that I had struck out. I went to bed certain that I had made the long trip for nothing.

Next morning, I was rudely shaken awake from a deep sleep to find my naked sister abusing me orally. "You lousy, horny bastard," she cried, shaking me violently. "Why did you come here?"

My response was immediate. In a matter of minutes, she was in bed with me and we had resumed our relationship. Her husband was at work and we screwed all day long. By the time my brother-in-law returned from work I was worn to a frazzle. This went on for about a week.

I returned home shortly thereafter. Spoke to Dad the other day and he told me that my sister thought she was pregnant. Is it possible that after eight childless years of marriage my brother-in-law finally hit the jackpot? I wonder.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Submersible sex

After reading the truly fascinating letter in September's issue in which a contortionist from New York relates how he and his wife made love in their newly acquired swimming pool, my very liberal-minded girl friend and I proceeded to follow this clown's "sound" advice.

Have you any idea how difficult it is to tread water and at the same time engage in some sort of stimulating coitus? Or for that matter, jump from the diving board in each other's tender embrace and thereby perform the one and only "flying fuck"? Or how about having your girl friend try to perform fellatio on you, and having to drag her out of the water after she swallowed half the goddamn pool?

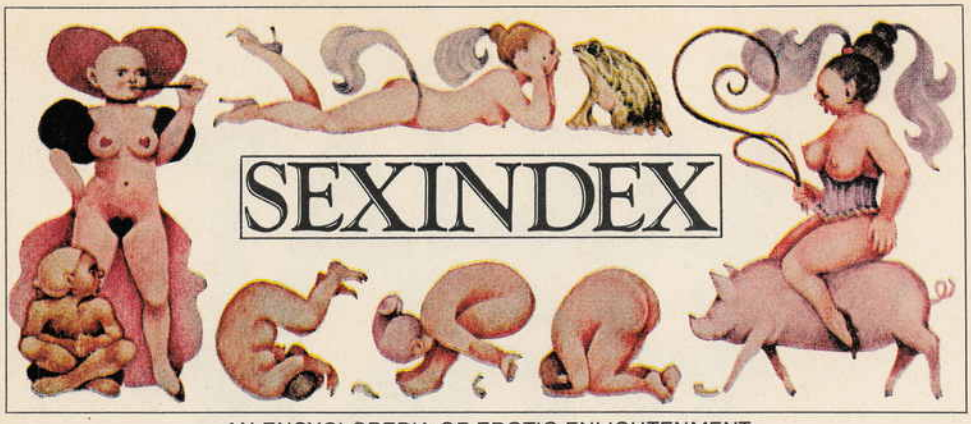
Believe me, the only possible way this scheme could work is if you're Charlie the Tuna and your wife is the mermaid from Chicken of the Sea.—*M.A. (name withheld), Livingstone, N.J.*

On page twenty-two of the August **Penthouse** *a letter was inadvertently attributed to Duffy Vohland of Clarksburg, Indiana. We apologize for the error.—Editor*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** *magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.00 to* **Penthouse Forum,** *909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.*

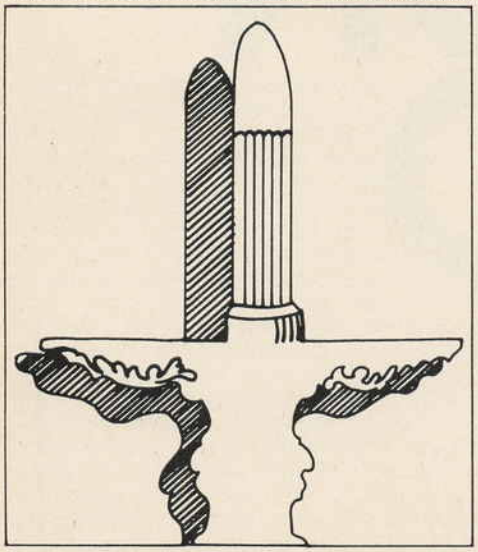
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?

The suspicion, in fact the accusation, is growing around the sophisticated world that man is enjoying only a tiny percentage of the sexual pleasures open to him. • No other animal has would put up with it! • The genial and giant genital called the brain never been fully unleashed. A research project has already demonstrated that sexual pleasures proliferate when partners renounce shame and openly proclaim and coordinate their own unique sexual dreams, desires, imaginings—let's call them fantasies. • If you've followed the concept to here, you're part of The Project already. The thundering crunches which have now been heard 'round the world are the icejams of sexual rigidity beginning to crack. Penthouse has been a warming Gulf Stream in this process since its opening issue. Now it's time to apply the blowtorch. • This is one investigation (some call it the most important liberation movement ever mounted) where everybody's testimony is coequally important. The Project, whether you are prude or panderer, doer or dreamer, in puberty or reminiscence, needs your help. • Tell us please, anonymously but authentically, what your fantasies are. What do you really want to do or have done to you in sexual exchange? (If you think this is a stupid question, then thanks just the same but you are no longer part of The Project.) If you are an enthusiastic self-congratulating "normal," we add our own congratulations and best wishes, but you're not the ones we're looking for to melt the ice. • Do you have your own private sex fantasy that up to now has oppressed or exalted you? Better yet, is it something you've kept from even your most intimate lover? Best of all, is it so cockeyed, private, and far out that you're still not sure said research project would even be interested? If so, yours is precisely the testimony we need. • Do you fancy your mate somehow "guilty" and in need of "punishment" complete with "witnesses" to insure "humiliation?" Does your psyche squeal with higher delight at the thought of your own mortification? Does your sexual feast truly invite only when you are frolicking with your mate illicitly in a boxcar of kidney beans freshly plucked by 14-year-old Mexican virgins? Is the hair, the nostril, or the kneecap of your mate more compelling than the penis and vagina of song, legend, and conventionality? Do you want to bite, tickle, or decorate an ear, foot, navel, or clavicle, not as supportive carnival but as utterly central to your core desire? • Some of us do, too, and we need each other. • And the "normals" have a much heavier stake in understanding us, the unique fantasists, than they have in understanding the homosexual, transvestite, or any other already recognized subsexuality. With these, most normals can only exercise the virtues of tolerance and curiosity. With us, through techniques of fantasy elicitation and accommodation, they can rocket upward to sexual melodies and majesties of uncalibrated megatonnage. • Please detail your fantasy legibly and concisely for this deeply serious and long overdue research project and mail it with or without your name to The Project, P.O. Box 3230, New York, New York, 10001.



AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

phallus: The penis considered in its symbolic aspect—usually as a symbol of power or aggression. The ancient Greeks and Romans carried carved phalli as good-luck amulets and also placed them at crossroads and city gates and outside houses for protection. One phallic symbol that survives at Pompeii carries the inscription *Hic habitat felicitas* (happiness dwells here). No shame was attached to the symbol, and when the Emperor Augustus wrote to the poet Horace he addressed him affectionately as *purissimum penem*—"my most illustrious penis." As in most other cultures, phallic worship was a feature of the Roman world. The gods Liber and Priapus (*q.v.*) were little more than personified phalli and the annual processions in honor of Liber featured huge penises carried by six men who themselves wore larger-than-life dildos. Such ceremonies were probably left over from pre-Roman customs.



Phallic worship was common throughout Europe in the Stone and Bronze Ages; the giant figure of a man with a thirty-foot erection carved on the hillside at Cerne Abbas in Dorset, England, is one such indication. The standing Bauta stones of Scandinavia often have names that suggest a phallic origin, and the heathen temple at Uppsala, Sweden, contained a statue of the god Frey with an enormous phallus. Until quite recently the Lapps of Finland used to sacrifice the penises of the reindeer they hunted to Frey. A story from the 10th-century *Edda* sagas tells of an isolated peasant family whose stallion dies. The son cuts off its penis and the wife wraps it in linen and onions to preserve it. Every evening she takes it out and worships it, and "the devil made it swell and become stiff, so that it could stand with the woman as often as she wanted it." But it served as more than just a homemade dildo, for the family would pass it round the table every evening and recite poems to it. Remnants of phallic worship survived in Europe long after the advent of Christianity. In 1282, at Inverkeithing in Scotland, the parishioners, led by their priest, danced around a phallic stone in the churchyard. The Maypole—a phallic symbol often twenty-five feet high—was erected annually in every English country village until the Puritans put a stop to it. Until 1562 the church at Orange in France contained a large wooden phallus covered with leather, and in parts of Europe there actually arose "phallic saints." St. Foutin, for instance, was supposed to derive his name from Pothin, the first Bishop of Lyons, but *foutre* is French for "to fuck," and St. Foutin's statue at Embrun sported a magnificent erection. Women made pilgrimages to sit on it as a cure for sterility and the local people bathed it regularly in wine. Traces of phallic worship are still found in Europe and America. The snake charmers of Kentucky who flourished in the 1950's and 1960's probably identified the snake with the phallus, as the North American Indians had done several centuries earlier. In remote parts of Italy, peasants still ward off the evil eye by raising two fingers from a closed fist in the ancient "horn" symbol. And the Italian prime minister during World War I reportedly wore a phallic charm on a bracelet around his wrist. He showed it to a visiting British diplomat with the remark, "This will make us sure of winning the war."

phimosis: Anomaly of the penis in which the foreskin is too long and its orifice too small for it to be retracted. This condition makes erection extremely painful and coitus impossible, but it can easily be corrected by removing a portion of the foreskin. Louis XVI of France suffered from phimosis and was therefore unable to consummate his marriage to Marie Antoinette for several years. He refused an operation, saying that this was how God made him, but was finally persuaded by Marie Antoinette's brother, the emperor of Austria. One year later, an heir was born.

Phryne (4th century B.C.): Most celebrated of the ancient Greek *hetairai* or courtesans. Born in the small town of Thespiae, she later moved to Athens and became rich and famous. Phryne sat for the sculptor Praxiteles many times and statues of her, including one in solid gold, were erected in several towns. Though *phryne* is the Greek word for "toad," her beauty was agreed to be incomparable and she used her assets astutely. She never visited the public baths, where she would have had to appear naked, and she let her lovers undress her only in the dark. But at the climax of the religious festival at Eleusis she appeared in the doorway of the temple and slowly removed all her clothes, striking awe into all the spectators. On another occasion, this time a sea festival for Aphrodite and Poseidon, she stripped at the temple and walked naked through the crowds down to the seashore and dived into the waves. On her reemergence she was acclaimed as the reincarnation of sea-born Aphrodite. Probably as a result of these two incidents, she was later brought to trial on a charge of "irreverence" and of having distracted public officials from their duties. Her counsel, Hypereides, argued that beauty such as hers was divine and irresistible, and to prove his point, he crossed the crowded courtroom and tore away her tunic. The judges were suitably impressed and dismissed the charge. Afterward all the other *hetairai* wrote to thank Hypereides for striking this effective blow for their profession.

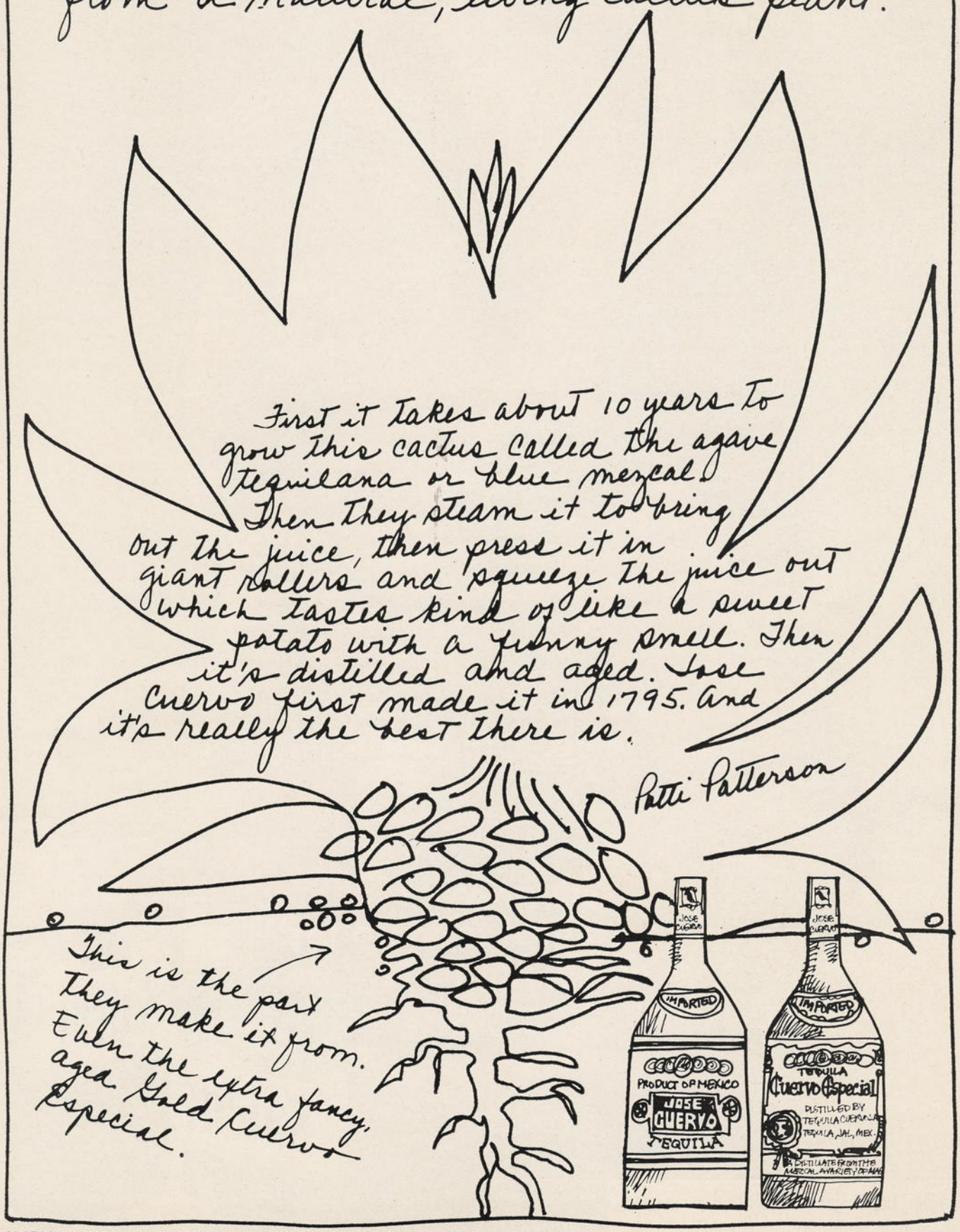
pica: Abnormal cravings during pregnancy (from the Latin for "magpie"). True pica are cravings for things other than food. An English survey in 1957 revealed thirty-five cravings for coal, seventeen for soap, fifteen for disinfectant, and fourteen for toothpaste. Food cravings usually include pickles, caviar, avocados, and endless sweets and ice cream. One explanation is that the sense of taste is dulled during pregnancy, so the expectant mother must search further to titillate her palate.

Pill, the: Popular name for female oral contraceptive containing hormones that prevent ovulation. One pill is taken daily for twenty to twenty-two days, then discontinued for seven days, during which "withdrawal bleeding" resembling a period occurs. (This pseudo-menstrual cycle, though not physiologically essential, is deemed advisable for psychological reasons.) The Pill is the most effective form of contraception currently available. Occasional undesirable side effects include nausea, headaches, weight gain, tender breasts, and "breakthrough bleeding" between periods; but these can usually be eliminated by changing to a different brand of Pill. The more serious dangers of the Pill are, first, that it may exacerbate diabetes or liver disease in women already prone to these disorders and, second, that Pill-users are nine to ten times more likely to develop blood clots (thromboembolism) in the legs or lungs than other women. This latter finding caused a widespread anti-Pill reaction in the late Sixties, but women should remember that they are ten times more likely to die as a result of pregnancy than as a result of taking the Pill. On the positive side, the Pill cures nearly all menstrual disorders, often clears up acne, and may possibly help combat multiple sclerosis. The Pill was first perfected by Dr. Gregory Pincus in 1955, first intensively tested (in Puerto Rico) in 1957, and first marketed in 1960. Now it is taken by over seven million women in the United States.

pillow books: Chinese sex manuals illustrating the various positions for intercourse. They were literally kept on the pillow or by the bed to furnish ideas, as recipe books are kept in the kitchen. The oldest pillow books were hand-painted, sometimes on ivory or jade, but more often on cloth scrolls. Unlike their Indian and Arab equivalents, the positions illustrated are all feasible without acrobatics, but they often involve the presence of a third person, a maidservant who guides the man's penis or titillates the woman's breasts while the man makes love to her. A 17th-century novel called *The Night-Time Scholar* has an interesting scene where the hero shows his blushing bride a pillow book for the first time. The pictures have titles like "Butterflies Seeking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.


First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mezcal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.
Patti Patterson
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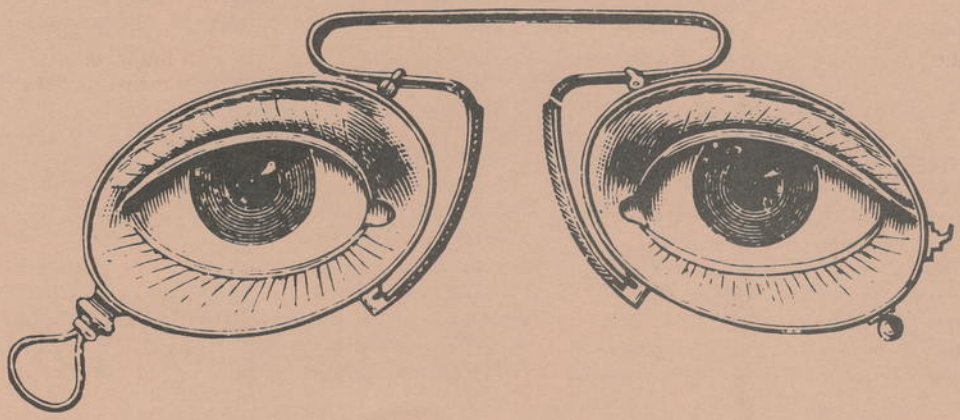
VIEW FROM THE TOP



STATISTICS AND OTHER LIES

It seems hard to believe that some twenty years have passed since Darrell Huff published his classic, *How to Lie with Statistics.* It was a remarkably instructive little manual on deception through numbers.

He showed us how to "statisticulate" effectively using such devices as the "semiattached figure," the "well-chosen average," and the "gee-whiz graph," by which a moderate rise in, say, stock prices or government payrolls could be made to look like a J-curve skyrocket by simply changing the size of the spread in the numerical scale employed. Another effective technique is chopping off the bottom of the chart so that the increase in the portion shown appears to represent something like 100 percent instead of the 2 or 3 percent actually reported.

The dearth of explicit literature on how figures may be used for lying by liars-who-figure should not lead us to believe, however, that there has been no recent progress in the state of the art. Necessity being the mother it is, our government statisticians have made great inventive strides with new devices for maximizing good news and minimizing bad. Especially the latter.

By far the most ingenious development is what the professional optimists refer to as the DRI, or "Decreasing Rate of Increase."

Properly employed, the DRI can even make a rising figure look like a decline. Take for example an imaginary catastrophe like a monthly rise of ten cents per pound in the price of kumquats. How can that be made to appear almost like good news, even to kumquat lovers? Simple, as shown in the following table:

Date	Increase	Price	Percent Increase
Jan.		$1.00	
Feb.	10¢	1.10	10.0
Mar.	10¢	1.20	9.1
Apr.	10¢	1.30	8.3
May	10¢	1.40	7.7
June	10¢	1.50	7.1
July	10¢	1.60	6.7
Aug.	10¢	1.70	6.3
Sep.	10¢	1.80	5.9
Oct.	10¢	1.90	5.6
Nov.	10¢	2.00	5.3

As you can see, in a period of just ten months the price of kumquats has doubled. But the *rate* of increase has steadily declined, so that in November it is barely half what it was in February (from 10 percent down to 5.3 percent).

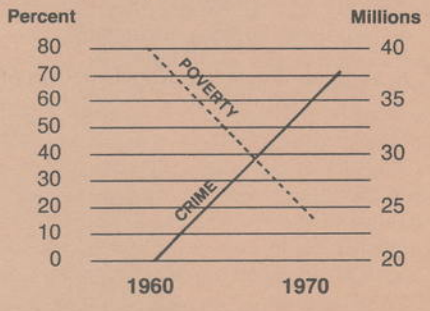
Suggested headlines: "KUMQUAT INFLATION SEEN CHECKED"—"RATE OF PRICE RISE CUT IN HALF!"

By the time the price of kumquats reaches $5 per pound, the rate of increase will have dropped to an infinitesimal 2 percent! The trick, of course, is that the percentage is figured against what the price was in the *preceding month,* not against the original price of $1—in which case it would have been 400 percent.

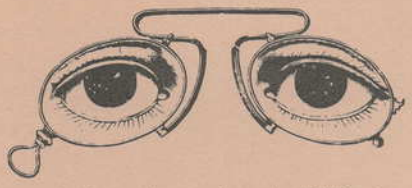
Incidentally, if the rate of increase were to have remained at a steady 10 percent per month (as opposed to a rise of ten *cents* per month), the price of kumquats over the same period would have risen to $2.61 instead of an even $2. And there still would have been no increase in the "rate of inflation" to report.

Obviously the same technique can be used in reports on crime. And sometimes it is. "Serious crime is increasing," you read in the papers, "but the rate of increase is declining." It sounds like a hopeful note. As if we were turning the corner on rapes, murders, and aggravated assaults. It is more likely the fact that these crimes are continuing to increase at a fairly steady rate, just like the price of kumquats.

And speaking of crime: everybody knows it is caused by poverty, right? Eliminate poverty and you wipe out crime. Well, for our next trick, ladies and gentlemen, we will proceed to prove just the opposite.



In the chart above, you see that in the decade of the 1960's the number of Americans living below the poverty level (broken line) declined from 39.4 million to 24.3 million—a drop of nearly 48 percent. At the same time,



arrests for serious crimes (solid line) rose by a whopping 71.2 percent. (Incidentally, the poverty level is no longer called the poverty level. The administration helped eliminate poverty by dropping the word from its vocabulary. It is now referred to as "below low-income.")

Anyway, by proper arrangement of the scales, plus employment of a logical fallacy known as "post hoc, propter hoc"—that is, if one thing follows or coincides with another, the first must have caused the second—we can show that as poverty declines, crime rises. Therefore the way to eliminate crime is to bring back poverty! Quite a few serious scholars have actually pointed out that the crime rate was much lower during the Great Depression, when almost everybody was poor. And in one sense, they have a point. With greater affluence, there is obviously more stuff available to be stolen.

But that doesn't account for the rise in crimes of violence. The disproportionate increase in the number of young males in the population seems to be a factor here. The number of young males in America (aged fourteen to twenty-four) has increased from 13.3 million to 19.6 million during the 1960's. That's a rise of some 48 percent, as opposed to an increase in the general population of only 13.2 percent. Compare that with the rise in forcible rape during that period (56.6 percent) or burglary (52 percent) or aggravated assault (54.1 percent) and other assaults (54.6 percent).

Males account for 84.3 percent of all arrests for serious crimes in America, and 76.4 are aged twenty-four or less. Obvious conclusion: to solve the crime problem, don't eliminate poverty—eliminate young males! But hold on. There are a few other "variables."

Crimes committed by older people and the more affluent are much less likely to result in arrest than those of the young and the poor. And of those arrested, the older and more affluent defendants tend to get better legal counsel and lighter punishment, if any. Females involved in violent crimes also benefit from a still-persistent code of "chivalry" on the part of judges and juries, even though the involvement of young females in violent crimes is rising at a rate roughly three times that of males'.

The beauty of "statisticulation" is that it seems to tell what has happened. But all it tells is what has been reported—and then uses *that* selectively. It's a bit like being licensed to shoot craps with loaded dice, or play poker with a stacked deck.

Which is probably what prompted the great British statesman, Disraeli, to say, "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics."—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

ESSENCE PRECEDES EXISTENCE

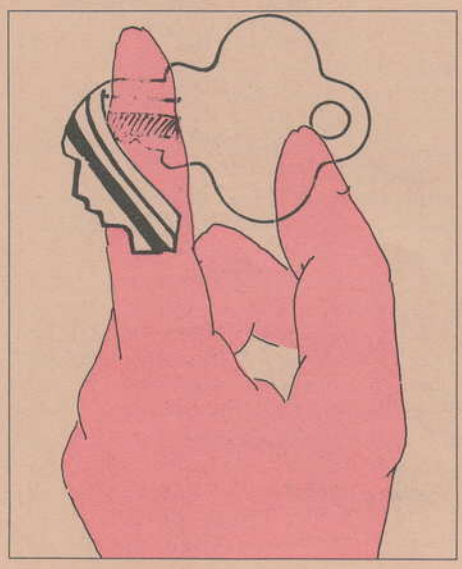
Dr. Edgar Mitchell, the former astronaut who participated in the Apollo 14 moon expedition and performed unofficial ESP experiments during the moon walks with subjects on earth, has come to the conclusion that matter exists secondarily to and only because of consciousness. "The whole paradigm of science," says Mitchell, "is being changed. Science is beginning to find that consciousness is more primordial and fundamental than matter."

Mitchell is presently conducting a series of experiments testing the amazing Uri Geller at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California. Geller is a young Israeli psychic who, for no very good scientific reason, is able to bend metallic objects and make flowers wither by merely touching them. He is well-known to viewers of the Jack Paar, Johnny Carson, and Merv Griffin shows, who have seen Uri do his mind-bending miracles. He's also a popular attraction on college campuses, where he has performed astounding feats of telepathy and psychokinesis (the ability to control physical objects by thinking—mind over matter). And in his native hills of Zion, Geller is a box-office star who consistently draws SRO crowds to his one-man act.

If Geller indeed commands the hidden strengths of the human mind, a new age is at hand. If science can harness his secret resources of telepathy and psychokinesis, the results for civilization will be far-reaching and unpredictable.

But this is getting somewhat ahead of the story, which began twenty-six years ago in Tel Aviv, where Uri Geller, a Sagittarius, was born to immigrant parents. His father was an Israeli army officer and his mother, a distant relation to Sigmund Freud. "When I was seven," Uri recollects, "I would sit in school wishing that the school day would end. Then I started to notice that the hands of my wristwatch would move as I thought about it. I didn't talk about this power to my friends because I thought everyone could do it."

In 1969 Geller, who would have been burned as a sorcerer in the old days, did a few mind-boggling stunts for a group of students in Tel Aviv and became a star overnight. Invited to the United States by inventor-physician Andrija Puharich, Geller did his thing before a number of prominent scientists including Edgar Mitchell. Arrangements were made for Uri to undergo a five-week series of rigidly controlled tests at the prestigious Stanford Research Institute.



The following are excerpts from the official SRI report:

"All experiments were under the design and control of the experimenters—not the subject."

"All experiments were designed to be as 'cheat-proof' as possible. If in retrospect the experimenters concluded that the subject could have achieved positive results in a particular experiment through trickery, the experiment was discounted even though there was no evidence that cheating actually had taken place."

"Whenever possible, the experiments were performed on a 'double-blind' basis—that is, neither subject nor experimenter would know the 'right' answer beforehand."

"*Hidden Object Experiment*—Ten identical aluminum film cans were placed in a row. An outside assistant not associated with the research would place the cans in a random position and put the target object into one of them. He would then put caps on all the cans and leave the experimental area, notifying the experimenters (who were not aware which can contained the object) who would then enter the room with the subject. The subject [Uri Geller] would then enter the room. The subject would either pass his hand over the row of cans or simply look at them. He would then call out the cans he felt confident were empty, and the experimenter would remove them from the row. When only two or three cans remained, the subject would announce which one he thought contained the target object. This task was performed twelve times, without error. The probability that this could have occurred by chance is about one in a trillion."

In another experiment, recorded on videotape at SRI, Geller dematerialized a watch

in a locked briefcase, and rematerialized it on a table in front of the scientists.

When I called on Geller at his hotel room in Menlo Park, I was treated to a first-hand display of Geller's powers. Noticing a silver ring on my finger, Geller asked, "Should we try and do something with it?" I gave him the ring. He placed it on the table before us, touching it lightly with his two index fingers. Then he held his open hand slightly above the ring and closed his eyes. After less than a minute the ring began to curl. I touched it and it was hot.

Later Geller said that he had simply repeated the command, "Bend, bend, bend" in his mind. "The heat that comes from my hand," he said, "is not body heat. I'm not sure, but I do know that within this ring there are universes. I didn't bend the ring . . . it is bent by some intelligent force or energy with a consciousness of its own.

"I very deeply believe," he continued, "that I am merely an instrument of a power outside of our galaxy that somehow is generating through me."

Rational hypothesis or hocus-pocus? I sought further explanations from Mitchell, now in Palo Alto researching psychic phenomena with SRI.

Mitchell spoke with quiet authority, clarity, and obvious sincerity. "I believe," said the moon veteran, "that a major breakthrough of consciousness is near—we will eventually prove that consciousness is a primal field, that matter as we understand it is a result of an intention within consciousness to produce matter. If the intention of consciousness is able to influence matter, i.e., Uri Geller and others endowed with psychic powers, then the intention within consciousness can influence anything else to happen."

Well, much research has yet to be done and many mysteries remain to be cleared up, but recently millions of Americans have been treated to Geller's displays of psychic functioning. "I believe," he says, "that I have been given these powers as a prelude to ease the cosmic shock soon to come on earth. Something incredible is going to happen one day soon on this planet, and I hope we are ready and able to accept it."—*Eugene Anthony*

SHOWS

THE WAY WE WERE?

There is something rotten in the whole enterprise. The actors have nothing to say to each other. The director marshals forces and moves cameras, but hardly seems to direct. The script plays with causes, and discovers no sources of feeling. Arthur Laurents wrote it, Sydney Pollack directed it, and Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford star in *The Way We Were*.

In its scope, its dressed-up locations, its penchant for big scenes, I think it's supposed to recall movies the way they were, the way they don't make them anymore. In fact, it is almost a casebook demonstration of why they don't make them anymore.

The Way We Were mixes public history and personal histories, and it covers just under twenty years in the not-too-distant past. It runs from 1936 into the 1950's; or from Roosevelt to Eisenhower; or from civil war in Spain to the McCarthy Committee in Washington—with significant glances at World War II and the trials of the Hollywood Ten.

Its romantic story is all tied up with the issues that excited liberals over those years and that provide the movie not with a plot so much as with a basis in current events.

Katie—dark, frumpy, humorless, intense, strident, radical—meets Hubbell—blond, handsome, quiet, passive, apolitical—at college, some place coed and pastoral in upstate New York.

They have nothing in common, but she senses his dignity and admires his prose style, and secretly she falls in love. Years later they meet again. She's in broadcasting and he's in the navy. There's a war on. She's had her hair straightened—and now he also falls in love. Years later they are married and in Hollywood. He's doing screenplays; she's fighting Red-baiters. He makes his peace; she declares war. They separate.

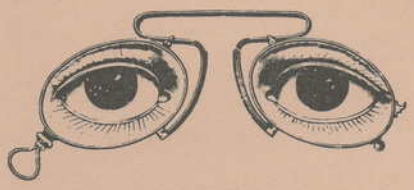
Years later they meet again. He's doing TV shows; she's trying to Ban the Bomb. Her hair is no longer straightened. They part. Outside the Plaza Hotel they go their different ways, as the camera rises above the bustle of New York City's most glamorous corner, and the voice of Barbra Streisand fills the sound track singing "The Way We Were" (music by Marvin Hamlisch).

Obviously, the story is geared to the cavalcade of contemporary crises. But it is also geared to accommodate an image of Barbra Streisand as actress that becomes more aggressive and more tiresome with each passing movie. For a while the celebrity seemed at odds with the actress. But I don't think the celebrity counts for too much anymore. It's just that there has never been an actress; there has only been a massive will to act. By now the will is very naked. And even in those few scenes where it connects—as during a barrage of defensive Jewish wisecracks

on the beach at Malibu—it seems all effort and almost no achievement. Everything is nervous, excessively energetic, as if to compensate for the deficiencies of the role. There is some truth, and there could have been much poignancy in the character of Katie—a kind of higher ethnic stereotype of mistrust and envy the fraternities and sororities, the sports, the parties, the mindless jokes, the whole mythology of *goyish* nonchalance that was part of any Jewish kid's growing up, at least before the 1960's. But Barbra isn't sensitive enough, subtle enough, agile enough—or anything, really, except tough enough, to live up to the complications of the role. She isn't even good-looking enough. Cinema has always preferred its passive idols to its overachievers, and I suppose the ultimate irony of *The Way We Were* is that Robert Redford, with his open-faced quiescence, seems to belong, to occupy a character, in a way that Barbra Streisand doesn't, and possibly never can.

I'm suspicious of directors' credits in the recent Streisand films. There have always been stories of the star's running the production, and in her last film, *Up the Sandbox*, she managed to get from Irwin Kershner, a good director, possibly the worst movie of his career. Sydney Pollack's work has been marked by reasonable academic virtues, which were overpraised in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and then virtually ignored in *Jeremiah Johnson* (one of Redford's best performances).

In *The Way We Were* he goes through the motions and organizes crowds and lights his leading lady's profile for (insufficiently flattering) close-ups. But it isn't directing; it's packaging. I guess that was the idea to begin with, but it leads to a terrible impersonality. I don't know when I've seen a movie so committed to reconstructing the past—the clothes, the cars, the lipstick, the politics—that so fails even by accident to strike a responsive chord.



James Bridges's *The Paper Chase* does somewhat better at dredging up old monsters, though its time is now and its anxieties are probably meant to be timeless. A few years ago Bridges directed a movie called *The Baby Maker,* with a good performance by Barbara Hershey, that was never as stupid as the title suggests. He hasn't lost any talent since. In *The Paper Chase,* as in *The Baby Maker,* he has a topical story—or, more accurately, a topic that is bolstered up a bit by a story. Set in Cambridge, Mass. (though mostly shot in Toronto), the film deals with educational values and works into a story about making grades in the first year of Harvard Law School.

Timothy Bottoms (*The Last Picture Show*) plays a student named Hart. That's his last name. He has a first name too, but everyone calls him just "Hart," including his girl Susan (Lindsay Wagner), who happens to be the daughter of his most terrifying professor, Kingsfield. Kingsfield, the scourge of first-year law students, teaches contracts. Hart starts out poorly in his course, studies like crazy, and as he begins to make progress with freethinking Susan he also begins to feel himself somehow in tune with the recondite thoughts of Susan's father.

When I was in college, Harvard Law School was known as (a) the place that automatically dropped its lowest-standing students each year, and (b) the place to go if you wanted to get rich practicing law. If you mainly wanted to study law—or the theory of law—you went to Yale. I don't know whether either idea still holds, but the film acts as if both do. Everybody grubs for high grades because high grades get you on the Law Review and into the most lucrative junior partnerships after you graduate. Everybody also grants that this is nuts, a perversion of values, a part of the "paper chase"—from diploma to driver's license, marriage license, stock certificates, last will and testament—that will inevitably take the place of living for most of them. Everybody realizes this, and nobody does anything about it. And oddly enough it is the generalized uncomfortable tension between ambition and inaction that supplies the principal appeal of *The Paper Chase.*

Timothy Bottoms in The Paper Chase.

It permeates the study groups that students form to pool their class notes; it prompts the shower-room arguments over whether a first-year student should waste any time on sex (he shouldn't); and it meets its inspiration in the magisterial presence of the fabled Kingsfield. Kingsfield is nobody's Mr. Chips. He doesn't like his students and he doesn't hate them—he doesn't even bother to learn their names. His classroom technique, a form of recitation that he calls Socratic, reduces most of them to silent jelly. Yet his course in contracts inspires Hart more than does his young daughter's body. And in the superb performance by John Houseman, the famous writer and producer who here begins his film-acting career at age seventy, you can almost believe the inspiration is real. It isn't. The manner of greatness is there, but the matter isn't. The manner is Houseman's. The matter ought to be in the movie.

The Paper Chase does pretty well so long as it sticks to its background; to the aura of hard work, mental fatigue, and privileged misery that is the height of education in America. But when it should be focusing on its foreground, on its people and their motivations, it goes very fuzzy. Everything that counts has to be taken on faith. For example, nothing actually happens in Kingsfield's course to move anybody much beyond tears. No reason for the suprarational bond between teacher and student that will explain Hart and justify Kingsfield is actually demonstrated. And so that bond remains a mystery—an inadmissable mystery—at the center of the drama. When Hart ultimately renounces the father's values in favor of the daughter's (she offers no permanent attachment, but at least she remembers his last name), the act seems hollow. In a purely rhetorical gesture, Hart throws away his grades unseen (you can bet your life the registrar hasn't thrown them away), and on that meager act of bad faith the movie rests. It is like those 1950's films about the futility of success, in which the man in the gray flannel suit would settle for a house in the country and $40,000 a year, and to hell with a senior vice-presidency—and *that* was how he dropped out of the system.

The Paper Chase belongs to that tradition, which isn't wholly corrupt, but is partly corrupt, and requires a quality of self-delusion that precludes good art. It produces an art in limbo that examines the options and, despite their mutual incompatability, chooses all of them.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

LEXICOGRAPHY IN AMERICA,
OR WHY
TEXANS DON'T SHIT

The newest *Webster* is a fucking good dictionary. We can say so now because Noah's lexical heirs have admitted, 130 years after his death, that people fuck. *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary,* the eighth edition of this perennial best-seller (G. & G. Merriam Co.), tells us also that the word "fucking" is a mere intensifier, so all we've said is that this is a very good dictionary. It was once the only good American desk dictionary, but now there are five. Their new editions leapfrog one another, so the Merriam book is the newest only for the moment. The other four are all good and each has its own special features. They are: *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* (Houghton, Mifflin), *Webster's New World Dictionary* (World), *Funk & Wagnalls Standard College Dictionary,* and *The Random House College Dictionary.* There are several editions of each, priced for different markets, but you can get all the words of any of them for under ten dollars—a bargain: it cost, for example, four million dollars to make the *American Heritage Dictionary.*

The fact that the *New Collegiate* is the first *Webster* to include the dirty words isn't what makes it good, of course, but it's a good symptom. It means that the editor, in this case the fine scholar Henry B. Woolf, has had his way—and that's what makes a book, despite the howls of the salesmen, who always cite the loss of sales to Catholic girls' schools and schools in Southern states to justify bowdlerizing the record of the language.

All modern dictionary editors have taken it for granted that it is as much a part of their responsibility to record "fuck" as to record "eat." However, it was not until the end of the Sixties that an American lexicographer was permitted his professional conscience by a publisher. The lucky editor was William Morris of the *American Heritage Dictionary* (which we'll call AHD to save space). It was the first general dictionary to recognize that Americans fuck—except for Texans. Texans neither fuck nor shit. These words and others were deleted from a special Texas edition of the AHD. This involved some funny memos like the one from the business manager stating that it had been previously agreed that "fuck," "cunt," "pussy," and "shit" had to come out, and going on to discuss the Texan acceptability of a long list of words, including

some as seemingly innocent as "piles." Despite all the memos, "fuck" sneaked into Texas in the etymology of the term "snafu" ("situation normal, all fucked up").

The *New Collegiate* makes a nice distinction among the four words most offensive in Texas. "Fuck" and "cunt" are "usu. considered obscene," while "pussy" and "shit" are "usu. considered vulgar." From my own dictionary work I can recall the kind of earnest discussions that led to such momentous distinctions.

For example, we decided not to enter "cocksucker" in the AHD because its meaning was unmistakable from the relevant definitions of "cock" and "sucker." This now seems to me a specious assumption.

It was Jess Stein, editor of *The Random House Dictionary,* who first noted that these discussions are not coolly objective. His staff was willing enough to talk about these words, he found, but they nervously shuffled their feet when they spoke them, an observation he cited in explaining his dictionary's omissions.

One of the more rigorous lexical distinctions was made in the first American reference book to contain the word "fuck." In the *Dictionary of American Slang* (Crowell), there are eleven entries beginning with "fuck," such as "fuck you, Charlie," but the word is not defined in its basic meaning of "having coitus" because *that* is not slang, but standard English, even if it may be "usu. considered obscene." (The book was banned for a time in California.)

All the dirty words, labeled "canting words," appeared in the first general English-language dictionary prepared by Nathaniel Bailey in 1735. Although Dr. Johnson in his famous dictionary stole liberally from Bailey—if theft can be liberal—he neglected to pick up the canting words. Thus he established two long lexicographic traditions: plagiarism and prudery. He was luckier than Bailey in having James Boswell, one of the greatest press agents of all time. It has been commonly assumed that Johnson's prudery lasted until our century, but AHD's Bill Morris pointed out recently that the Reverend John Ash, an Anglican divine, put all the dirty words in his dictionary in 1775, labeling them "vulgar." The great *Oxford English Dictionary,* which took seventy-eight years to make, was in preparation while Queen Victoria reigned, and naturally it omitted the four-letter words—up to the letter *N,* that is, when she died. So "shit" made it, but "fuck" did not. The new supplement to the *Oxford* has them all.

It's hard to know how old the word "fuck" is, since it is so often spoken, but so seldom written. If we work from written records, it appears to have entered English from the Dutch rather recently—well after Modern English was established. Chaucer didn't fuck; in his Middle English he "swived." A favorite 18th-century term—even though "fuck" was around—was "roger." "Swive" and "roger" will get you nowhere with Xaviera Hollander. Dirty words die just as clean words do. They can also get cleaned up. Are you all "bollixed up"? Sounds innocent, but look out for your balls. "Bollix" comes from an Old English word for testicles.

In the old days the lexicographer didn't say anything about the words he left out; nowadays it's harder. Pity poor David Guralnik, a first-rate lexicographer whose company happens to be big in the Bible market. In his foreword to the Second Edition of *Webster's New World Dictionary,* he felt compelled to explain the omissions with a tortured piece of logic:

"The absence from this dictionary of a handful of old, well-known vulgate terms for sexual and excretory organs and functions is not due to a lack of citations for these words from current literature. On the contrary the profusion of such citations in recent years would suggest that the terms in question are so well known as to require no explanation." Well, David, shall we eliminate the word "the," which occurred 373,123 times in five million words of running text (as counted on a computer by American Heritage)?

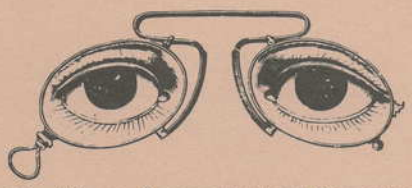
The newest piece of American lexicography does leave out "the" and all the other old cold lexicographical gruel. This is not a general dictionary and is best described by its title, *The Barnhart Dictionary of New English Since 1963* (Harper, $12.95). By dealing only with terms first noted in the last decade, it has the space, unlike a general dictionary, to show how satisfying—and how much fun—good modern lexicography can be, especially in the hands of an old master, Clarence Barnhart. He uses long quotations that actually fix the word in its context and he provides elegant notes on the history and usage of new words.

The book naturally reflects our current preoccupations. For example: gadgetry, in the Japanese "beddo," a mechanical bed that takes you on a joy ride; fear of war, in "wargasm," "a crisis that produces total war"; the youth thing, in the coinage "youthquake"; ecology, in the grim phrase "internal pollution"; women's lib, in the silly label "Jane Crow"; internationalism, in the polyglot blends of English called "Japlish," "Spanglish," etc.; the occult, in the awesome term "penetralium," "the most secret or hidden part"; crime, in such Mafia cant as "button man"; even the interstate highways, in the verb "shunpike," "to travel by seeking out secondary roads."

But the most striking feature of our new language is what I'll call "the new negativism." The *old* negativism continues to make combinations where "non-" means "not," as in "nonbiodegradable." What is noteworthy is a *new* use of "non-" to mean "sham, pretended, pseudo, mock, fraudulent." This occurs in such coinages as "nonevent," "noninformation," and "nonpolicy." Let's hope this doesn't mean that we are living in a "kakotopia," defined by Barnhart as "the opposite of a utopia, a misplanned, ugly, unhappy place to live in." Such a place might be expected to be a "kakistocracy," which none of the smaller dictionaries has caught up to, but which the great unabridged *Webster* prophetically defined as "government by the worst men."

RECOMMENDED READING: SPORTS

Publishers have gone hog-wild this season with sports books. Not only are the numbers wild, but some of the books are too.



The Wrong Season by Joel Oppenheimer (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95). Perhaps the wildest, but wonderful in every sense. The author, a lower-case poet, says, "it is an attempt to deal with baseball the way I deal with all the realities of my life—by letting the world leak in, and vice versa."

The Illustrated History of Baseball by Robert Smith (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95). Excellent baseball writing at the opposite end of the spectrum from Oppenheimer. Hundreds of pictures.

The Essence of The Game Is Decision: Thinking about Basketball by Leonard Koppett (Little, Brown, $7.95). An unusually thoughtful sportswriter may have written the classic book on basketball. Tightly organized and bristling with keen insights.

Wilt: Just Like Any Other Seven-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door by Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw (Macmillan, $6.95). Wilt and his collaborator make the man just about as unpleasant—and exciting—as you imagined him to be. Stands way above any other recent sports biography.

Good Clean Violence: A History of College Football by Ivan N. Kaye (Lippincott, $8.95). Kaye's title is not sarcastic—he loves the violence of the game and in this enthusiastic history points up how much rougher it used to be.

The Forgettables by Jay Acton (Crowell, $6.95). A brilliant re-creation of a football season with the minor-league Pottstown (Pa.) "Firebirds."

In This Corner: Forty Boxing Titleholders Tell Their Own Stories edited by Peter Heller (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). Not the bland interviews of sports broadcasting, but in-depth and entirely believable.

Play It Again Bud, by Bud Greenspan (Peter Wyden, $10.95). Bud finally solves the mystery surrounding twenty-two of the most controversial sports events of the century, using stop-action techniques of instant replay to work over unknown photos and movie footage. Fascinating and dramatic results are achieved.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ

He was just another local teenager thrown in the Uvalde (Texas) jail until Texas Ranger Joaquin Jackson heard him sing. Late the previous night, Johnny Rodriguez and some drunk friends had been out in the Garner State Park when the idea of barbequed goat suggested itself. They found three such critters—all prize-registered goats belonging to a neighboring rancher—and proceeded to feast. Soon Johnny and his friends were busted for rustling.

In the lockup, Rodriguez's singing turned Jackson on, and shortly after Johnny was sprung the Ranger took him to see "happy" Shahan, a likeable local manipulator of politics, show business, and ranch land. Shahan is considered *el patrón* of his hometown, Brackettville, and his resources and influence are enormous. Rodriguez was immediately hired to appear in the mock shoot-outs musical shows staged daily for tourists at the "Alamo Village" in one corner of the mammoth Shahan spread.

Shahan recalls that at times he referred to his handsome singing pride as "Johnny Rodgers" to obscure the anomaly of a Mexican singing country music. In fact, Johnny often played the role of "Ortho," a stereotyped dull-witted Mexican. One day songwriter Tom T. Hall saw Rodriguez perform at Alamo Village, and recognized the same potential Shahan had seen. Hall promised that when Johnny was ready, he would take

him on the road as part of his Storytellers band. Last year Hall kept his promise, and a contract with Mercury Records followed.

Johnny's first album (*Introducing Johnny Rodriguez*) sold incredibly well for an unknown singer—more than 200,000 copies to date—and his new record (*All I Ever Meant To Do Was Sing*) looks like it will do likewise. His top-forty hits (there've been five so far) have made him a recognizeable commodity in country music, and his stage act is becoming smoother and more natural with each succeeding performance.

But this could be said of a half-dozen new performers. Rodriguez's outstanding quality is his most obvious: as a Chicano, his appeal is to a whole new audience. There is an unspoken sense of pride among young Chicanos as they crowd their country-music hero for autographs.

Rodriguez glides effortlessly from English into Spanish and back again on many songs. Understandably, his appeal is strongest in the Southwest, especially in his native Texas.

From the start Rodriguez has not only been a regular on C & W outlets, but a steady staple on Spanish-language stations as well. With all this—and with a voice that often resembles that of the young Merle Haggard—Rodriguez's carefully programmed and successful career is proof that there exists a vast and hitherto untapped musical audience—the Spanish-speaking country-and-western fans. —*Tom Miller*

CHEECH AND CHONG

Several years ago Richard Marin, known to his friends and admirers as "Cheech," turned down a lucrative singing career with Captain Shagnasty and his Loch Ness Pickles and an equally tantalizing job offer from the U.S. Army in favor of a fun-filled, action-packed vacation-adventure in Canada, where he met Tommy Chong at Chong's Vancouver topless bar.

Teaming their wits for the purpose of satirizing various illegal activities of the underground culture, Cheech and Chong soared to heights previously the exclusive realm of bozos like the Firesign Theater.

Their first problem was finding a name. Chong already knew what a name like "Bobby Taylor and the Vancouvers" could do for them from his experience playing guitar and writing for that Motown band. "Marin and Chong" would have been just as bad. "Tommy and Richard," which they tried for a while, was "too cute," but "Cheech and Chong" was great. "Nobody will ever be able to pronounce it. We'll be a big hit." They decided to bill themselves as rock comics, offering the rock audience an alternative to music.

Newsweek loved them—"the Rowan and Martin of the freaked-out generation . . . the only comics to pick up authentically on the ubiquitous hip and pseudo-hip vernacular." Or, as Cheech puts it, "I can't see us sharing the bill with Lawrence Welk." It's hard to see Mr. Welk appreciating their Hickey-Off acne medication by Brillo, or feminine hygiene slogans like, "If he kissed it once will he kiss it again?"

However, their audience is becoming more varied as its size is growing. "Everybody wants to be young," says Cheech. "Everybody wants to relate to what's happening. Audience response has just been getting better and better. But the better press you get, the more likely you are to lose the underground." And the underground is important

for Cheech and Chong, not only as their source of material, but as their own niche. "I've been to communes," said Tommy, "and they didn't dig a freak from Hollywood making good money. But I'm just like them. Really—you need money to be free."

Dope is a ready lead-in to underground satire, and some older critics compare Cheech and Chong to booze-oriented comics like Red Skelton or Jackie Gleason. As the air became pungent at the Stones' Nicaraguan earthquake benefit in L.A., for instance, Cheech and Chong launched into their "Let's Make A Dope Deal" routine. Tommy, playing a veteran dealer, won five hundred pounds of hash by correctly identifying the downer freak's most frequently used expression: "Huh." ("I didn't even know I knew that one," he mused as he pondered his choice of doors, one hiding the hash and the other, a contingent of FBI agents.)

Dope, they say, is simply a way to become familiar with the audience and define their own orientation before moving into more critical commentaries. "We start off with dope because everybody can relate to it. Then, once we've established our position, they'll trust us to talk about other things."

They describe their humor as "gross, dirty, and hippie," and place themselves in the same category. "I'm a hippie myself," said Tommy. "We do humor that poor people can relate to. The barrio is full of poor people that are still happy. It's not that we picked ethnic humor as a gimmick, it's something we naturally developed from our backgrounds. I'm a Chinaman, Cheech's a Chicano, and we've both been into the black community."

Cheech was born in Watts, the son of a policeman. At an early age he was dubbed "Cheech" by his uncle, after the Mexican delicacy *chicharron* (deep-fried pigskin), which bore an uncanny resemblance to little Rich Marin's face at the time. Throughout high school he passed the time singing with rock bands. In college, he entertained thoughts of law school, switched his major to English, and wound up, for all his efforts, a clay potter. Upon graduation, he undertook a wildly successful trip to Canada. He broke his leg skiing—earning a 4F draft classification—and shortly thereafter met Tommy, who asked him to join his improvisational nightclub act.

Tommy is a native Canadian, born in Calgary—"a Dogpatch complete with outhouses." His father was the only Chinese truckdriver in Canada. Tommy dropped out of school in the eleventh grade, bummed for a while, eventually following up a music interest that started in high school. He was putting on comedy skits at the family-owned topless joint when he met Cheech. They continued in the same Committee-Second City direction, ultimately moving out on their own.

Cheech and Chong, along with Santana, had originally planned to do a Nicaraguan benefit themselves before the Stones changed the entire character of the event ("They probably don't even know who we are"). And although their humor tends to be anti-activist, Cheech would like to start a school for Chicano children or athletic clubs in ghetto areas. At some point, he would like to do an all-Spanish or Spanish-related album.

He'd also like to retire and start a craft shop. "I don't really have any desire to be a Rolling Stone or a King of the Pop-Tops. I'd just like to make a bundle and then pull out, take it easy. My old lady doesn't seem to understand that I'm a superstar. Once you get home, you still have to take out the garbage or get yelled at for being late. I guess we're beyond superstardom, back to being people like everybody else."

Cheech and Chong came close to winning *Rolling Stone's* award for the best TV show of the year—but they never made the show. Granted, television is becoming more and more open to subjects that would have given the executives heart attacks only a few years ago, but when Cheech and Chong asked CBS if they were *really* free to do whatever they wanted, "they started hedging. It wasn't a good time." So a situation comedy about dope and pimples will have to wait for some more enlightened era.

But a movie, produced by Lou Adler, is a serious possibility. Before filming starts though, they will need certain essentials—a director, for instance, and a bit firmer idea of what it's about. At this point the concept involves the trials and tribulations of putting together a rock band in L.A., something Cheech and Chong know all about.

Cheech and Chong's second album (*Big Bambu,* Ode 77014) came in the form of a package of cigarette papers. The package was almost christened *Certified Gold* with a real gold record on it. It may have been only a minimal case of jumping the gun.—*Paul Bernstein*

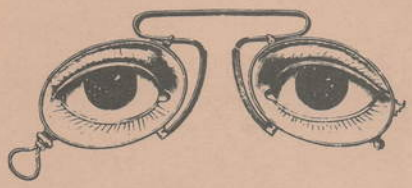
SHORT TAKES

American Graffiti (MCA 2-8001). The sound track of this season's "youth movie" (youths this season are in their late twenties and early thirties) consists of forty-one of the greatest hits from the late Fifties and early Sixties. Possibly the best single oldies album available, it is not even marred by several bits of patter by Wolfman Jack. The Heartbeats, the Flamingos, the Platters, Bobby Freeman, Buddy Holly, Mark Dinning, the Del Vikings, the Beach Boys, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Del Shannon, and on and on. If you don't have an oldies collection, this is the one.

Jimmy Cliff: Jamaica's superstar.

Unlimited/Jimmy Cliff (Warner Brothers, MS 2147). Cliff's long-awaited debut on Warners is a disappointment. His best record is still *Wonderful World, Beautiful People* (A&M), and the best reggae LP is the sound track from his movie, *The Harder They Come* (Island). *Unlimited* lacks the excitement we expect from Jamaica's only superstar.

Body Talk/George Benson (CTI 6033). George Benson is a clean, sharp, amplified jazz guitarist who is far less known among pop fans than his playing warrants. Benson is the kind of intelligent, upfront player who is accessible to anybody with half an ear. He's here with Ron Carter, Jack DeJohnette, Harold Mabern, and Frank Foster, among others, in an uncluttered Creed Taylor production.



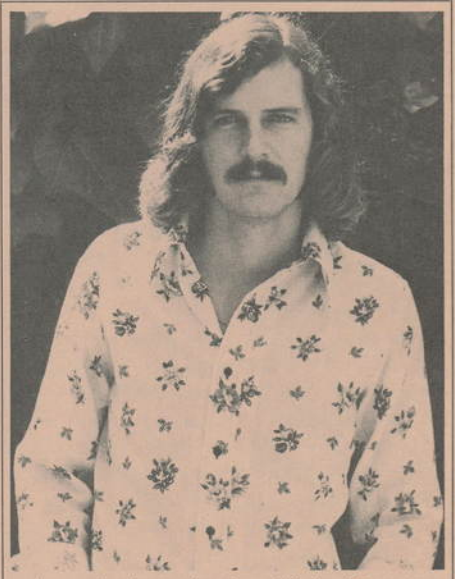
Mott/Mott the Hoople (Columbia 32425). Ian Hunter's Mott the Hoople, despite being one of the tightest, toughest bands on the scene, remains relatively obscure, playing more for the pleasure of critics than for the excitement of fans. That is not as it should be. Their sound, influenced by Dylan and the Stones, is one of the most enduring in rock. Try it.

They Love Me/Genya Ravan (Dunhill DSX-50143). Genya Ravan is neither the white Tina Turner, nor the female Mick Jagger, nor the living Janis Joplin. She does know a good hustle when she sees one.

Giant Steps/Woody Herman (Fantasy 9432). On any label but poor little Fantasy the recent Woody Herman discs would have been chart-busters. Big-band rock played superbly, just the thing for suburban hi-fi systems.

The Bottom of the Top/Phillip Walker (Playboy, PB118). All over the country there are local musicians playing jazz, pop, or traditional music who, if they could only be heard, would easily find themselves a national audience. Phillip Walker is one of these—an L.A.-based Texas blues guitarist and vocalist of extraordinary power.

Ian Hunter with Mott the Hoople: tight, tough, still obscure.



Iconoclastic troubadour: Michael Franks.

Maria Muldaur (Warner Brothers, MS 2148). Maria Muldaur, remembered for work with Jim Kweskin's Jug Band and a couple of albums with her husband, Geoff, proves that she has the stuff to make it on her own with material ranging from Jimmie Rodgers and Dolly Parton to Ron Davies and Dan Hicks. Backing her up are all-stars like Richard Greene, Bill Keith, Ry Cooder, and Dr. John.

Rainbow/Neil Diamond (MCA 2103). Neil Diamond sings other people's greatest hits: "Suzanne," "Mr. Bojangles," "Everybody's Talking," "Both Sides Now," and others, done with his operatic seriousness.

Song of the New World/McCoy Tyner (Milestone MSP 9049). Year after year, record after record, no one in jazz has been more consistently exciting and challenging than pianist McCoy Tyner. Now he's assembled a pair of large bands, including strings, French horns, and woodwinds, and turned out a fine LP. A major jazz talent into something new.

Brothers and Sisters/The Allman Brothers Band (Capricorn CPO111). The Allman Brothers are one of the most successful hard-rock bands, though this time out they are only mildly interesting. Some groups are just plain better live. See them, skip this record.

The Great Gospel Singing/Louvin Brothers (Capitol ST-11193). Sacred songs from the Fifties and early Sixties by Charlie and Ira Louvin, one of the best white country-gospel groups.

Neil Diamond.

Michael Franks (Brut 6005). Michael Franks looks a little like James Taylor and sounds a little like Paul Simon but he has his own way with a song. If he were English he'd probably be a star. Brut will be out of business if they don't improve their covers.

Last Chance/Chip Taylor (Warner Brothers BS 2718). Chip Taylor, writer of "Angel of the Morning" and "Wild Thing," and brother of Jon Voight, finally gets it together as a performer with his switch to Warner's. East Coast sensibilities welded to a country sound. "Clean Your Own Tables" will be Waylon Jennings's next hit. "Son of a Rotten Gambler" could be anybody's.

The Beginning and the End/Clifford Brown (Columbia KC 32284). Brown was a fabulous trumpet player who died in a car wreck at twenty-five. These are his first and last sides: two curiosities from 1952 with Chris Powell and his Blue Flames, and three superb cuts by Brown's own 1956 band.

Etta James (Chess, CH 50042). After a much-too-long hiatus Etta James, the superstar R & B vocalist, is back with a startlingly progressive sound. She includes, to her credit, several Randy Newman songs. One of the year's best albums.—*John Gabree*

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Weller

In courtrooms across the country, some members of the bench are dividing their time between banging a gavel and just banging.

The Sensuous Judges

by Charles R. Ashman

American justice is choking on judicial pollution and hypocrisy. Our bench is racked by conflicts of interest, chronic bribery, profound abuse of office, the most loathsome nepotism, various sexual perversions, and pernicious payoffs. And, as usual, the public protests in pious horror that "something" must be done to stem this tide of corruption that threatens to destroy our system of justice. So what else is new!

There are only a few men and women whose expertise and integrity we take totally for granted, or at least we don't risk challenging them while they are doing their thing. The surgeon in the operating room, the lawyer in court, the French chef in the kitchen of the famous restaurant—they all escape our sternest scrutiny because we have either been brainwashed or are too lacking in knowledge to question their know-how.

But probably only one man in our society truly epitomizes this mysticism of superiority—the judge. The courtroom is his dominion; our lives and property are his jurisdiction. He is robed in black and his entrance is proclaimed in medieval French incantations. He is physically elevated amidst ceremonial architecture to enhance further his exalted status. He presides. He listens. He sleeps. He administers. He can punish instantly for any minor deviation from the protocol of his court or for any insult to his person.

Only in a democracy can ordinary citizens commonly witness the spectacle of men like themselves rising from obscurity to limitless power. This experience excites us all, stimulating both our skepticism and

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles Ashman has been described by famed trial lawyer Melvin Belli as "the most effective communicator and finest Constitutional scholar I know." Ashman has combined his Constitutional knowledge with a muckraking investigative style to become the country's most provocative political biographer and commentator on governmental follies.

Last year his irreverent study of our new Secretary of State, *Kissinger: The Adventures of Superkraut*, became a best-seller in this country and throughout the world. An earlier book on the Angela Davis trial, *The People vs. Angela Davis*, was both a commercial success and an important research work on one of the key trials of our time.

And now Ashman has courageously ventured where even the bravest lawyers and reporters have feared to tread—into the inner sanctum of judicial privacy. In *The Finest Judges Money Can Buy* (Nash), Ashman has assembled a rogues' gallery to illustrate seventy-four classic, hilarious, and sometimes pathetic cases of judicial pollution. The very existence of such men demands that the American public wake up to the scandal of our courts.

The "Sensuous Judges" here especially selected for *Penthouse* are a wild variety of black-robed sexual wheeler-dealers who—if only they didn't have so much power—might well make us laugh. The trouble is that these particular men really did have that power—and others like them have it now.

In the months to come, Charles Ashman will be spearheading more and more *Penthouse*-sponsored investigative reports, assuming the long-needed role of a ballsy ombudsman who will take on absolutely anybody. Ashman reminds us of a turtle—in that he believes you only get ahead by sticking your neck out.

our imagination. We don't attribute a judge's sudden rise to talent or virtue, for that would suggest that the rest of us are less talented and virtuous than he. Therefore, we impute his success to political machinations. And we secretly believe and suggest that, more than likely, the power-bearing official is either already corrupt or soon will be.

It's pretty obvious that the American public will tolerate and even be amused by corporate executives, second-rank government officials, athletes, and astronauts getting laid and otherwise carrying on while going to and from their respective offices or capsules. But just put a man in a black robe and society will demand that he be conspicuously pure. In fact, the suggestive old joke about what a Scotsman wears under his kilt can more pertinently be asked of a judge in his judicial robes.

The irony is that our judges have reacted strangely to this sternly imposed morality. They still wallow in pompousness on the bench but—given the opportunity—they swing. And when they go wrong, it's done in style. If they are caught, well, the whole nation gets an opportunity to congratulate itself on knowing all along that the judge they helped put on the bench should never have been there in the first place.

In over half of the states, a majority of courthouse employees feel that the judges they work with and serve are either inept, unqualified, abusive of their offices, incompetent, subject to conflict of interests, or simply on the take. In at least a quarter of the fifty areas checked, courthouse personnel are convinced that more than one member of the bench "upstairs" is dividing his time between banging his gavel and just banging.

Now any man who has ever seduced a woman knows that the first step is to soothe her fears. She may be afraid of sex itself, or of being caught, or of becoming pregnant, or maybe even of not being very good at it—but whatever her fears, once they are allayed, the task of seduction becomes much easier. What better person, then, to ease the tension and worries of a woman emotionally preoccupied with her pending divorce than the kindly gentleman who will determine when the final decree should be issued and how much her ex-mate must pay. At a time of potential loneliness, possible ostracism, and financial crisis, how wonderful to find that the judge truly understands!

Stag movies, "showtime," and an occasional drunken brawl are all part of many an average man's routine, but the man in the black robe is not allowed to freely express his sensuality. Of course, it's obvious

> I'm going to screw
> you every way I can,
> short of reversible error.
> *Judge Floyd Sarisohn*
> *District Court, New York*

that no thinking person would really want to impose a more rigid conduct of behavior on judges than on anyone else in our permissive society. Nobody really worries too much about an occasional indiscretion, even on the bench. But when the transgressor returns the next day to sit in judgment and decree punishment in similar cases, the hypocrisy becomes unbearable.

Criminal Court Judge Edward A. Haggerty presided at the bizarre Kennedy conspiracy trial of Clay L. Shaw in New Orleans in 1969. The nation's most inconsistent district attorney, Jim Garrison, who has since become immersed in his own problems, had brought Shaw to trial on charges of conspiring to murder the president. On March 1, 1969, Shaw was fully acquitted despite the dogged Garrison prosecution and Judge Haggerty's apparent self-righteous determination to make America moral again. Those who knew Haggerty's habits were amused and amazed at the holier-than-thou hypocrisy that permeated the proceedings.

Nine months later Judge Haggerty was arrested, along with thirteen others, by the local vice-squad in a New Orleans motel. Among the others charged was Malcolm Munday, Jr., who had at one time been Jim Garrison's assistant district attorney.

On January 9, 1970, the fifty-six-year-old Haggerty pleaded not guilty to charges of "organizing an assemblage for indecent purposes, procuring lewd films and photographs, and procuring prostitutes." The case was heard, without a jury, by Judge Haggerty's friend and fellow judge, Matthew S. Braniff, who ruled that the motel gathering was a "private party" and, therefore, legal. He found Haggerty not guilty.

But the Louisiana Judiciary Commission disagreed. After a preliminary investigation and a six-day hearing, the state commission found that Judge Haggerty was guilty of charges warranting his removal from the bench. The commission submitted a forty-six page report in support of its opinion, setting forth its conclusive evidence.

The bachelor party, which was held to honor one Kenneth Reeves, took place at the DeVille Motel on Tulane Avenue in New Orleans. The local police, who had been investigating illegal lewd parties, learned of the affair and planned a raid. But the detectives had never realized who was to be there.

The police—as usual—had tipped off newsmen about the raid, and this was the reason photographers were so conveniently on hand to get pictures of the "lampshade-hatted" Judge Haggerty as he wrestled with police in an effort to escape.

Haggerty had helped to arrange the orgy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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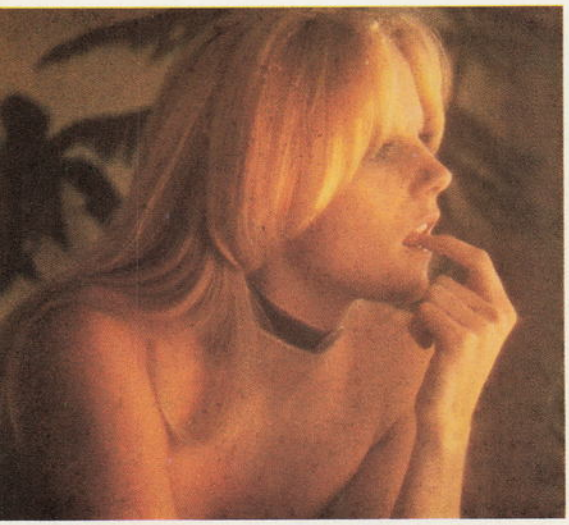
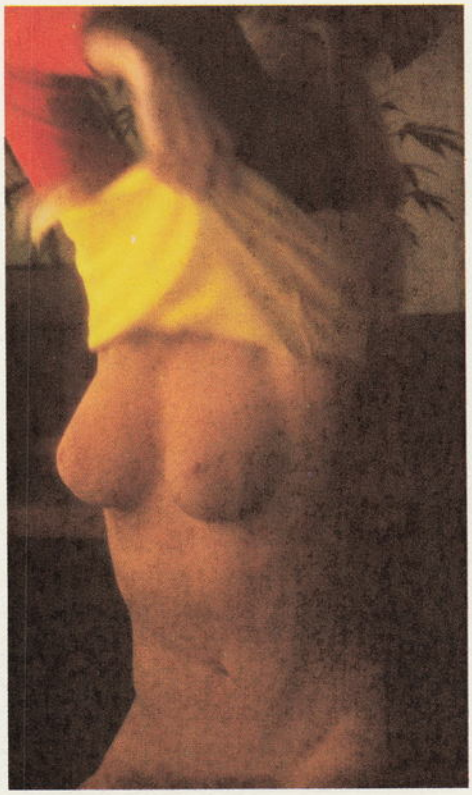




PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

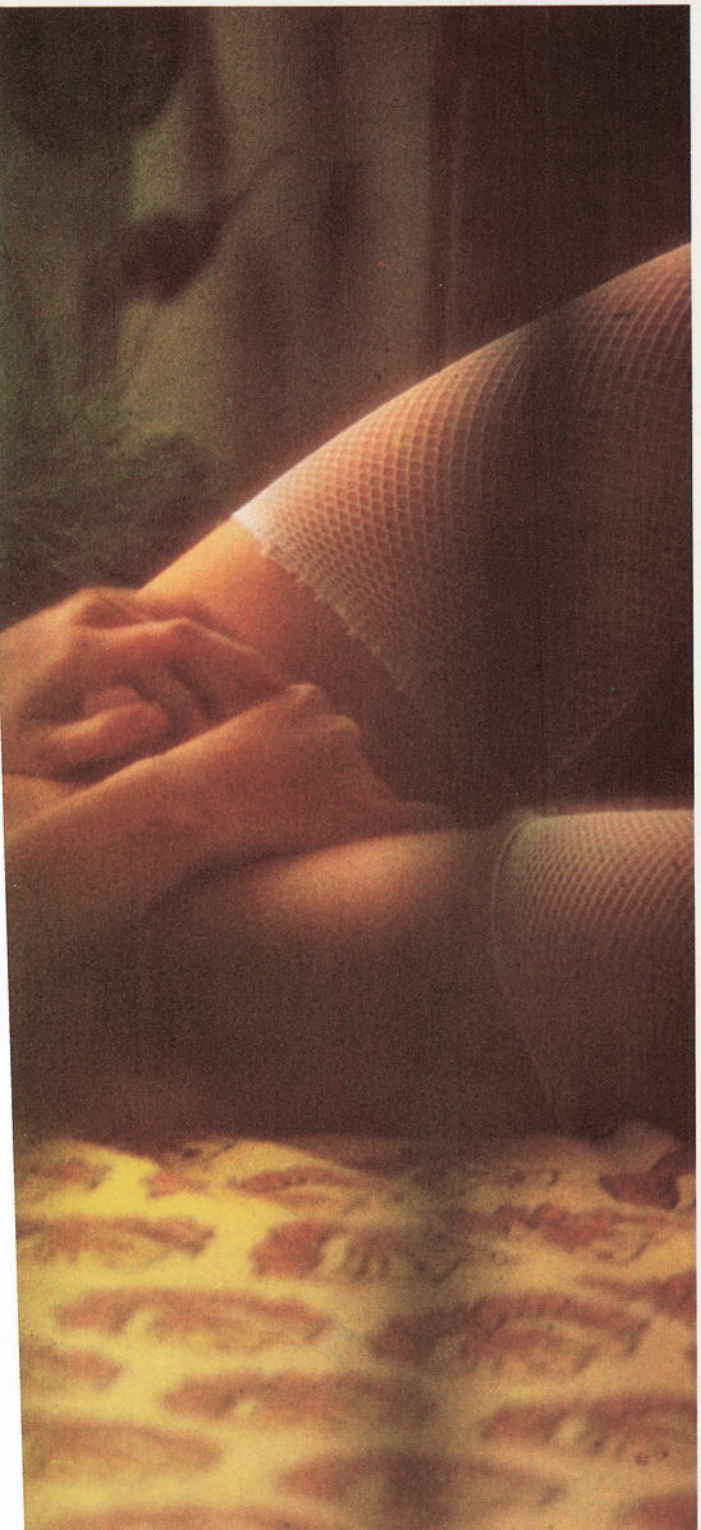
THE HIGHEST KITE

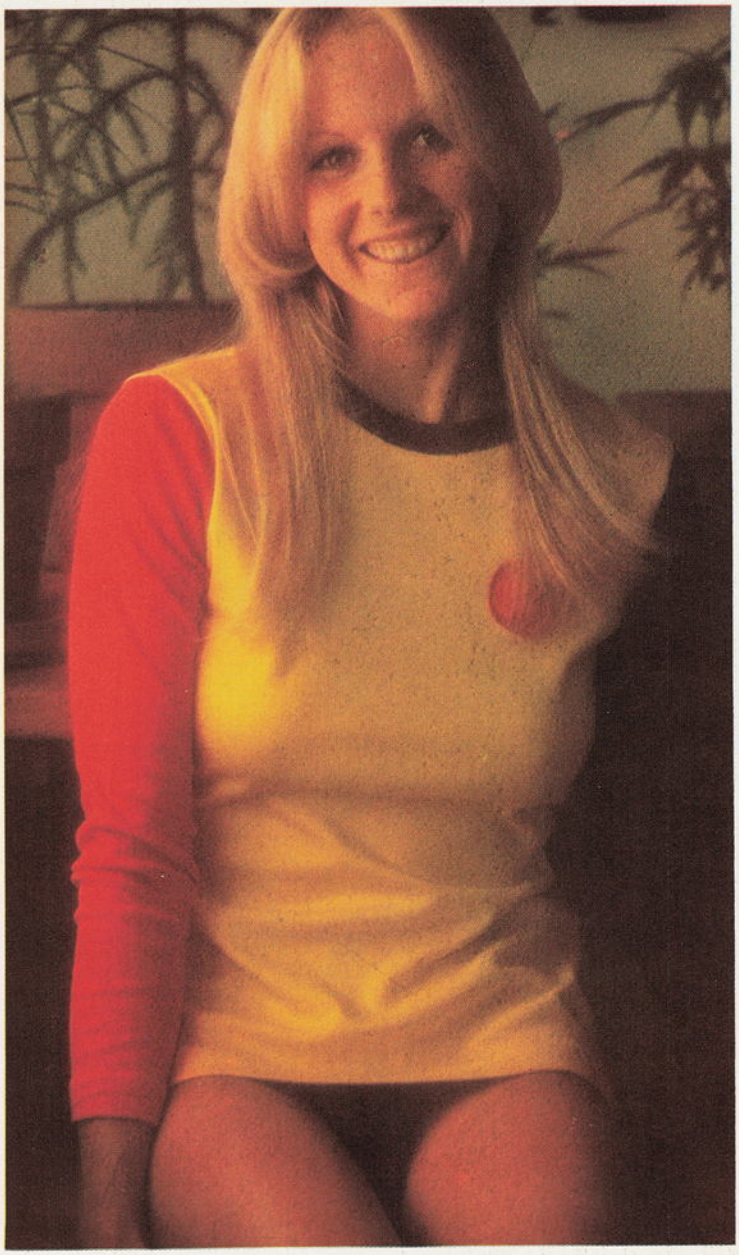
Icarus flew too near the sun and so tempted the gods. Paula Kite, an airborne New American whose parents brought her from her colorful native Rhine Valley at the nesty age of five, is an Icarus *d'autre jour* whose flights of fancy are tempting propositions for gods and the sons of men alike. With her condor-dwarfing wingspan of 34-23-34, twenty-one-year-old Paula's uplifting personality just naturally sends both moonwalkers and earthlings into a tailspin.

"Love and sex have to be connected," chirps she. "I can't make love unless I have a love feeling for a man. I like to find that special someone, then I like to spend all of my time with him. If a woman finds that special person and loves him

enough to spend the rest of her life with him, then I think they should get married. But that has to mean you are finished looking around....You really *have* to want him forever. I love children, but I'd want to travel with my man and see the world a few times before being tied down to any little ones. There's so much that two people have to share and learn about each other and about life before the responsibilities of marriage lock you up."

Offers haven't been lacking, but the establishment of a roost *chez Paula* is nowhere near imminent. She likes her carefree trajectory through life's unclouded California blue, and steers clear of emotional telephone poles. "You have to be cool about these things. I could never bring myself to make demands on a man, although I'm a dependent kind of person myself. I expect men to make demands on me. But everybody's so liberated nowadays....I've never met a man I loved who wanted me to do anything against my will or against my conscience. But I might, in fact I *would*





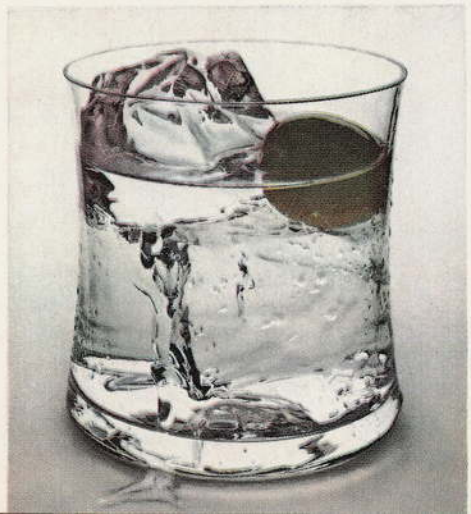
if he needed it and I loved him.

"I like a man if he's respectful and has a good outlook and attitude toward me and other people. I'm attracted to a man physically at first, and only later, if we can get it on, by his personality. But, in the long run, they're both equal. ...A woman-to-woman relationship, to me, is just friendship. I have no desire to have a physical relationship with a woman. Men are just fine with me!"

Undoubtedly, scientists of German descent have helped to keep the U.S. aeronautic effort flying high. But it's fine-feathered wrens like Paula Kite who keep our eyes on the skies.

© 1974 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

White rum. Puerto Rican rum. Something you can stay with.



The piano hasn't been tuned since last winter. But what of it? All that matters now is being together.

White rum won't come between you. It's far too light, too dry to ever get in the way. But it's there. Taking the rough edges off the martini. Smoothing out the bloody mary. Shedding new light on the screwdriver. And all because white rum is aged in white oak casks for one full year—by Puerto Rican law.

If you're looking for something you can stay with—or come back to—try white rum in your favorite drink. With your most favorite person.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

For free recipe book, write: Puerto Rican Rum, Dept. H1. 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

"Humor is a very important part of advertising. It gets you over many embarrassing subjects. That's why we have so many jokes about sex..."

DR. ERNEST DICHTER

When you are a living legend as is Dr. Ernest Dichter, you can live in a castle on a mountain, and it will seem absolutely appropriate. The Hudson Valley spreads below him, and through New York's hazy sunshine he can see Bear Mountain State Park.

Dichter is a giant in his field. He has probably done more to shape consumer advertising and packaging than any single person. He has been called "the father of motivational research," although the title has occasionally been disputed. He describes himself as a cultural anthropologist and he is a licensed psychologist with training in many other fields as well.

Esso's "Put A Tiger In Your Tank" was inspired by him. So was Ivory Soap's "Natural Look." It was Dichter, in 1939, who proved to the Plymouth people that convertibles attracted customers who wound up buying *sedans*. That led to his famous dictum, "The sedan represents the wife, the convertible represents the mistress."

Yet for all his fame, Dichter seems crestfallen, a little puzzled, and perhaps hurt by the failure of many of his scientific colleagues to give him the recognition he feels is his due. He is sensitive, also, to charges that he is simply a money-grubber whose only contribution to life has been to manipulate people.

Dichter was born in Austria on August 14, 1907. His childhood was a humble one, and the memory has endured. Though he is a wealthy man, he still worries about money.

He was reared in Vienna and attended school there, living across the street from Sigmund Freud. He left Vienna well ahead of the Nazi occupation and brought his wife, Hedy, to New York. She is a small, dark-haired woman; handsome and with a quiet air of efficiency. She was formerly a concert pianist. They have been married for thirty-eight years and they have two children; but she has taken no part in his world of consumer advertising.

Dichter pioneered the depth interview in which he asked questions and then watched for oral clues or mannerisms to determine what the subject *really* thought. For example, the number of contradictions or inadvertent remarks is a pretty good indication of whether a person is really interested in what he's looking at.

Dichter now depends a great deal on his own experience and innate judgment. He has been known to drop into an office and spend a day simply talking with the executives. By five o'clock enough ideas have erupted from his brain to keep everybody working for a year, testing Dichter's ideas and putting them into practice.

Some cruel things have been said about him in the ad world. There has been snickering that Dichter's "research" consists of having some of the townspeople of Croton-on-Hudson come up to his castle for questioning. Others say he simply interviews himself and multiplies by two hundred. Dichter retorts that his opinions, based on several hundred depth interviews, have more validity than the polls and superficial surveys of his competitors.

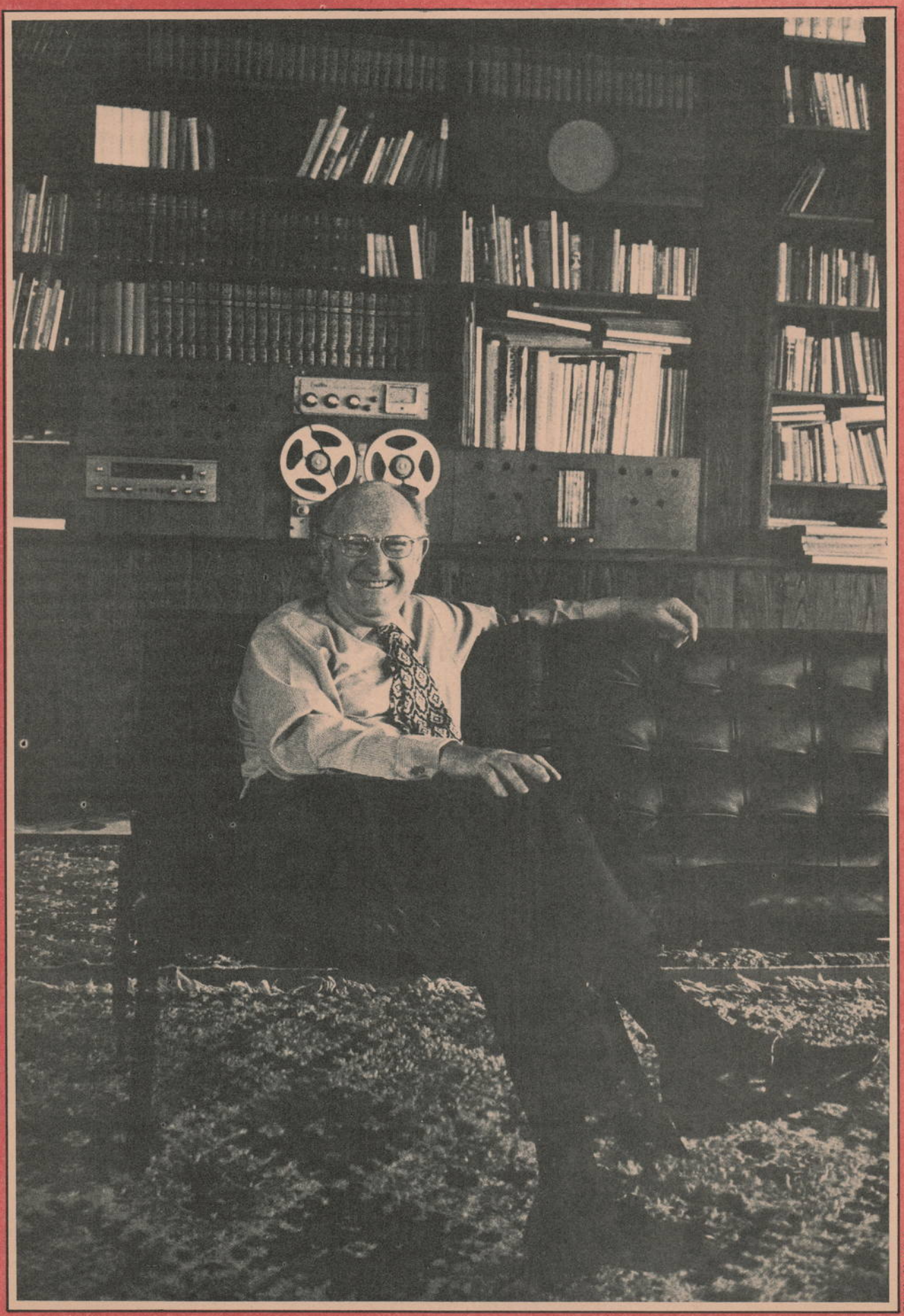
Most of them probably don't have his experience or his research facilities. His castle now contains the offices of his old company, the Institute for Motivational Research, which he sold but continues to operate on a consultant basis.

In addition to the Institute's research facilities, Dichter can draw on his personal library, which dominates the huge living room. Wall-to-wall bookcases rise to the twenty-foot ceiling; they are jammed with journals, popular magazines, the latest novels, daily papers, cultural treatises, and tapes.

Dichter is sixty-six and looks fit. A recent coronary made him slow down a bit but his productivity is still double that of most men half his age. He is currently at work on several books and makes about five trips to Europe every year, half as many as he used to. He finds Europe and Japan very mechanized and Americanized. He is also convinced that America, led by its youth, is now becoming the most antimaterialist nation in the world.

On the day of this interview, Dichter wore conservative blue slacks and a short-sleeved sport shirt. He nervously checked to see whether his socks matched, because his wife is forever needling him about his dress. His reddish hair, now thinning, was worn carelessly long in the back. He presented a picture of a pleasant, active grandfather. He talked for several hours with no sign of impatience to get to the many tasks awaiting him.

This *Penthouse* interview was conducted by Dr. Frances Estep, a consumer psychologist who does business as Estep and Associates, Inc.



Sheila Yurman

Penthouse: In your early years you were criticized as a manipulator, persuading people to spend money on things they didn't need. Vance Packard devoted a good part of one book to that.

Dichter: Oh yes, he came up here and looked at some of our studies that weren't confidential. I didn't pay very much attention to it. He showed me the galley proofs, and I corrected certain things and said, "Well, you're exaggerating, but, all right." After it came out, I made the front pages everywhere. I got invitations from India, Australia, all over the world. So did he. We were on panels together on television shows, and luckily I think I am a much better speaker than he is, so I usually made a better impression. I was the charming Viennese villain who was persuading or seducing people to buy things. A manipulator. But education manipulates. Religion manipulates. A magazine manipulates. To a large extent, this criticism has died down. I recently read a book on psychiatric interviewing. I found to my pleasant surprise that what I had been fighting for is now accepted. My scientific approach is that you don't ever ask a patient *why* he has a certain symptom and why he does what he does, because he wouldn't know and he wouldn't give you the right kind of answer. I did similar work in Vienna.

Penthouse: By that, you mean psychiatric interviewing?

Dichter: Well, motivational research. They didn't call it that but I was doing market research and had a psychoanalytic practice.

Penthouse: You left Vienna before Hitler took over?

Dichter: Yes, I came here in 1938 after I had stayed about a year and a half in Paris—I left fairly early, so I escaped all the problems. My research helped me a little bit to do that. By just snooping around and knowing what was going on, it wasn't too difficult to figure out that Hitler was more or less inevitable.

I recently got a gold medal from the city of Vienna, but I haven't had the time to go and get it. I did some work for the city of Vienna on how to improve its image. Of course, it pleased me. It was my sixty-first birthday. You know, "Famous Austrian living abroad" and that kind of stuff. In the Hitler period, many Austrians welcomed Hitler. They were all very good Nazis. Now they don't want to know about it.

Penthouse: So you came to New York?

Dichter: Yes, and within a week I had my first job with a small market research organization. Within two months I started testing my boss. I was supposed to go out and ask people why they drank milk or why they didn't drink more milk. That didn't fit in with what any good psychologist knows—it's like a physician asking his patient why he has pain. What aggravates me is that it's still being done. The vast majority of your polls and market studies are making exactly the same mistake. They worry a lot about the sample size and whether the sample is representative or not, but they don't seem to worry whether the raw data are reliable. I make a distinction between interpretative and descriptive research. In descriptive research it's perfectly okay to ask what color hair you have. But there's a little bit of difficulty if I ask you how *many* dresses you have. You might understate or overstate if you want to impress the interviewer. And when it comes to asking you *why* half your dresses are pink or why are they all black, you might be tempted to give a superficial rationalization. You might try to rationalize your own motivation because I'm asking you to interpret your own actions. That is completely inadmissible in most other sciences. Why should it be admissible in behavioral science? A physician can't use it; certainly a psychiatrist can't.

Well, with this kind of knowledge I started fighting with my boss. I said, "What you're doing isn't making sense." And he got rather mad at me—"You guys from Europe. You're all alike. You come over here and you hardly speak the language properly and you want to change things." Well, I thought that was the American way. You have something better, something you believe in, so you try to sell it—try to make some use of it.

I can illustrate my approach by a job I did for a magazine, many years after coming to America. They featured pictures of nudes and they wanted to find out what their readers really looked at. They had already done a straight market research study and the people said they read it for the literary content. Hardly anyone would say he liked to look at naked girls. So I created the term *depth-interview*, which really means a psychoanalytic interview. I asked people to relax and tell me what they did when they opened the magazine. They would say, "Well, it just happened to open to the girls, but I hardly ever look at them." Inside of me I said, you darn liar. Why did you mention that? Obviously it was in order to protect himself against my surmising the real reason. It's like somebody in everyday conversation saying, "I hope you don't misunderstand me." When a person says that you should be asking yourself, "Why did he or she say that?" Probably because he or she was getting suspicious that you might guess the real reason. You've heard it in the Watergate hearings—"Well, to the best of my recollection." It's a legal term but it's also a protective device. The more often somebody uses it, the more likely he's lying.

So we looked at what people did when they read the magazine. The eyes opened wider when they saw the nude pictures. They didn't close their eyes rapidly—therefore, they were more visually oriented. They would also be visually oriented as far as the advertising content was concerned. The sales manager said, "Now that's very clever."

And that's what they used for quite a while in their sales presentations. This was a way of getting *underneath* the surface.

Penthouse: When did you first become well-known?

Dichter: In 1939 or 1940, *Time* magazine said, "Viennese psychologist discovers gold mine for Chrysler Corporation." That really shows the power of publicity—it really made me. And what I'd done was relatively simple, something that any good reporter would do. It was a study on the Plymouth car. I said, "Why do people drive cars? What's the meaning of a car?" Well, the obvious answer is that it transports you from one spot to another. But you can also use a bicycle or you can walk. What's the deeper meaning? Statistics available at the time said that something like 64 percent of the people bought the same make of car. When they were asked directly, "Why did you buy the same make of car?" they gave the answer, "I was satisfied with the one I owned before." If you think a little bit, how do you know that these people were satisfied with the previous car because they bought the same make of car? All you're really doing is going around in circles. Psychiatry suffered from that for a long time. Why is somebody afraid of narrow places? Because he suffers from claustrophobia. How do you know he has claustrophobia? Because he's afraid of narrow places. So I said, "Well, you know when I went to school at the University of Vienna we rejected such explanations because they were meaningless." I called it "so what" research. How would you use it to sell a Plymouth? There had been no Plymouth car before; it was just brought out at that time.

What I did was to interview a couple of hundred people and let them talk for two or three hours about their first car and the car they had afterward, and the car they had at the time. I found out a lot of things about the meaning, the symbolic meaning, the psychological meaning of a car. A lot of it was usable in advertising and production and car design. We found, for instance, that the very first car left a permanent emotional impression on most people, particularly men. It was a symbol of breaking away from the family. Freedom, puberty, and the first erotic experiences were very often taking place. The parents were not as permissive at that time, so where could kids go? Well, they had a car. Usually it was an old car, an old jalopy that they bought with their own money. That impression of the first car somehow never left them.

That puzzled me and interested me and I said, "Hmm, it's like a tribe, you know? The American tribe, and one of their puberty rites is this car. Its being motorized is a sign of potency and virility. It extends your power. It's horsepower, but it's also masculine power." It was less important for women, although it is probably changing now. The application was to show in advertising an old car—which had never been done before—and the headline said, "If you still remember when . . ." and we tried to bring tears to people's eyes. And we said, "We can't bring the old car back. You really wouldn't want it. But if you go down to the showroom and take a test drive in our new Plymouth you might feel rejuvenated and just as wonderful as you did when you owned your first jalopy." It was very successful.

Penthouse: One of your more famous conclusions was that a convertible represented a mistress and a sedan represented a wife.

Dichter: This came about because we wanted to find out whether the company was advertising not only logically, but psychologically. These are two different things. They concluded that since only 2 percent of their sales were convertibles, only 2 percent of their advertising budget would be devoted to convertibles. So I said, "Well, put a convertible in one showroom and a sedan in another and we're going to observe for a week the number of people who stop and come in." I wanted to measure the power of attraction rather than sales. We found that five or six times as many people stopped in front of the window where the convertible was displayed—and then walked in—as compared to the sedan. But did they buy a convertible? No. It was still only 2 percent. But they came in. So we went back to Chrysler and said, "You're silly. The power of attraction of a convertible is much, much higher than the 2 percent sales. Why don't you use the convertible to attract new customers?" Which they did.

Penthouse: How do you function? What do you really sell?

Dichter: I am a conceptualizer. Primarily what you're buying is my insight and my experience backed up by research. If that's not enough for you, go to Gallup or anybody else you want and get yourself 1,200 or 1,500 completely meaningless interviews at an enormous price. Happily enough, intelligent advertisers and advertising agencies, companies like Proctor

& Gamble, say, "We want to pick your brains for two days. How much will you charge?" I mention a nice figure. They say fine, and then they write me congratulatory letters and say, "Gee, we got a lot more out of it than out of a big bulky survey."

Penthouse: You changed the Ivory Soap pitch, didn't you?

Dichter: Back to basics? Yes. Just use the natural girl. You can even go so far as to have her say, "I know if I'm not beautiful, I'm not going to become beautiful just by using Ivory Soap, but it makes me feel good."

Penthouse: They used that almost literally, didn't they?

Dichter: They used *exactly* that. They fought me at first. Not everybody, but some. I'm helping the advertiser return to—I hate to use the word—honesty, but it's the more effective form of communication.

Penthouse: What about Head and Shoulders shampoo?

Dichter: I like their TV spots. This guy's girl friend cancels a date. His sister says, "Maybe she's seeing Bob because *you* have dandruff. Why don't you use Head and Shoulders?"

"Oh," he says, "that's only for girls."

But he uses it anyway. Then phone rings. The date is on again and he's really happy. But his girl friend says, "By the way, Bob has the measles." It deflates the exaggeration. I've been using that as an example of a good commercial because it makes people laugh and the advertiser says, "Look, we were kidding you. Of course he doesn't get the date just because he cured his dandruff." But it's extremely difficult to convince the hard-core, hard-sell advertisers who are still selling this emotional stuff. It's baloney. I must say I feel gleeful when they're attacked by the F.T.C.

Penthouse: Do you think more sophistication is needed in advertising?

Dichter: Well, it's really empathy. It's leveling with the consumer. It should be both. I think embellishment is necessary, but mix it with humor. Do it in a human fashion, almost saying, "Well, we exaggerate a little bit, but you understand we had to—or you wouldn't have been interested."

Penthouse: Is humor an essential part of advertising?

Dichter: Oh yes. A very, very important part. Humor permits you to create an insight and to get over embarrassing subjects. It's why we have so many sex jokes, marital jokes, undertaker jokes. You're not allowed to openly say something against your wife, or the other way around. But as a joke you can get away with it. Most women know they're not beautiful to begin with. No matter how many cosmetic products a woman may use, she's not going to turn into a Venus. Nor will a man turn into an Adonis. But they're having fun smearing things on their face. Well, let them have fun. It's a billion-dollar industry, and keeps a lot of people occupied. It keeps up an illusion.

Penthouse: I understand you were responsible for Esso's "Tiger In Your Tank."

Dichter: Well, I recommended indirectly that a power symbol be used to give a feeling of having a tank full of very powerful gasoline. I might have suggested that animal. I can't really honestly remember. I remember thinking you can't put a tiger in a tank and people are going to laugh. But people understand universally symbolic language of this sort. It was used all over the world. They're still using it.

Penthouse: Some of your critics have said you often take on subjects about which you know nothing.

Dichter: But I learn about them first. I recently did something on dog food, and it resulted in the launching of a new product. I interviewed people about the psychology between dogs and dog-parents and dogs and children. It became a whole new and interesting subject to me. We discovered all kinds of guilt feelings on the part of the parents who paid more attention to their dogs than to their children. I'm puzzled as to why no anthropologist has ever analyzed such a phenomenon.

A few months ago I was in Washington, where I gave a lecture on why people read newspapers. And two years ago I spent several weeks in Stockholm—I was hired by a Swedish newspaper to analyze and to give a course on journalism. In a way I do have a lot of nerve. I accepted these assignments partly because they were something I *didn't* know anything about. I'm learning as I'm going along. I try to find out where I can position myself. Where is there a hole? Where would I fit in? Usually I find a very comfortable spot nobody ever thought about.

Penthouse: You've also worked for political candidates.

> I'm a conceptualizer. You're buying my insight and my experience backed up by research. If that's not enough for you, go to Gallup and get 1,200 completely meaningless interviews at an enormous price.

Dichter: I did something in connection with Herman Badillo, a candidate for mayor in New York City. I was unpleasantly surprised when he lost. We found that the major problem was that the average middle-class person, while he accepted Kennedy, a Catholic president, could not accept a Puerto Rican as mayor of New York. My recommendation, which he used but apparently too late, was not to stress poverty so much, but *how to get out of poverty*. Having been poor, in my childhood, I realized no one wants to be reminded of his own poverty, least of all people of the middle class who have escaped it. They are afraid that with a little bit of bad luck they might be thrown back where they came from.

So then he changed his attack. He started saying, "Look at me. I came from poor people. Puerto Ricans. And I was an orphan. I want the other poor people in New York City to make it. You made it, you members of the middle class." He flattered them.

Penthouse: How does advertising work?

Dichter: You believe because you see. If a company is on television and you see their ads all over, they must be powerful, they must be successful. They're exposed to the public eye and they can't really cheat you. Good advertising works by creating a recognition experience—it understands your needs.

Penthouse: Empathy, you mean?

Dichter: Yes, empathy. You recognize yourself and say, "Yes, they're right. I never thought about it, but now that they mention it, yes, I do feel that way. I do want this, and I do have this desire." You feel you are being understood. Good advertising is also informative. Some consumer advocates demand that the ads inform in a sober way. But I think that is wrong because the pure presentation of facts is boring. Embellishment is a part of human nature. We found, in a study on dog food, that people said, half smilingly, half bitterly, "Well, I'm falling for their advertising. It's all meat and it's wonderful, but it's expensive. I guess I really should not be buying it." We said, "But why are you buying it?" "Gee, I don't know. The commercial is so cute."

Penthouse: Are you saying there is something advertising adds to a product that is worth paying for?

Dichter: Yes. I don't want to make a value judgment but I could add "unfortunately." Why should I go into an expensive restaurant and pay more for the same food as in a cheaper place? They may buy their meat from the same butcher. But one place has candlelight. Is it worth that much more to me? Apparently it is.

Penthouse: What about status? Is it no longer of any value?

Dichter: Let's say that conspicuous consumption is less important than it used to be. We're much more interested in doing what comes naturally, doing what we like, particularly the younger generation. There is a tremendous boom in these how-to-do books. How to make your own bread, wine-making, and so on.

Penthouse: There's kind of a status in that though, isn't there?

Dichter: Well, it's different. It's status, but it's not a conspicuous conception of status. It's, "Look what I can do! I get fun out of making my own flower pot although I could probably buy it cheaper at Woolworth's." I think that the average American, much more than before, likes to do things that please him and never mind what the neighbor says. And then the neighbor says, "I thought I had to impress you. But you don't care, so I'll take my tie off, too."

Look, what is life? It always moves. It doesn't stop, it changes. A long time ago I used the term "dynamic security" as opposed to "static security." Nothing is ever settled in life until you're dead. It's what I call plateau thinking. Once you've paid off your mortgage, once you get married, once you put the kids through school, something else comes. You never get there.

One of the definitions I developed for myself is that happiness consists of constructive discontent. Never be satisfied with what you have. The younger generation, once they got the revolution, said, "All right, what's next?" In a sense I regret that it didn't last long enough, the youth rebellion. I would have thought that by now, with Watergate, the ITT, and all the other scandals, they would be burning down the White House. Apparently they have also become fatigued, at least in that direction. But something will come next.

We have to create discontent for ourselves—or for myself, at least—and then work towards something new.

Penthouse: Do you think a person should change jobs frequently?

Dichter: I have written a book tentatively titled "The Second Career." Maybe "The Polygamist Professional" would be less misleading. The idea is that it is a mistake to assume you have only one profession. Who says so? Why can't you have five professions? My son was studying anthropology. But he also did carpentry work and got paid for it.

Penthouse: What about morality in the younger generation?

Dichter: I think they're every bit as moral as previous generations, probably more so. They are more open. They speak much more easily about these things.

Penthouse: They use a lot of four-letter words.

Dichter: Yes, but I don't think they are less romantic. The success of *Love Story* would prove that at least there's the same hunger. The previous generations of twenty or forty years ago were quite hypocritical. There was a lot of extramarital sex and fooling around, but nobody talked about it. Now it is done in a more frank fashion. Less repressed. But we may be overdoing it, like nationalism. I wrote another book, it appeared in Italy, on the disease of nationalism. Every country wants to be independent, have its own flag, its own airlines, its own television station, and so on. Maybe we had to get that out of our system. Well, the same with sex. Now that we've got it over with, let's go back to a new form of romance. It's a spiral thing. It's not an enforced sugar-coated kind of romance. Being in love means you can get mad at each other. You don't have to hide things. You can—male and female—talk sex. I'm in favor of women's lib in many ways because it liberates the male. He doesn't have to be the strong virile guy, which is strenuous. Maybe he feels like crying once in a while. He hasn't been allowed to do so in our culture. Muskie cried because his wife had been insulted. Apparently, that was enough to ruin him, as a presidential candidate, because it meant he was stupid and immature. Why not say he is an honest guy and he has emotions and he shows them? He doesn't hide. Here's this other guy, with a phony masculine facade who is probably as insecure as they come.

Penthouse: What about women being more aggressive?

Dichter: The female has just as much right to say to the man, "How about it, honey?" It's more and more frequent that the girl says "Oh, gee, I'd like to sleep with you." It doesn't happen often enough, that's my only complaint. What has happened to me once in a while is "Gee, I would like to, you know, just talk with you, just like to spend a night with you and philosophize, and if we're not in the mood we won't do it." I'm not for promiscuity per se because if there is no empathy it robs you of a lot of fun. Maybe in another ten, twenty, or thirty years we'll have mental copulation. By that I mean we'll just open up. We'll undress ourselves in order to become honest with ourselves. That's the real reason for a cocktail party. How does the other person arrange his or her life? Or the other couple? Sometimes we are gleeful: "See, they're not really *that* happy." Or, "They are just pretending" or, "Maybe they can set an example. Maybe we can copy them and learn something." But we're not doing these things consciously and purposefully enough.

Penthouse: What about the proliferation of sex books, magazines, and films?

Dichter: There's some puritanical instinct in many of us that says we shouldn't show any nakedness. But the cheating and other things that are taking place in the government are much more obscene. What's wrong with looking at a naked girl? Or a naked man for that matter? In Europe you can see breasts and almost everything on TV and nobody makes any fuss about it. There is a lot of it in West Germany, there's not very much in France. It does get boring after a while. Let's have sex, but let's be a little more gourmet about it, or more delicate. It's the *getting there* that's more fun. Maybe all the fun. Some time ago I did some work on hard liquor—the cocktail hour U.S.A. It's a very accepted habit to have a drink or two drinks. But first we had to have Prohibition. Then we had to get that out of our system. When I came over here in the 1930's a beer party was like an orgy. Now we have calmed down and we accept it as a very normal thing. Now you see the beginning of this with modern youth and sex. They don't make as much fuss about sex as, let's say, middle-aged people. Take your magazine. It's called *Penthouse.* The title indicates that it isn't just nudity. It's for the enjoyment of life. How to get rid of your guilt feelings. How to enjoy your vacation more. How to enjoy your weekends more. How to get more fun out of life. I think *Penthouse* should be all this. It's in the title.

> No matter how many cosmetic products a woman may use, she's not going to turn into a Venus. But it's a billion-dollar industry, and keeps a lot of people occupied. It keeps up an illusion.

Penthouse: Are you a faithful husband?

Dichter: I was interviewed by the daughter of Ann Landers. She asked me how faithful I was. I said, well, medium. She asked what my wife would say to that and I said she would say, "Enjoy yourself all you can." She's very modern and we've sort of a semi-open marriage—as long as she comes back to me.

Penthouse: Did she quote you on that?

Dichter: Yes, but she went on to describe me as an almost-seventy-year-old man admitting he doesn't mind fooling around. I'm not quite seventy. I'm not that far away, but I don't like to be called grandpa, I guess.

Penthouse: What about your children?

Dichter: The son is working on his Ph.D. in anthropology. My hope was that he would take over my business, but he didn't want to be in my shadow. It's the old problem, between a well-known father and his son. He has a little bit of the Vance Packard attitude that I'm prostituting myself with commercial work. Who would want to work for a dog food company?

Penthouse: Does he still say that?

Dichter: He has simmered down now that he has three children and he has to make a living. He was with the Peace Corps. He speaks Arabic and is interested in Moroccan education. He's interested in the whole educational-anthropological field. Our daughter is a dutiful housewife. She married a political science professor, and he teaches at a small college—Bennett College—not far from here.

Penthouse: You said, dutiful housewife. Do you wish she were more intellectual?

Dichter: Yes. She's bright, but she has two children and she takes care of them. She cooks and she bakes. She's a much better housewife than my wife is. My wife hardly ever cooks —well, she cooks, but she hardly ever bakes. I don't think she's baked a cake in the last fifteen to twenty years.

Penthouse: Are you lamenting that fact?

Dichter: In a way.

Penthouse: Do you have hangups?

Dichter: Yes. I don't ever seem to feel that I really have enough money—which I do. I still feel very silly about wasting money going to expensive restaurants. I will tip heavily, at times, out of fear of the waiter. Then I hate myself because I was a coward, I didn't resist. My wife is similar. I had a fight with her. I said to her, "Why don't you at least have a maid? You don't want a couple, you don't want a butler." She said, "Ah, come on. You're silly. I would work for *them,* and they would watch us." So we don't have a maid. Tonight we're having two friends from Switzerland and their wives, so she finally got somebody to come in for two hours to help her. I said, "All right, look, it could be a buffet dinner. We don't have to impress them. They have problems themselves. If worse comes to worst, take them to a restaurant." We had a gardener. Then I cut him down to twice a week, and then I got the goat.

Penthouse: A goat?

Dichter: Yes. I wanted to save money on the gardener and use the goat to eat the grass. But she didn't eat the grass. She ate the leaves off the trees. And she always got herself entangled. We called her Spitzie. We had her for two weeks and I paid $25 for her. We gave her away.

Penthouse: Do you feel you throw money away sometimes?

Dichter: I don't know, I always try to be honest and do the right thing. Work hard. It goes down the drain through no fault of mine. But money isn't everything. Big properties and big cars are a burden.

I have all kinds of hobbies. I had bees that died. I've got to fill the beehive again. I've got a garden and it's full of weeds. One of my crazy ideas was to raise snails. But, it's being creative, getting more fun out of life. I have fun. I have fun with my work.

Penthouse: Do you harbor any resentments?

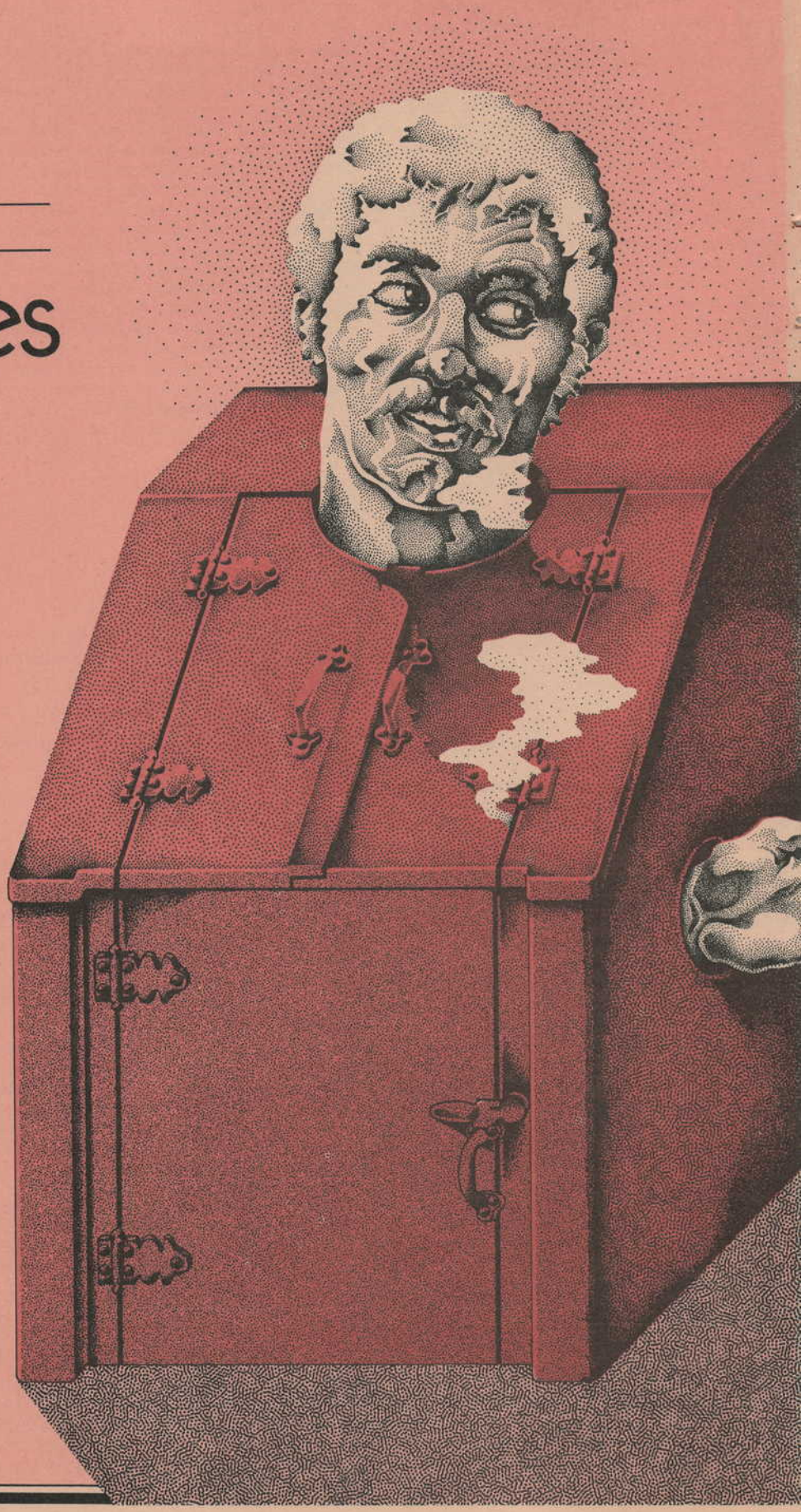
Dichter: Well, I have a lot of pupils. Very few of them really give me the satisfaction of gratitude. You know something? I feel I haven't arrived yet. Maybe I would like to get less controversial recognition and more honest recognition. I am always being billed as "the leading controversialist, Ernest Dichter." What's so controversial?

I don't know. Maybe I am sort of a troublemaker. Yes, I like to throw a monkey wrench into things in order to make people think. If I don't do it, people are very nice but a little disappointed. A few dirty jokes, a few this, a few that, and I arouse them and get them excited. I give them hell, like Harry Truman. I like doing it.

MIXED SAUNAS

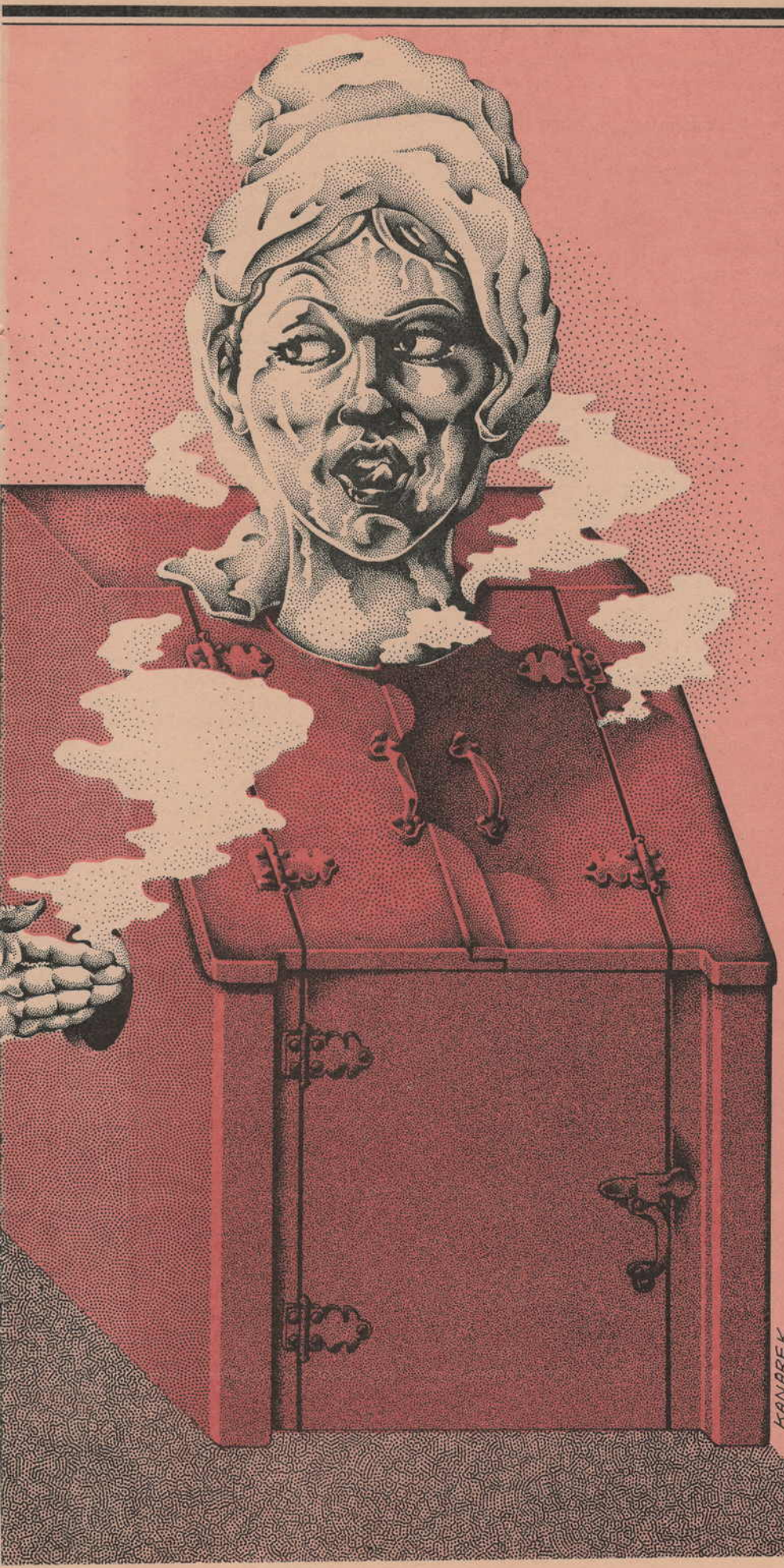
Adventures in the Steam Trade

By Allan H. Mankoff



While compiling *Mankoff's Lusty Europe*, I spent countless warm, enjoyable hours relaxing in numerous public saunas serving both sexes. I found coed saunas a fertile vantage point from which to observe the fascinating variations of textures, colors, and patterns in pubic hair that had intrigued me during my travels. Surprisingly, the greatest repository of mixed facilities was found not in Scandinavia, birthplace of the sauna, but in West Berlin.

You should begin your own pubic research at Heerstrasse 39, a handsome complex of low white stucco buildings surrounded by a white wall and set in a small park in the British Sector of West Berlin at the edge of Grünewald. The 8-mark entrance fee (about $3.45) covers use of a locker and all other facilities in Dr. F. Runge's Thermes Heerstrasse (phone: 3-04-98-70). Like so many West Berlin saunas, this one is thoroughly democratic, welcoming all people regardless of race, creed, and sex. Other than toilets and dressing rooms, there are no separate facilities for men and women. However, Thursday is reserved strictly for the pleasure of females until 3 P.M., but gentlemen who arrive at 3:01 P.M. will find this an especially fortuitous day because many



In which our lusty chronicler perspires across Europe and America, stalking the ideal coed sauna and compiling an international guide to sensuous sweating.

women remain well into the evening.

The Heerstrasse Sauna is popular any time (9 A.M. to 11 P.M., every day), partly because the facilities and accommodations are so lavish and extensive, and very much because an unusually stimulating and accomplished group of people come here. (There are no membership requirements, American bathhouses please note, but management reserves the right to refuse service to anyone.)

If it's your first visit, you might want to run around a bit and get the feel of things. There's a restaurant, a large swimming pool, community and smaller saunas, and a sleeping room with rows of padded bunks. The staff of masseurs and masseuses (one is free to request either) is courteous and professional and fully clothed, and there is no hanky-panky with the help, in contrast to Berlin's many "sex-massage" parlors. The decor, a sensible combination of chalk-white stucco, lacquer and stained wood, and flagstone walkways, lends a healthy, robust atmosphere. Outside, sweet-smelling pine trees surround a Japanese rock garden, and an artificial brook runs under a wooden bridge and empties into the open-air swimming pool. CONTINUED OVERLEAF

It is mid-November, and though the sun shines brightly and the air is dry and invigorating (natives compare the intoxicating briskness of their *Berliner Luft* to brut champagne), it is still a brisk 35°. You're no physical culture maniac, and nothing could make you jump into this pool unless it were warmed by dozens of beautiful naked women. There are only eleven naked women in the pool and only five of the women could really be called pretty. So you just stand around the edge for about an hour, noting arrivals and departures.

This is a very intelligent way to work up a good sweat, and certainly worth the admission. But there are some worthwhile extras, all of them quite reasonable in price. The "sport massage" (7.50 marks) is supposed to aid the circulation of the blood and, as executed by a lively blond girl of twenty-three, it does. The sunlamp (1 mark) is superfluous on this beautiful day, but who can resist a vigorous 2-mark shampoo? Follow this with the 10-mark facial and a free hour on a padded bunk in the sleeping room, and you'll work up a good appetite.

The restaurant is a hot, very dry room, so wearing clothes is optional; few do, except the waitresses. Heat emanates from a copper-funneled fireplace, and you sit on little Scandinavian reindeer-hide hassocks. The philosophy of the place is exemplified by this room, which has the look and ambiance of a small, chic ski lodge. The health faddist or body-building fanatic would not feel at home at Sauna Heerstrasse (nor, perhaps, would the confirmed homosexual). No tiger's milk, monkey droppings, or wheat germ—not even a bottle of Diet Pepsi. But if you enjoy a tasty small steak (6 marks), excellent goulash or noodle soup (3 marks), fruit salad (2 marks) and a glass of beer or wine (1-2 marks), and the opportunity to dine, swim, sweat, and relax with friendly strangers who happen to be naked . . . this is your kind of bathhouse.

You're lunching with a smart-looking brassiere model (Berlin is Germany's garment center), an especially pretty redhaired (all the way) airline-reservations clerk, and an amusing old man who claims to be not only a member of the West Berlin House of Representatives but also the redhead's uncle. You're smoking a big black cigar and nobody cares. The steak was fine and the wine more than adequate. There is a poker game at another table to which you are invited. The redhead wants you to take her walking in the rock garden and then join her for a nap in the sleeping room. Her "uncle" is about to begin a chess game with the bra model . . . and your noodle soup was nearly all noodles. If you have ever been better off, you don't remember it.

A subsequent visit to Berlin (meaning West Berlin unless otherwise noted) and the chic Solf Sauna (atop the modern white apartment building at Bundesallee 186; 213-21-14) may qualify that last statement, because Solf is reputed to attract the largest proportion and number of unattached *young* women of any of the city's several mixed saunas. Sure enough, at 3 P.M. on a cloudless June Sunday afternoon, of the ninety-eight people enjoying the large roof garden sunbathing area and sauna, the spacious indoor pool, sauna, and snack bar, you record 40 percent women, of whom perhaps 30 percent are under thirty and attractive. Of these, the true blonds tend to blond pubic hair, the bleached to black, the brunettes to brown or black, and one redhead has red fire down below. Three girls never take off their bathrobes.

"Why does Berlin offer more mixed public sauna and bathing facilities than any other European city?" I asked Proprietor Clemens Solf. He says he doesn't really know. "It just happened to happen here, I suppose," he adds with a sly wink.

As to why Berlin girls are so uninhibited about mixed bathing and sunning on their own, rather than with male escorts, the pretty blond Solf Sauna receptionist could offer no explanation except to suggest that the girls who come here do so not so much to look as to be looked at.

Solf's Filandasauna (Filandastrasse 5; 792-45-42; a good stop to or from nearby Tempelhof Airport) is reported to attract the highest proportion and number of females of all ages. And indeed, one weekday afternoon (the best time for men, especially for the overflow Tuesdays, which, until 1 P.M. are reserved for females) you record 75 percent of the sixty-two guests as female, a few in their twenties, but most beyond thirty. Many well beyond. Adequate, but with crowded, almost tacky facilities, especially the jammed roof garden and tiny open-air wading pool. The Filanda is probably Berlin's oldest mixed sauna.

More up-to-date is the sauna at Haus Paulsborn (just off the bustling Kurfürstendamm in the heart of Berlin at Eisenzahnstrasse 14; 880-22-22), set within a handsome modern apartment complex, many of whose well-off tenants are regular visitors. Like most mixed saunas hereabouts, Herr F.J. Schnock's is open every day, and the 8-mark entrance fee covers the use of all facilities except massage, food, and beverages. Excellent borscht. Large cardroom.

Finnia Sauna (also just off the Kudamm at Johann-Georgstrasse 7; 881-77-82) features a large, well-equipped gym; reserves Mondays and mornings for women (when they may be skillfully manipulated by the masseur, a former Mr. Berlin), and is mixed all other times, except Saturday mornings, which are strictly for males. The sauna near the Olympic Stadium (3-04-44-72) is mixed noon to midnight every day; females only from noon to 7 P.M., Thursdays.

Though all of the foregoing are therapeutic, you can also think of them as convivial meeting places. Surely Berliners do. For more intimate and specialized massage there are dozens of smaller establishments that feature private rooms, and scantily clad masseuses. And masseurs too.

It should be noted that Berlin is a municipality with the legal status of an independent state; West German federal laws become operative here only after being ratified by the West Berlin House of Representatives. And if the old Representative you met with the redhead in the Heerstrasse sauna is any criterion, Berliners are stubborn and tolerant, and wary of making laws to govern adult "morality."

Hence there appears to be no law in Berlin which prohibits one having any part of his or her anatomy massaged by a member of the opposite sex. By comparison, the laws of most of the United States seem oddly obsessed with preventing *heterosexual* contacts in public baths. Consequently, American baths have traditionally been as much places of homosexual assignation as they have been therapeutic. No such hypocrisy exists in West Berlin.

There are several sauna baths in East Berlin, but since none, at this writing, is mixed —the hell with them!

On the other hand, who knows . . . perhaps next year at Marienbad (Chausseestrasse 42; 42-33-79). Or perhaps you could give the Russisch-Römisches Bad (also in Gartenstrasse in central East Berlin) a ring at 42-59-81.

You'll have better luck in Hamburg, especially in the fashionable Winterhude quarter, on the shores of the Outer Alster, the larger of Hamburg's two lovely inner-city lakes. Here amid weeping-willowed canals you'll find the splendid Sierich Sauna (Andreasstrasse 18; 27-21-35). All day Saturday and Sunday, as well as Tuesday and Friday nights from 9 to 11, all facilities, except dressing rooms, are mixed. You may also find this kind of atmosphere and equally civilized people across the Alster in Pöseldorf at Olympia-Sauna (Magdalenenstrasse 25; 44-33-80).

For a somewhat livelier and more varied clientele, many of whom feel the need to dry out after a night of carousing or stripping in St. Pauli's infamous Reeperbahn, check the mixed sauna of Saunabad Hotel (open 10 A.M. to 4 A.M., closed Sundays), just round the corner from Grosse Freiheit (Great Freedom Street) in Kleine Freiheit.

For Germans, Munich is a maverick. For foreigners, it's rather a paradox. The puritanical, oppressive attitudes of the police and other civic authorities seem at variance with Munich's otherwise justly deserved reputation as the most uninhibited and eccentric of the large German cities. At this writing Munich has precious few full-time public (non-membership, that is) saunas that do not segregate patrons sexually. The Sauna-Solln is exemplary (Weltistrasse 65; 79-65-19). It's buried in the sticks by bluenoses (though a branch is planned near the Olympic Stadium), so take a taxi, or No. 8 trolley, then bus 63 to the Munich suburb of Solln. The 11-mark entrance fee gives you free run of the tiny rock garden, indoor pool, some forty chaise longues, and the bar and TV room. But keep your hands off anybody you meet (mostly thirty to sixty), especially

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

WHO IS GURU MAHARAJ JI AND WHY IS HE SAYING ALL THESE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT GOD?

By Dean Latimer

With winter at full tilt, it shouldn't hurt to take a look through the second-hand peacoats and parkas at your local Divine Sales outlet. They're bound to be absurdly cheap, marked up only minimally, if at all, from the price they were going for last summer, when their owners sacrificed them to the Guru Maharaj Ji to accumulate *pradash* in their quest for Divine Peace.

Pradash, you ask? Well, expressed in profane and dualistic Western terms, pradash is sort of the upward mobility the pilgrim soul acquires in its search for the Divine Light, by cutting itself loose of those material attachments that keep the poor mortal sinner chained to this unendurable life. This is very profound: by giving up your peacoat to the local Divine Sales outlet, you attain a trace of pradash to grease your chute to Eternal Tranquility, and moreover—and most marvelous!—the Divine Light Mission, Inc., likewise gains a pittance from the garment's resale to further its work in converting the heathen and establishing the Millennium of Divine Peace on this planet earth.

It is through the immaculate principles of pradash that the Guru Maharaj Ji's organization has assumed the opulent proportions of a globe-girdling caliphate, endowed with its own publishing company, Telex system, public-relations outfit, and vast stretches of tax-free real estate. The Guru's *premies*—"loved ones"—adore exchanging pradash with their *balyogeshwar*—"perfect one"—and their prodigious contributions have made him the financial envy of all the other cult leaders of the world. With some 200 Divine Missions, food stores,

secondhand shops, gas stations, and Heaven knows *what*-all in America alone pumping their freely given tithes into the Divine Account, the faith has become a force fearful to contemplate.

But who *is* this Guru Maharaj Ji, and how, out of all the 50,000-odd professional holy men of India, should *he* have arisen to trouble the councils of the wise? Well, he's only fifteen years old, a right jolly little saintlet —5'2", 180 lbs.—and his picturesque family has been in the God business for two generations. It seems the present Guru's father outraged his progressive Indian political colleagues a couple of decades ago by abruptly deciding that India should retain her dubious distinction as the World Center of Religion, renounced penicillin for piety, pronounced himself *satguru*—"perfect master"—and began preaching to the credulous masses. When the senior Ji died in 1966, his wife began grooming little Maharaj, then a veritable infant, for the Godhood. Even among the innumerable quasi-Hindu medicine men of India, this prepubescent evangelist stood out, lisping wisdom from his babe's mouth before the multitudes assembled; and it was not long after the desertion of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi by the Beatles that a wealthy Western seeker after truth happened to catch the little Guru's show and to lay enough pradash-bait on the outfit to get the kid over to America, where yea, it was destined that the bit would go over *big*!

It was doomed to be so. The teenaged Guru is everywhere chaperoned by his businesslike brother, Bal Bhagwan Ji, and his formidable mother Mata Ji, and their image resembles an Oriental Osmond Family. Donny and the Guru have about the same number and intellectual quality of fans, in fact, except that the Guru's are ten to fifteen years older, and they have babies whom they name after the Holy Family. The Guru's family, in brief, is at once exotic enough in appearance and address, and yet bourgeois enough in structure, to appeal irresistibly to the spiritually insecure millions of the West. Unhappily, his commerce with his Eastern homeland is nowhere near so fortuitous.

Pilgrims who have made the *hejira* to the Guru's palatial residence at Dehra Dun, north of New Delhi, bring back stories of incredible violence. After untold ages of pestilence and malnutrition, the citizens of India are fed up with dragging starved corpses off the same streets through which herds of healthy beef cattle pass unmolested, and they display a marked intolerance toward pie-in-the-sky spiritualism such as the Guru's family spouts. They will barely tolerate the traditional begging-bowl ascetics in their midst, but toward such as the Ji family, whose ostentatious enjoyment of their Occidental creature comforts is vigorous and unabashed, they bear no good will at all. In November 1972, when the Guru was stopped at Indian customs in the vanguard of 3,000 Western followers who entered the country on seven chartered Boeing 747's, an international uproar was created around a certain suitcase, found in uncomfortable proximity to the Guru, containing some $80,000 in watches, jewelry, and foreign currency. This gives credence to those tales of incredible violence—thousands of rioting Indians trying to get their hands on God's Anointed—related by Western pilgrims who proudly admit to preserving the Guru's skin with holy quarterstaves of solid ashwood.

What magic does the Holy Family exert on its Western adherents to mesmerize them into such comalike, obsessive fealty? Well, the tenor of their orthodoxy, such as it is, is distinctively Hindu: that is, it's not a faith so much as an infinitely elastic set of rationalizations for following instructions from a secure authority, and not thinking too much about anything in particular. In its specifics, the Ji family creed absorbs with nymphomaniacal voracity every faith, popular notion, fad, movement, and superstition that comes to hand: astrology, palmistry, lost civilizations, ESP, natural foods, organic gardening, women's liberation, Zen, kung fu, transcendental meditation, revolutionary politics, Islam, Christianity, Cabalism, Tarot, everything but drugs and sex are subsumed under the Guru's revealed philosophy, and milked for all they're worth. And the emphasis of course is on Apocalypse, with the end of the world due any minute now, so get that pradash moving right away!

The effect of this spiritual sandbagging on its disciples—typically young survivors of the hippie experience, their minds already opened and considerably tenderized by the grievous abuse of psychedelic drugs—is to render them as blissful and untroubled as brained cattle. Indeed, they tend to bear the peaceful aspect of having been clubbed on the head by a plank, and then administered a solid dose of Demerol: foggy-eyed little goosesteppers for the most part, with the exception of the higher-echelon *mahatmas*, who tend to be steely-eyed control addicts.

The prime disciple of the Guru so far, of course, is ex-revolutionist Rennie Davis, late of SDS and the Chicago 8. To the dismay of his erstwhile comrades, Rennie fell afoul of the Divine Light miasma on a plane to Paris in the spring of 1972: he had intended to confer there with Madame Binh of the NLF, but a coterie of pilgrim premies across the aisle inspired him to take the plane all the way to Dehra Dun. "I wanted not to have any doubts," he said later, "because everybody was so blissed out." His first sight of the adolescent avatar, resplendent in pinstripe suit and zip-out boots, precipitated Rennie into an Epiphany not unlike St. Paul's on the road to Damascus. Relegating politics to an inferior order of existence, he dedicated his life to full-time evangelism for the Divine Mission.

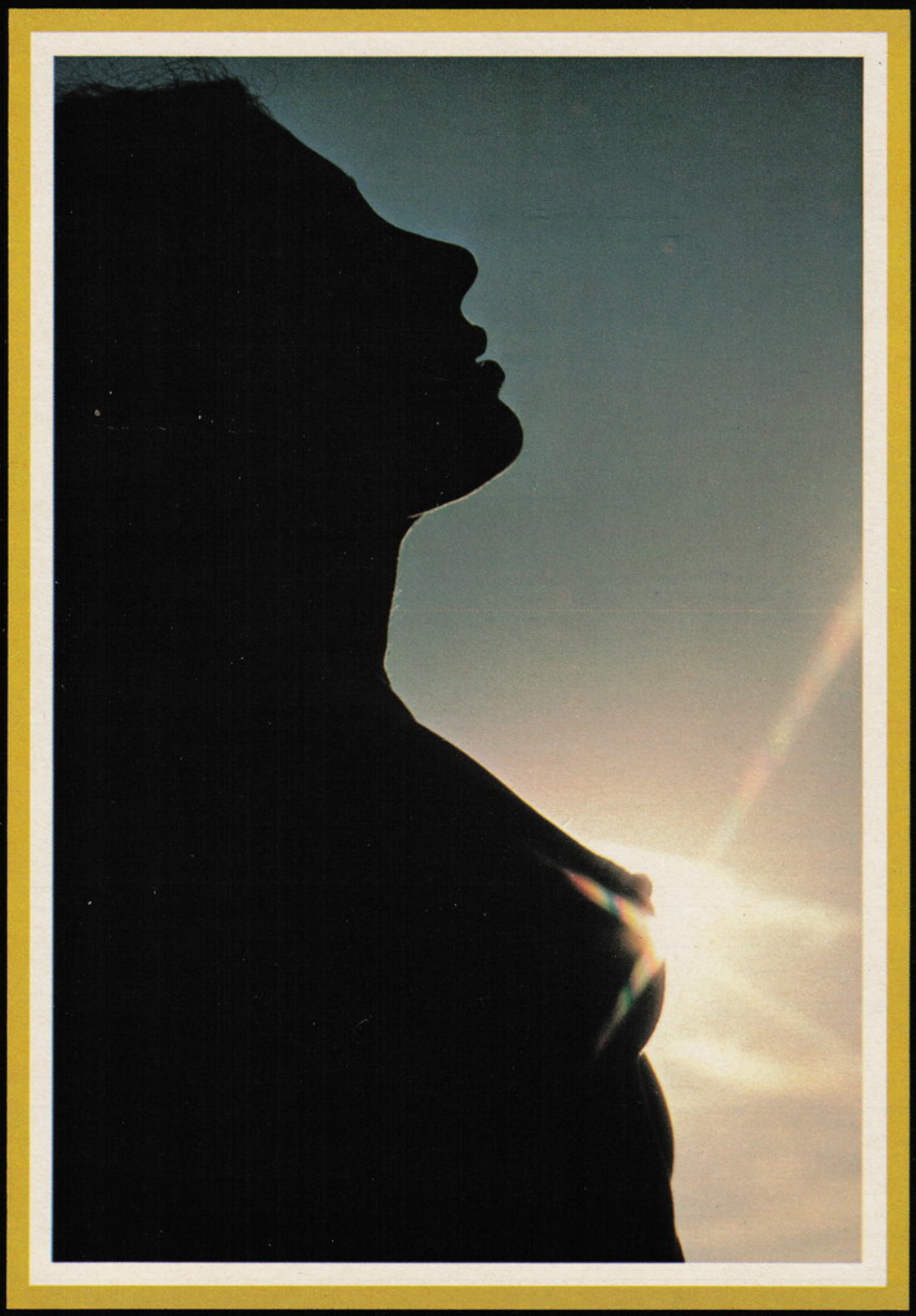
And Rennie Davis can fill a tent all right, as was amply demonstrated at the Astrodome last November, when the Guru Maharaj Ji announced the advent of the Millennium to a full house. It was Rennie, working out of the Houston Mission, who orchestrated this once-in-an-eternity event. At first he evidently had hopes of filling the 'Dome with money—the advance notices in *The Divine Times*, the Guru's house organ, warned all premies, "Do not, repeat do NOT, go down until you have filled out a service form and are called and given a date to arrive. Just going to Houston without permission leads to confusion. Please cooperate." The plan as stated was that only 500 button-bearing premies would be allowed to "help out" at the affair: hopeful volunteers were told to submit a $75 "consideration fee," and in the happy event of their selection, were to cough up another $150 for bus fare, food, and lodging for three days. Nowhere was it suggested that the initial $75 would be returned in the event of Divine Rejection.

Maybe the government caught wind of these arrangements, or perhaps the problem of getting normal people to listen to the Guru was harder than expected, or just possibly Davis and his cohorts were smitten momentarily with compassion, but in any case, shortly before the grand event word went out to the faithful that yes, they would be permitted after all to behold their saviour in the flesh.

This was a wonderful thing for them, because many of them pray daily to effigies of the kid, as to any crucifix or golden cow: it's not that he's *God*, no, this he modestly denies, but the reasoning is that he's *greater* than God, for he intercedes between the human and the divine. Yea verily, the bottle is greater than the beer. Thus all pronouns pertaining to him in the various Divine Mission periodicals—*The Divine Times* and the Denver-based slick magazine, *And It Is Divine*—are capitalized: "Him," "He," "His," "Who," "Whose," etc. To Him is attributed the power of administering the Eucharist, a visible flash of light experienced within the communicant's head when He places His Lotus Hands on it. He transmits the power of provoking this hallucination to his anointed mahatmas, or "henchmen." So you can imagine how eager those thousands of "loved ones" were to lay out $225 apiece to get to Houston and gaze upon their corpulent Encorporeal.

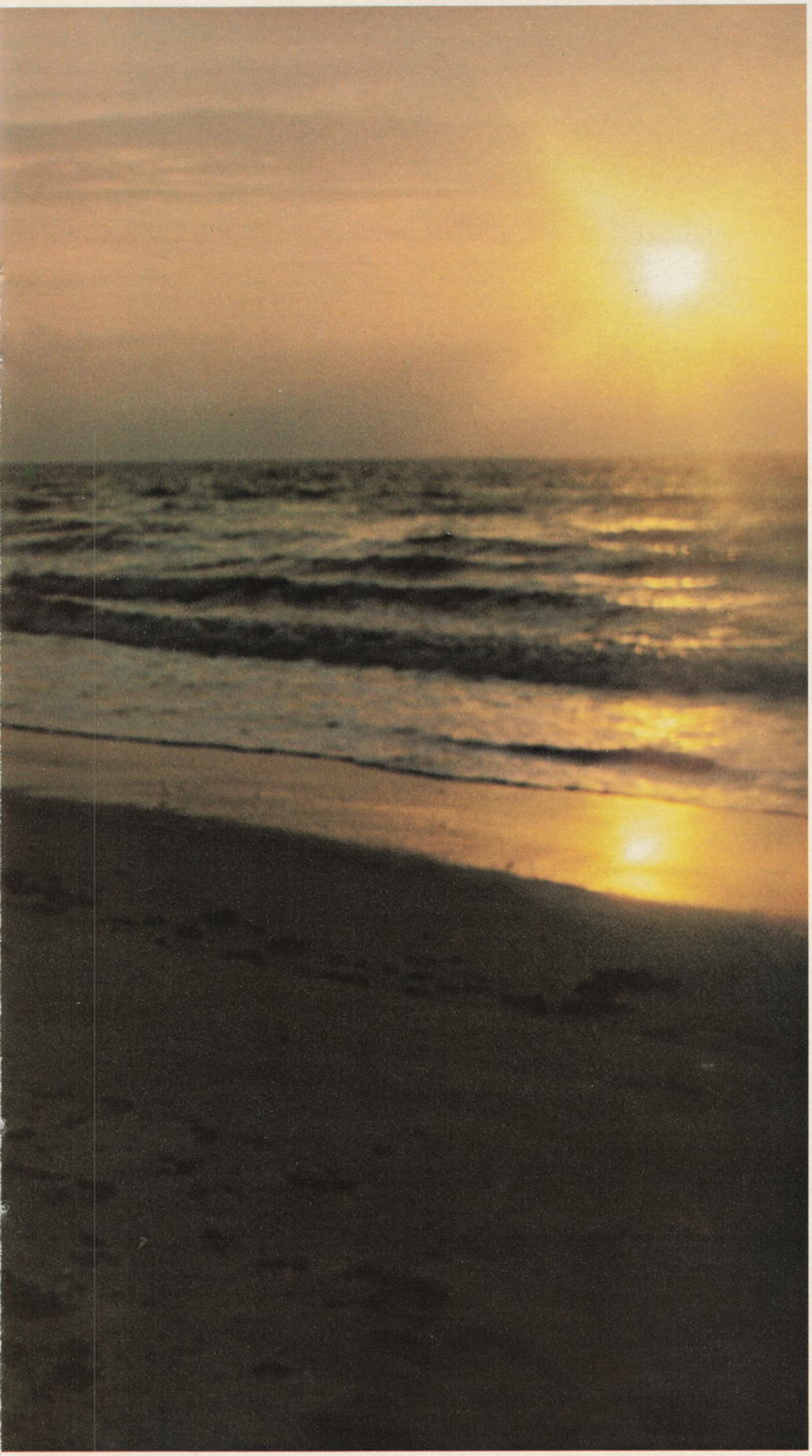
And probably their deification of the little Guru was only garnished by the knowledge of the mortification of the flesh to which he is currently subject: the fifteen-year-old apostle of Divine Bliss has an ulcer. Other holy men of India can walk barefoot through flame; kung-fu novices can lie in stacks of six or eight sandwiched between doubleply beds of nails; Baptist housewives in Tennessee can guzzle strychnine and kiss away cottonhead bites; but the Guru Maharaj Ji was admitted to St. Luke's Hospital in Denver last August with a profane *tsurris* in the lotus *kishkas*.

"I am human," he admitted to the multitude in 1971, "hands, bones, lungs. But Guru is greater than God, because if you go to Guru, Guru will show you God." Paraphysician, heal thyself.



CLAUDIA

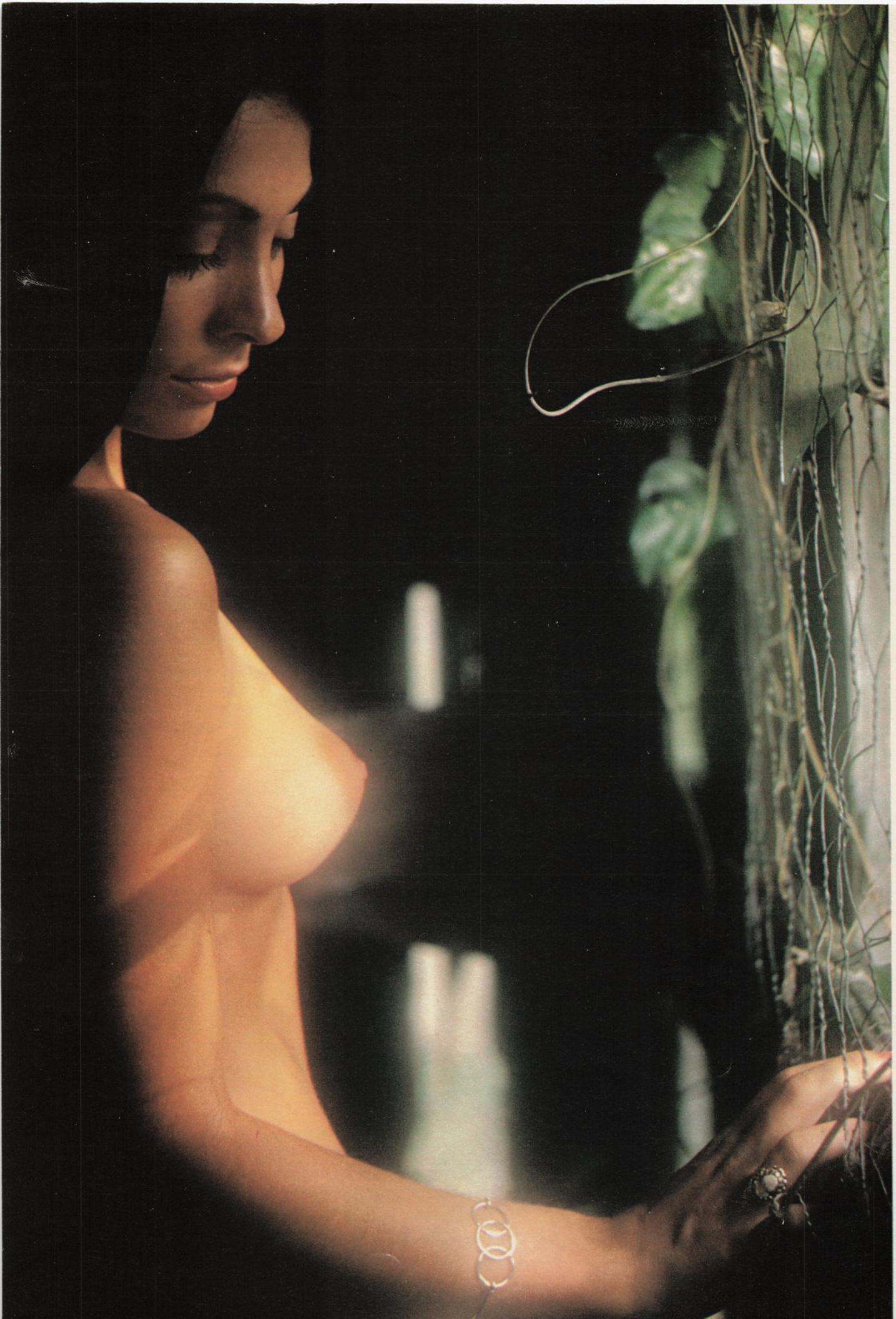
"I'd like to meet a man who could
make me think he's the only man I'd ever
want to touch... I'd want to exist
just to feel him drive deep,
deep into me."



SAD-EYED LADY OF ORLANDO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN D. SLACK

There's a kind of perpetual regret in the demeanor of Miss Claudia Arena—a mournful, deliberate manner of walking and talking that abates only when she's listening to the tragic tunes of the country music that Claudia plays when she's nesting with the man she loves. "I love country music, I need it to live," says our sloe-eyed, twenty-two-year-old Pet of Sicilian descent. "If you're from the South, the Grand Ole Opry is your national anthem, it's the kind of soft corny waltzing around you do when you're just doing chores and pretending that you're humping." Orlando, Florida, is the cottonapolis where Claudia unofficially presides over the exercise of Southern-style charm and grace. There she was brought by her sunshine-loving parents at the age of four, driving

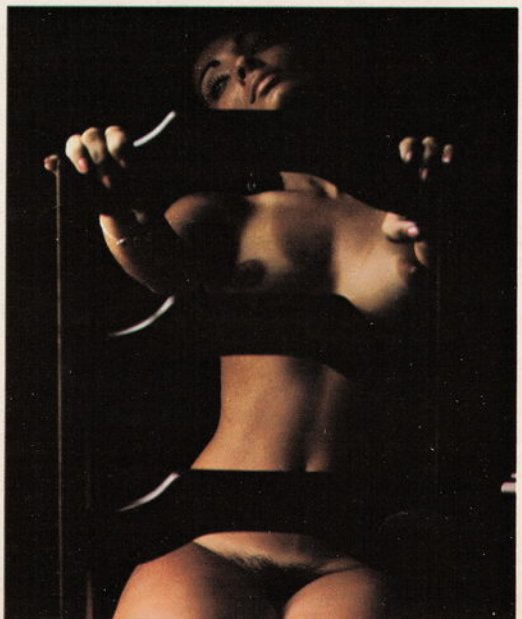


nonstop for thirty-six hours straight in a '49 Chevy to put Claudia's native Paterson, New Jersey, far behind them. In the South Claudia has grown to her mystic, magnolia-scented young ladyhood, a spritely Dixie nymphet whose worldly experience has accustomed her to the rough-and-ready rebel chivalry of farmhands, truckers, roustabouts, alligator wrestlers, and other gallant Sons of the Confederacy. "I'm a star-spangled girl—I like American men, mostly and only. They're straightforward when they just want sex and generous when they really want love—while a foreign man will tell you he's crazy about you just so he can hump you, and then treat you like a dirty dog if he still happens to be seeing you after about a week. I don't want to make any unfair generalizations, but this has been true with every foreign man I've known. They just want the American women they think are so dumb to fall in love all over them on account of their accents or some-

thing. They seem very phony to me. I almost got married once, but I don't think I'd even consider it right now. It takes a long time to get to know anyone at all, properly well, unless you have a whole spare lifetime to do it in. But I think I'd like to meet a man who could just...you know...*sweep* me right off my feet and make me think he's the only man I'd ever want to touch—so I'd want to exist just to feel him drive deep...deep...into me....How-e-ver, I never *have* encountered such a man."

Claudia pauses from time to time in her pensive extemporizing to let her uncorseted realities (35-22-35) bespeak the hospitality of the New South and make a Yankee feel warm and welcome in Florida's tropical torpor. "John, who I've been with for about a year now, is thirty-five and he's a lawyer here in Orlando. He's a very strong person. But we never argue—he's very easygoing. And we both love tennis—we met at a municipal tennis court, he looks great in shorts—and jogging and going for picnics in his rowboat. He loves country music, too. He's the Johnny Cash type.

"I've been modeling for about six or eight months now, doing fashion shows at the Orlando department stores. I've gotten interested in photography, and I bought a little Minolta that I use to take pictures of John and my friends with....Someday I'd like to go on some really glamorous photog-

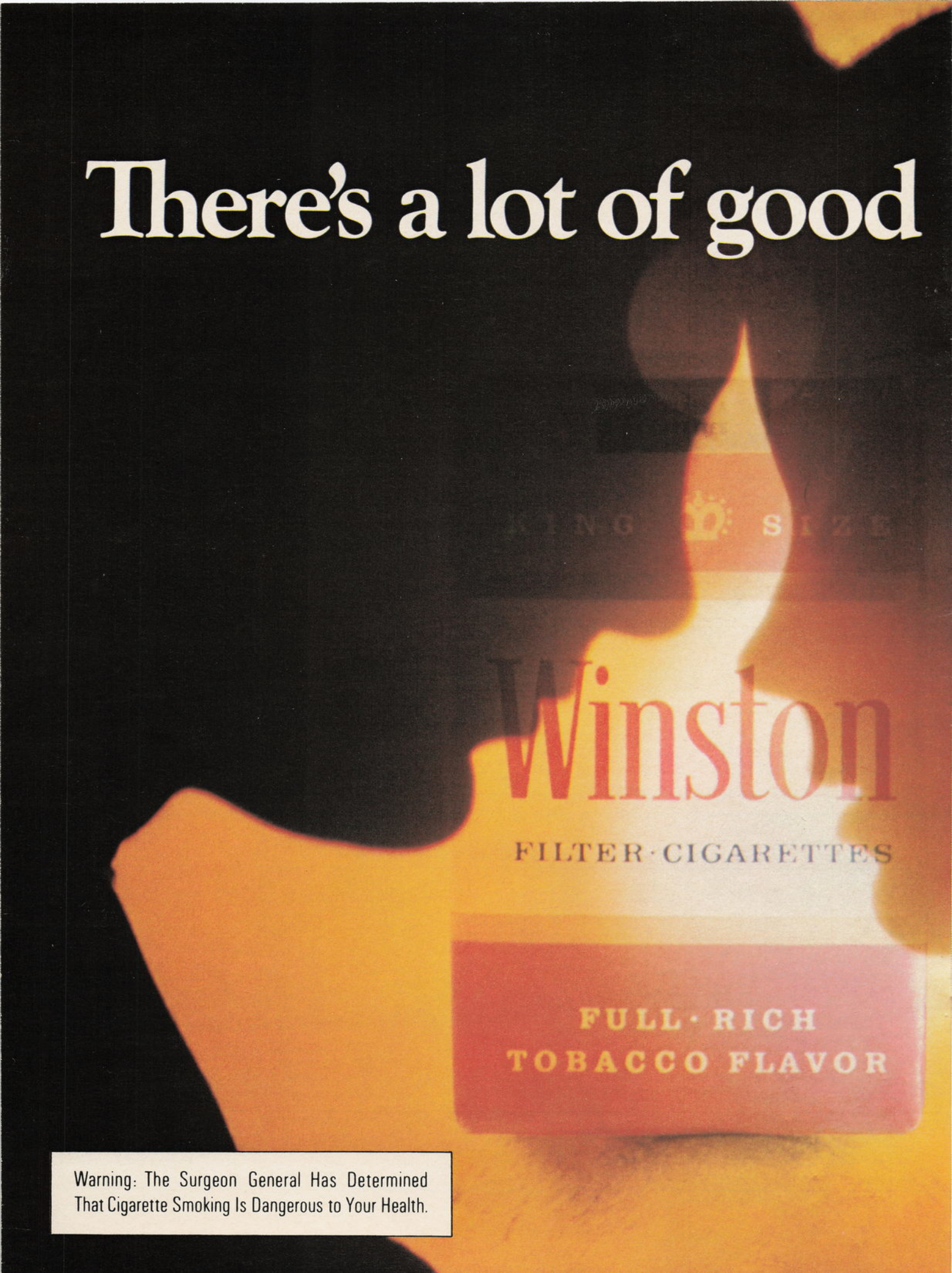


rapher's assignment like Friday Foster. For instance, I'd like to take pictures of men for *Viva* magazine....

"My parents are really very openminded, liberated people, so when I asked them for permission to pose without any clothes on for *Penthouse,* they said, 'Go right ahead, since you're modeling anyway you'd probably have come to this sooner or later.' I don't feel at all shy about it, I think a woman's body is just beautiful, and a man and a woman together —why, S-E-X, that's what all your big-time Art is all about. I think your body expresses what

you are... what your soul is... and you can't always express that when you've got to wear clothes all the time. I don't suppose people ought to walk around stark bare in public places like beaches, but it's of the *highest* priority for me, anyway, to get out of my clothes and be myself for once in awhile. And if I can share myself with other people through pictures, then I think that's art." Mademoiselle, you're not just whistling "Dixie." Claudia Arena, a young lady coming up in this old world suffused with golden promise, like the rosy-fingered dawn. Aye, the South shall rise again. OH

MISS CLAUDIA ARENA/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH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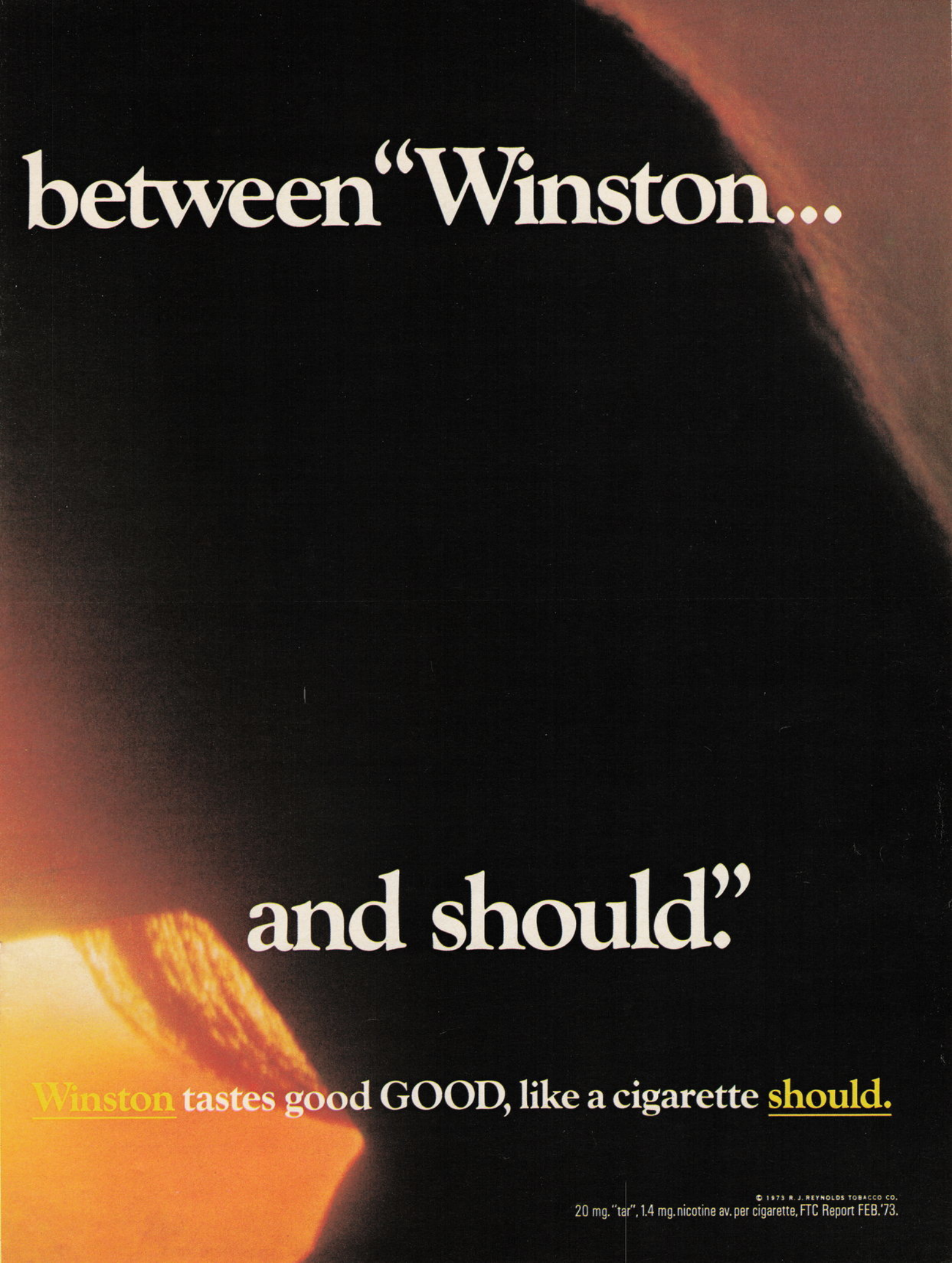
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



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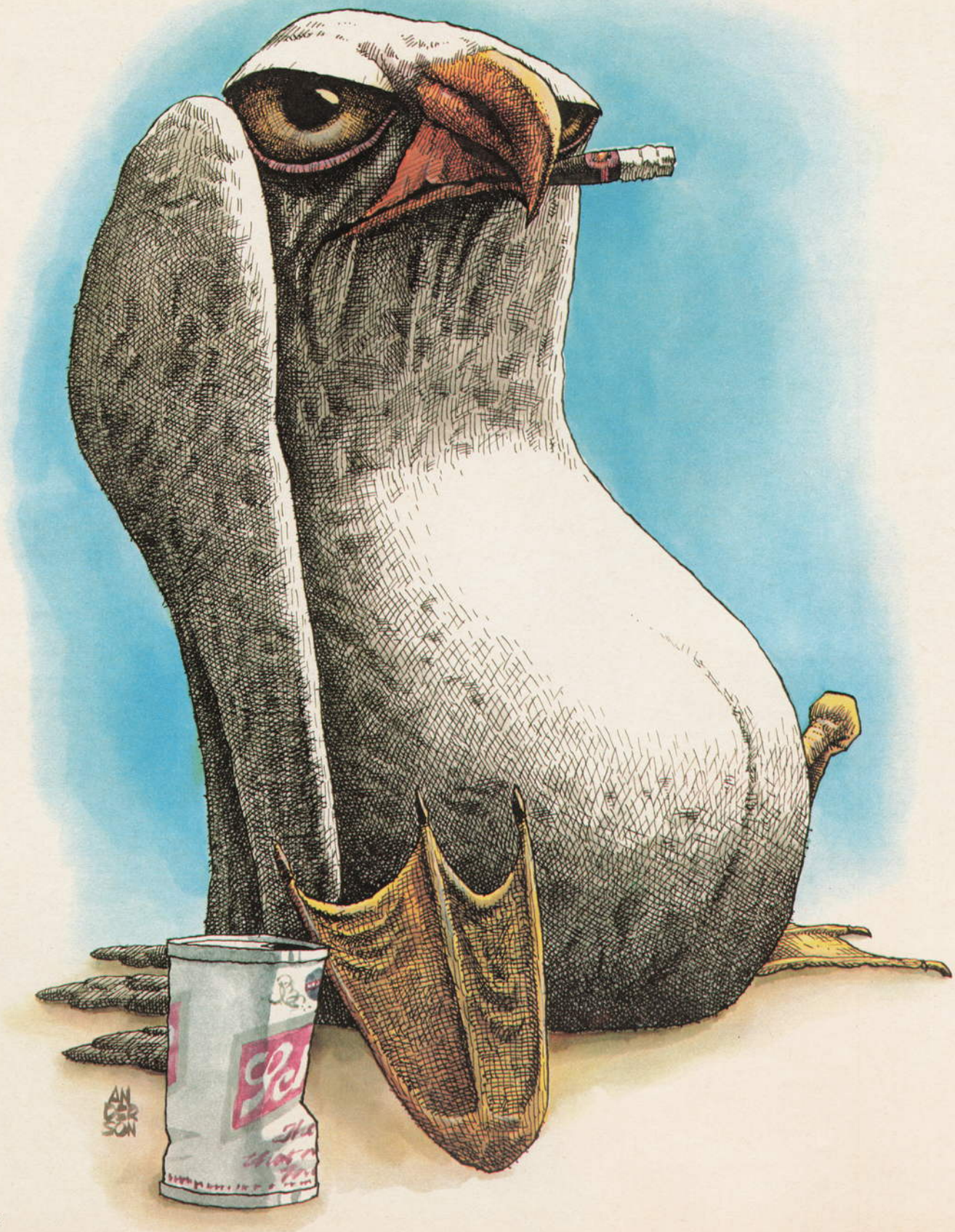
20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB.'73.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

...As seen through the eyes of his contemporaries.

By Henry Morgan



In-depth interviews with family, friends, and informed feathered eggheads seek an answer to the question: The Great American Gull—Idiot or Jerk?

Penthouse is fortunate to be able to present this series of interviews with the friends and relatives of Jonathan Livingston Seagull. The tapes have been edited only insofar as necessary to eliminate repetitions, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Seagull, the parents, were kind enough to permit *Penthouse* to speak with them at their home in West Rookery.

Penthouse: When did you first notice that your boy was . . . er . . . different?
Mrs. Seagull: First off, I didn't notice anything. You know how it is. Of course he didn't seem to be eating very much, I noticed that. He was trying to keep his weight down, which I didn't realize at the time. . . .
Mr. Seagull: Yeah. And *I* noticed he had this kind of dopey look in his eyes. Like he was trying to think of something he had just forgotten. I thought the kid was retarded, if you know what I mean. As a matter of fact, I *still* think. . . .
Mrs. Seagull: Max! Please, Mister Penthouse, don't pay him any mind. He thinks a boy should be out all the time playing sports, he thinks it's wrong for a boy to think about the finer things. . . .
Mr. Seagull: He's a goddam sissy, if you want my opinion!
Mrs. Seagull: See what I mean? A prizefighter, that's what he wants for a son!
Mr. Seagull: No, a kid should be all the time sitting on his ass staring at flowers, for chrissake. You should have seen him around here. All the time telling his Mother how she should fix up the goddam nest with pieces of seaweed, with colored glass he found on the beach. And then with that dopey look on his face telling me we should think about Higher Things. What the hell is Higher Things? The kid wants we should all be eagles? Talk about flying, for chrissake, who needs an interior decorator around the place when he is already flying most of the time?
Penthouse: Well, is it your opinion that the boy is, ah, effeminate in some way?
Mrs. Seagull: My son is not effeminate! What it is, is he's got an ox for a father, that's what it is. Look at him. Getting big ugly muscles from lifting heavy garbage, that's all he cares about. Eating, eating, eating all morning long from the garbage they throw off the fishing boats; then the whole afternoon he sits up on the roof with his fat cronies in the sun. This is the way to bring up a boy? This is an example?
Mr. Seagull: No, he should sit around saying, "My, my, look how pretty the snuggy-buggy oyster looks in his darling little shell." Jeezus!
Penthouse: Ah, Mister Seagull, I take it you didn't approve when your son started to take special flying lessons?
Mr. Seagull: I'll tell you something. The one thing that will get you through this stinking life is to find out your limitations, know what I mean? You know what a gull is for? To clean up the goddam garbage in the goddam harbor, that's what. You take some punk kid spends his life thinking he's a goddam peacock or a goddam racing airplane, you got a kid on your hands that needs a shrink. In this life, you don't know what your place is in it, you gotta get your goddam head examined. A seagull is a seagull, not some kind of faggy half-assed jet plane, you see what I mean?
Penthouse: Thank you both very much.

The following interview with the Elder of the Flock took place at the Council Grounds.
Penthouse: Sir, in the matter of Jonathan Livingston Seagull. . . .
Elder: Oh, *that* one [sigh]. Well, there's nothing new there. It's always been the same. In each new generation there's a small group of kids who think that the old folks designed the world all wrong. They think they're going to fix up society. And when they have it as bad as that Jonathan kid, they're simply misfits. They're dissatisfied with everything and everybody and they're unable to adjust. In a way, it's very much like being unable to mature. They will always think like children.
Penthouse: Then how do they manage to attract followers?
Elder: Unfortunately, the world is full of grown-up children. In a misfit like Jonathan they recognize a leader . . . a leader of the mentally retarded, so to speak. If they don't follow someone like this mentally defective seagull, it'll be something else . . . perhaps a fifteen-year-old Hindu fat boy, the Maharaj Ji, or Scientology, or B'Hai. Plenty of crackpots around . . . always.
Penthouse: Thank you very much.

The following tape was made with the cooperation of a gull named Sullivan. Sullivan is evidently a teacher of aerobatics. . . .
Penthouse: Mr. Sullivan, the record seems to show that you were Jonathan's ah, flying teacher?
Sullivan: Yes. I told him he was one in a million. I taught him to do formation point-rolls upside down.
Penthouse: May I ask why?
Sullivan: Because that's what I teach, that's why. It took my ancestors a million years to learn how to do it. This kid learned right off.
Penthouse: Why should a gull want to fly point-rolls upside down?
Sullivan: Because we're looking for perfection. Like I told the kid, if you don't look for perfection, you're wasting your life.
Penthouse: But is your kind of instruction something that a gull needs? I mean to say . . . isn't it better to be a perfect *gull*? Not try to be an airplane?
Sullivan: Fuck off, Jack.

Fletcher Lynd Seagull was interviewed at high tide.
Penthouse: From the record, I see that you were a follower of Jonathan's. . . .
Fletcher Lynd: Oh, yes! See, I was a member of the Flock and one day I did a barrel-roll. It was thrilling! Did you ever do a barrel-roll?
Penthouse: No. . . .
Fletcher Lynd: Well, I did and the Flock made me an Outcast, and I said to myself, "Fletcher, you just go ahead and be an Outcast and someday they will all be sorry," and then I heard this voice in my head, see, and it said, "Fletch, do you want to learn to fly so that one day you can go back and help the Flock?" And I said I did, and it was simply marvelous, and this pure white gull was there, see, and it was like high camp, or Heaven. . . .
Penthouse: Are you all right?
Fletcher Lynd: I've got goose bumps. It was Jonathan, like an angel . . . talking to me *inside my head*. . . .
Penthouse: What language was he using?
Fletcher Lynd: Well, it wasn't boy talk, it was. . . .
Penthouse: Gull talk, I know, and thank you very much.

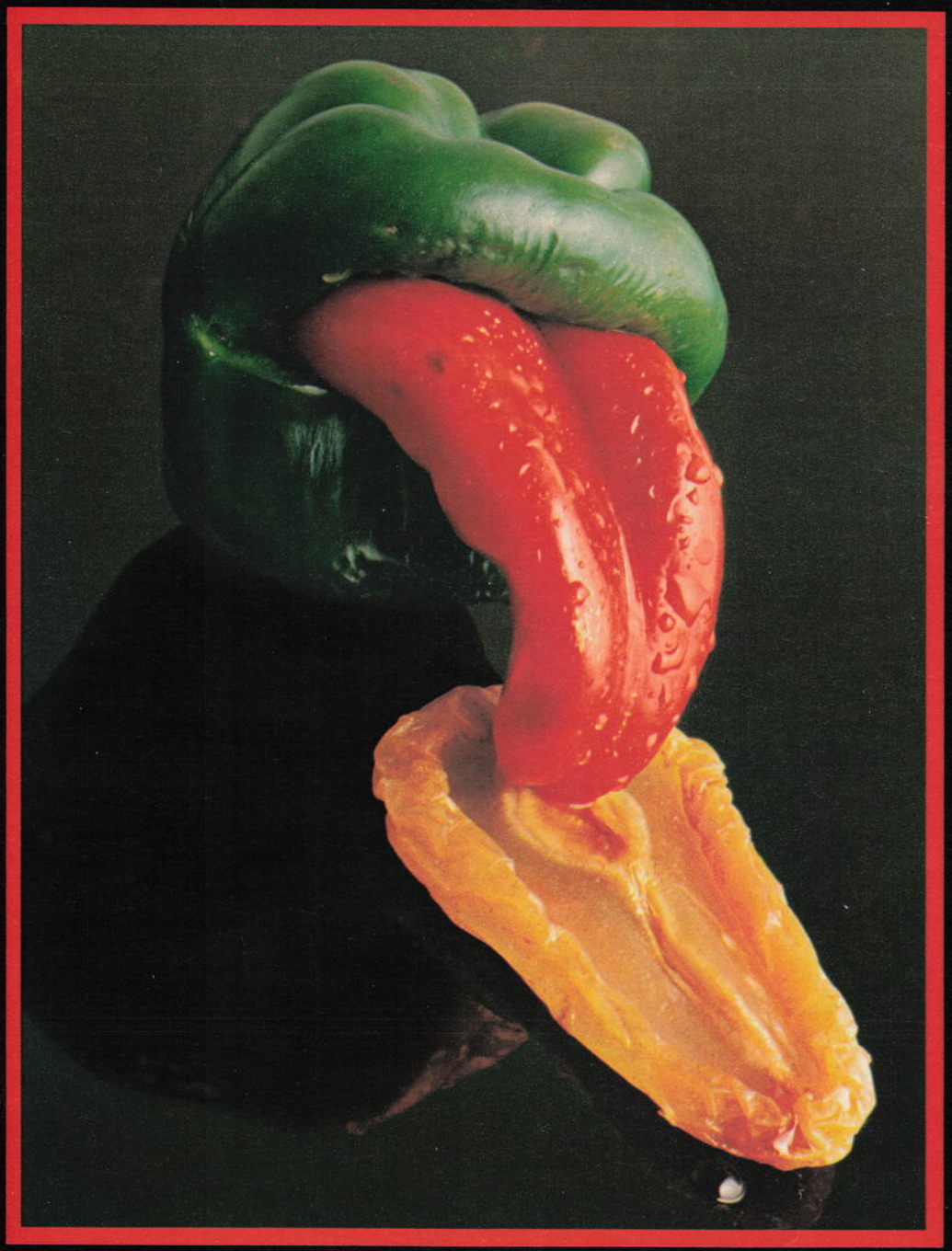
Henry Calvin Gull was taped at Beach Head. (But it should be mentioned at this point for those who haven't read the book *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* that all those interviewed for this article actually appear in the book. This may be hard to believe. May we say that the book itself is hard to believe—or even to read. The use of the English language is frightful; the ideas, if that's what they are, are those of a demented child; the photographs are sickly and ludicrous, the whole effort is almost pointless gibberish—but millions of people have read it, thereby making this article necessary.)

As a matter of fact, it isn't going to help any to print the remarks of Henry Calvin Gull. They aren't any different from those of other gulls mentioned in the text—Judy Lee Gull, Charles-Roland, Terence Lowell, Kirk Maynard . . . all fine, upstanding WASPS. It would be more fitting, we believe, to conclude with some further remarks by the boy's father, taped a short time after the original interview.

Penthouse: Nice of you to see us again, sir. Have you read the book about your son?
Mr. Seagull: I have. And I have a few thoughts on it too, Jack. In the book there he talks about how he's probably the Son of God . . . or denies it, or whatever . . . but leaves you with the idea, right?
Penthouse: Yes, that's the impression one gets. . . .
Mr. Seagull: Let me tell you something, doc. The kid always had this idea he was religious, but he didn't like the churches that were around, know what I mean? I mean, he didn't think he got enough love from his mother and me, he talked all the time about being alienated, about how he was trying to find himself. You hear it from a lot of these kids, you know? Well let me tell you something. I'm not guilty and his mother's not guilty, of nothing, know what I mean? We were plain parents, that's all. Only thing I know we did wrong is we didn't hit him enough. We should have hit that kid a lot. Any kid goes around telling everybody to be dissatisfied, telling everybody that life stinks so therefore they should follow him and just fly around all day for kicks, telling people he's practically God himself, that kind of kid you know right away his parents should of beat up on him a lot.
Penthouse: Thank you very much.
Mr. Seagull: That goddam kid is for the birds. Know what I mean? O+

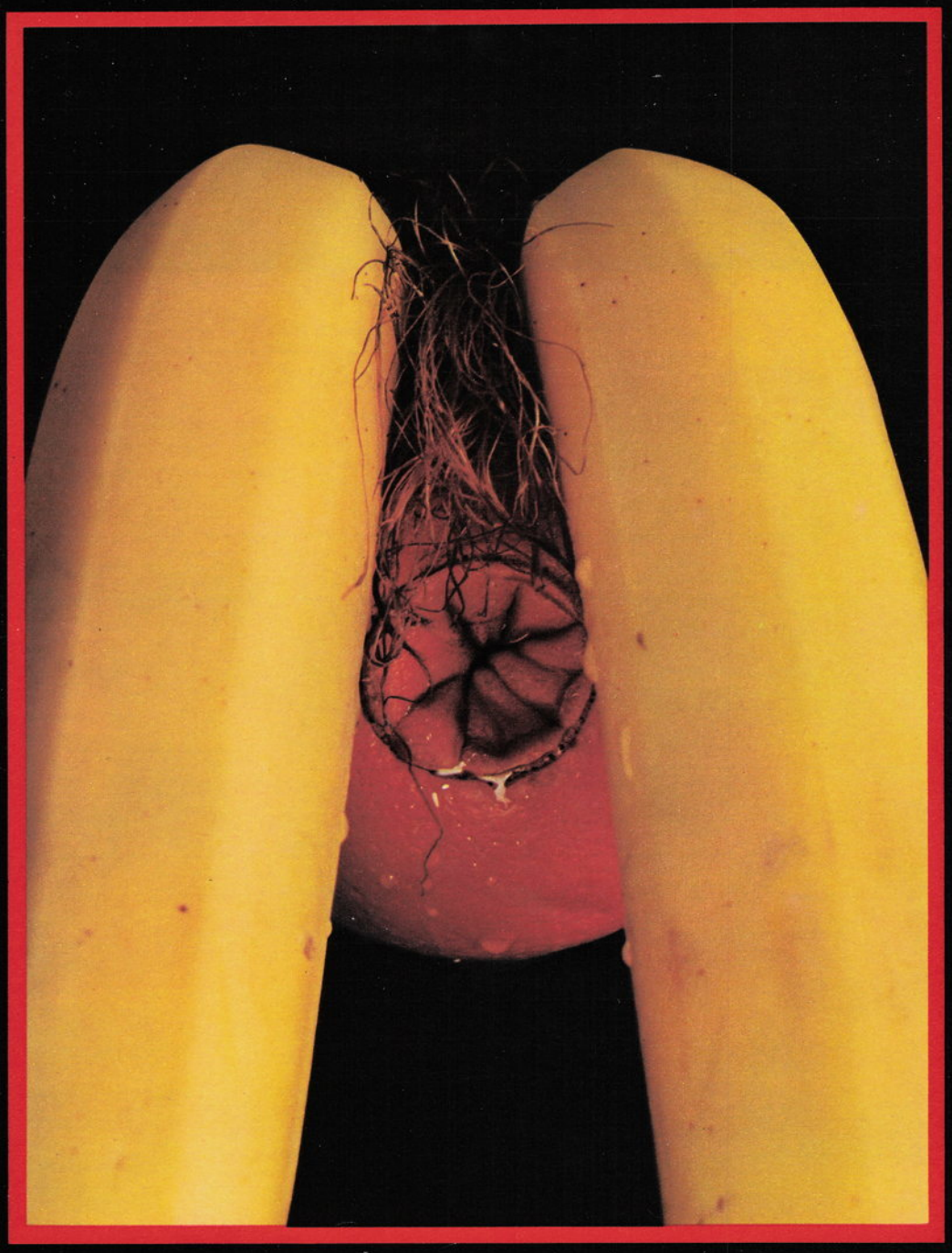
Memoirs of a Casabanova

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY LANE/PRODUCED BY BOB SHEWCHUK



April was a librarian. "*Aimez-vous* flower power?" I asked her. She said she admired my command of the French tongue....

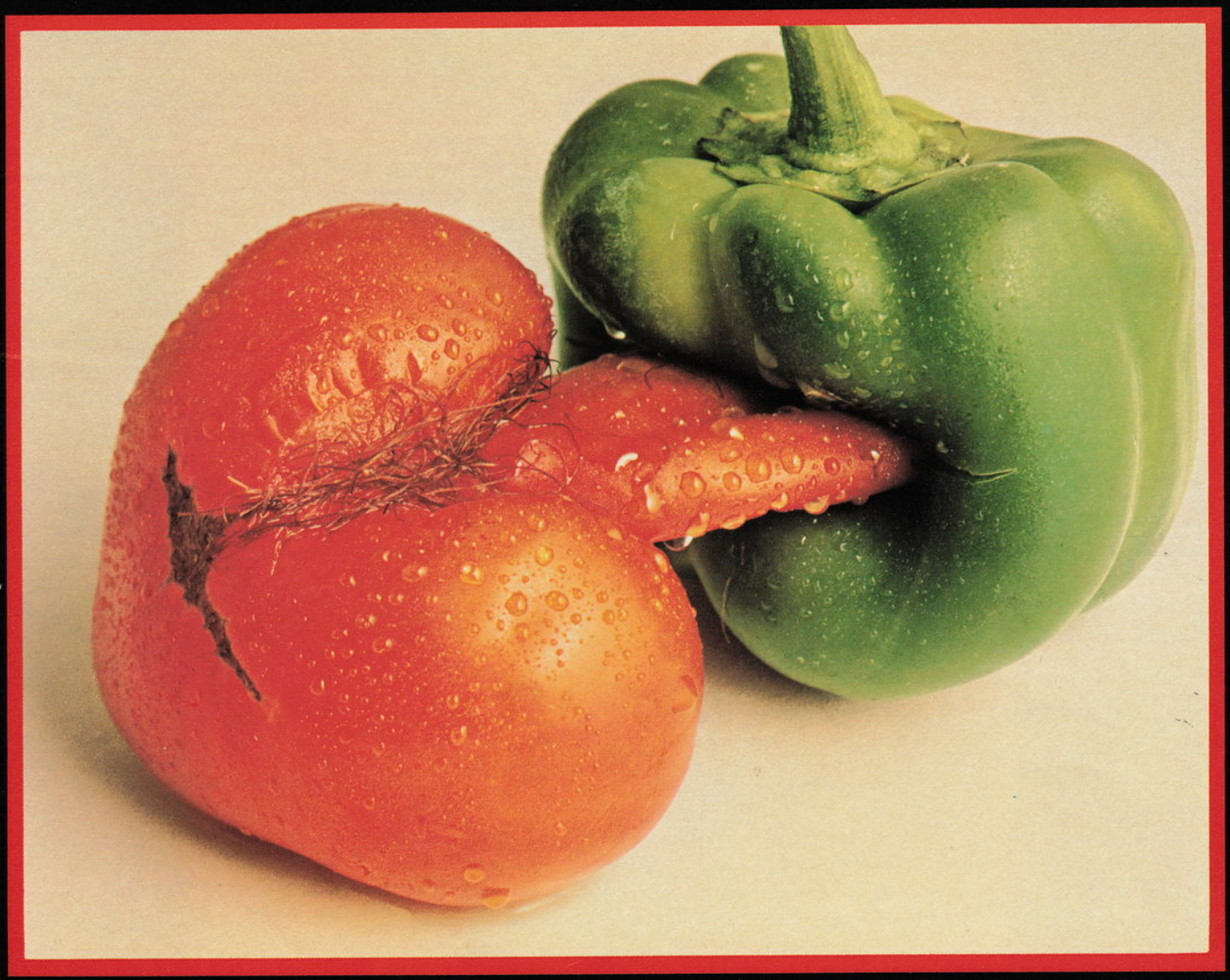
Erotic oranges... amorous avocados... and concupiscent eggplants ask the question: Can a handsome young pip find happiness in the garden of earthly delights as he busts the cherry of some firm young peach? *Mama Mia*, he's plum loco if he can't! More corny jokes and ripe wit from the people who brought you *The Cherry Orchard*, *Strange Fruit*, *Bitter Harvest*, *How Green Was My Valley*, *Broken Blossoms*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and the no-cheese pizza—namely, the United States Department of Agriculture. These pictures will keep your doctor away for *months!*



Ah, Chiquita... she said I was the berries when I beat around her bush. We were a handsome pair in our salad days.

And then there was Verna...what a peppery lass she was, although still quite green. She always said she wanted to give me lettuce.

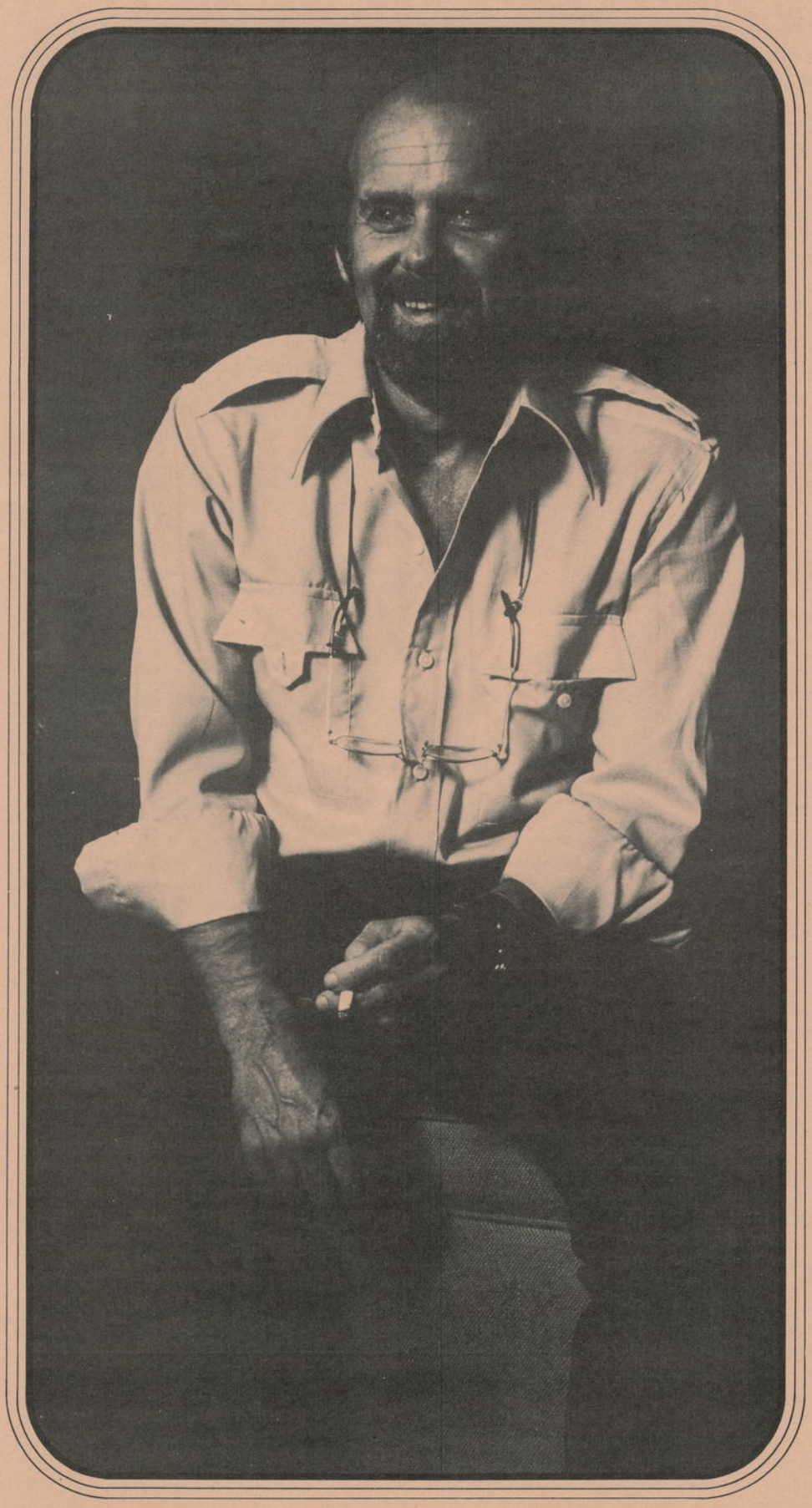
And Daisy! She was lucious enough to eat. However, she was rotten—her parents had spoiled her, no doubt.



I was always trying to get fresh with Melonie, but she finally drew the line one night when she told me, "We cantalope."

The valley between Urline's ample stems yielded rich blossoms, but my publishers insisted that I crop this photo. They treat me like an old rake.

"I'd like to know who sold him the plans!"



Ed Gallucci

No one has ever won the show business Triple Crown—the Oscar, the Emmy, and the Tony all in one year. No one, that is...

Except for Bob Fosse

by Lionel Chetwynd

The important thing in the entertainment business is being larger than life. From its very beginning, the business—and most especially the star system—has depended entirely on letting the public know that *everything* about it is larger than life.

The dream industry has one supreme, seemingly unperformable hat trick—its Triple Crown. Every press agent harbors a secret fantasy of the client who will bring home all three big ones in the same year: the Oscar, the Emmy, and the Tony. But because it takes so long to get anything produced these days, all three in one year has generally been considered a total impossibility.

Until Bob Fosse.

In a business where your name is everything—because the bigger your "name," the greater your "bankability" (that is, the ability to get the projects of your choice financed)—winning any one of the big three awards is used as an excuse for a publicity blitz.

Unless you're Bob Fosse.

And when you get the award, you're supposed to thank everyone from your mother to your agent's sister's dog.

Except Bob Fosse.

He stood up to accept the Tony Award for some incredible choreography in *Pippin*—later in the evening he'd get a second for direction—looked around, mentioned the fact that the show had already received

several awards, smiled, and said that he was quite sure that none of the other winners from *Pippin* could have done it without him. In show business that's heresy. But Bob Fosse gets away with it.

Even a face-to-face confrontation is curious, because he's so *familiar*, like one of those Late Show character actors whose names you can never remember. Thinning blond hair, angular Scandinavian features behind a trim beard. He hangs his reading glasses around his neck on a blue cord like some high-school librarian. His shirt is the same blue, half-unbuttoned, and the slacks are also blue—a deeper shade. He's not short, but then he's not tall either.

Bob Fosse has just turned forty-six, but chances are that his face was better known when he was thirty than it is today. By 1957 he had collected a string of Broadway credits and broken into films—first with a solo dance number (with a balloon, no less) in *Give a Girl a Break* (1952), then dancing in *Kiss Me Kate* (1953), and both dancing and choreography for *My Sister Eileen* (1955). He finally made the jump to pure choreography with *Pajama Game* in 1957. By 1960 he was "hot," a man to watch, and Stanley Green, unofficial historian of the American musical stage, called him "an outstanding choreographer-director." Fosse's star was rising fast. But between *Pajama Game* in 1957 and *Cabaret* in 1972 he chalked up only one film credit: for the direction in 1968 of *Sweet Charity*, a film that was "not particularly distinguished." It lost money. In fact, just a few months before landing the *Cabaret* job, a junior in his agent's office called him "virtually unemployable."

Now, looking around Fosse's apartment, you realize how bizarre the entertainment business really can be. You keep tripping over awards. "Honestly, I didn't know there *were* so many awards. After a while you start getting awards for getting awards." Fosse smiles nervously and shifts about on his feet; this is almost a trademark, because some part of Bob Fosse is always on the move. If his body is still, then his eyes will be changing quickly. His moods too.

At the moment he's pacing around the living room, waiting for photographers to finish a sitting. "It's not my apartment. My agent lent it to me for a couple of weeks three months ago." He arranges himself in a chair, moving his slim dancer's frame easily. There are some lines about the face, but the body moves like that of a perfectly coordinated teenager.

"Take care of myself? You've got to be kidding." He picks up a cigarette and lights it with the butt of the last one, coughing heavily. Friends tell Fosse that his chain-smoking and legendary work-pace will eventually destroy him.

The photographer stops and looks at him. "You keep tensing up, Bob. Can't you just relax?"

Fosse looks surprised. "Does it show?" The photographer nods, and Fosse's mood slips a notch or two. "I'm not *really* nervous." But actually he's uncomfortable—still surprised that the honors of the last year have brought him so much attention. Like this interview.

"The thing I remember most," he says, "is that after the awards I had a really serious depression. Like, you know, that this was it. I was pleased with the attention—I needed it, I really needed it badly. But at the same time there was something of a downer about it. I knew it shouldn't be like that. I mean, if *I* were to write my life I'd say that when I was forty-five—which is just the right time to enjoy it, not when you're too young, but after you've been up and down—while I'm still young enough to enjoy the success and recognition, that's when I would like it. And that's when I got it. I couldn't understand why I wasn't happy. Instead of jumping down the street and being all smiles, I'd find I was badly depressed. And then, eventually, I had to say fuck it, it's over, and get back to work. That's the important thing, to *work*."

> A few months before landing *Cabaret*, a junior in his agent's office called him "virtually unemployable."

Everything with Bob Fosse is a total experience. He doesn't just retell incidents from his life, he actually relives them like a method actor toying with a complete sense memory.

His mood is slipping now, and the conversation turns to *Pippin*, one of the more spectacular things he's done. Neither the score nor the book seems particularly distinguished, but somehow Fosse's touch has turned it all into a magical evening. And as Fosse talks, you begin to realize some important similarities between him and the central character. Pippin wants to be, and perhaps is, an "extraordinary person" who wanders through several episodes trying to find his extraordinary destiny. In the final scene, it's offered to him—the chance to commit suicide to affirm his specialness. Pippin refuses, choosing instead to live with a wife and child, while the chorus turns to the audience—that is, to us—and attempts to seduce spectators into coming forward and committing suicide in return for, well, in a word, "stardom."

"Considered suicide? Yes, I've flirted with it. It's like a girl, you know? An attractive woman." He stares out the window and lights another cigarette. The tone of voice isn't morbid, because Fosse is dealing with it honestly, not for dramatics. "You can only fool around with her so long. Then you have to put up or shut up. Me, I stopped playing with it."

In a business of overinflated egos and boring megalomaniacs, Fosse seems unique. Here's a man whose place in the history of American theater arts is absolutely secure, but who says of himself that he sometimes thinks he's "just a phoney." The character seems out of place in the plot. You wonder how he got into it in the first place.

He was born in Chicago. His father was in the business—vaudeville. By the time he was sixteen he was Bobby Riff ("I had a lot of names in those days"), working as a dancer in a burlesque house. "Really cheap stuff. I mean the strippers were something—you know? Tough. Really tough. That's where my scene with women started. I mean, it was really weird. I'd sit in the back somewhere studying my Latin. I was only sixteen so I had to keep studying. Anyway, when these strippers discovered I was sixteen, they didn't believe it. I became a game to them. They'd wait until the emcee was about to announce my dance, and then they'd try to give me a hard-on. They'd walk out into the hallway with nothing on, or grab me and start playing with me. By the time I got out front to do my act, the only thing I could think of was covering myself."

After World War II, completely committed to his career, he headed for New York, where it seemed a succession of people were just waiting around to claim credit for "discovering" him. "I got discovered three times a year. The truth is, there were only about three people who *really* helped me, and two of them were wives." The first was Joan McCracken, ten years older than he and a Broadway name by the time they met. "Joan was incredible to me. She really helped me to believe in myself, and she told me honestly what I had to do. She was in a whole different world." Indeed she was—she was so far removed from Chicago and burlesque, it's a wonder that Fosse could keep up. Joan moved with the Truman Capote crowd; she was part of the New York intellectual scene.

Under her prodding, Fosse embarked on a mammoth self-improvement course. He enrolled in the American Theatre Wing, one of the better acting schools of the period, and put together a showcase production that included a scene from *Time of Your Life* that Gene Kelly had done on the stage. He was seen by an MGM talent scout, and the company decided to test him in New York, and then send the film clip out to Hollywood where the famous MGM directors assembled weekly to watch the tests of all the hopefuls. If the West Coast bigwigs liked somebody they saw, then the studio would put that person under contract. Nobody liked Fosse's test. Well, nobody except Stanley Donen, who at that time was not one of Metro's major musical directors. But Donen was later able to give Fosse the balloon solo which got some critical attention, and this led to *Kiss Me Kate*, *My Sister Eileen*, and *Pajama Game*.

Back on Broadway, Fosse's career picked up steam, too, and by 1960 it seemed entirely possible that Fosse might well pick up the kind of recognition that actually was only to come to him in 1972.

What took so long?

"I was in a good position then. But I made some dumb choices on projects that knocked me out of the box for a few years. Things had been going well. I'd been called in to doctor *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and I did some good work. That turned out to be a hit. Then I did *Little Me*—I directed and choreographed that—and it was, well, a pretty good hit. I was riding high. Seriously, about ten years ago I was really hot. Then I went on a show called *Funny Girl*—I cast Barbra Streisand for that, in fact—and stayed on that for about seven months. But then I had trouble with Ray Stark, the producer. It really had nothing to do with Ray at all, it was something that I built up in my mind. So I quit and went to Alan Lerner's *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* for fourteen months. I didn't make a nickel on either of those projects. A director usually works for a piece of the box office. If the show closes, or doesn't open, he can work years for virtually nothing. With *On a Clear Day* Alan was having some kind of domestic trouble and he just wasn't writing. So I sat there—wondering what to do. I decided that *if* I was a director, then I had to work. I couldn't develop my craft just by sitting around for two years; I had to get to *work* with actors. So I took the first show that was offered me." Fosse stands up, impatient at the vivid memory of 1965. Then, shrugging and lighting a cigarette at the same time, he laughs. "It was a flop."

The show was called *Pleasures and Palaces*, and was the last show that Frank Loesser (*Guys and Dolls*, *Most Happy Fella*, *Where's Charlie?*) wrote. When Loesser called him, Fosse said he didn't want to hear the score, he only wanted to know one thing: was it for real? Would he be able to work with real actors, real people? All he wanted was to *work*. And why did it flop? "Because Loesser [the composer-lyricist], Spiwack [the writer of the book], and I just didn't talk. Once I'd heard the score and read the book, I knew we had trouble. But I still thought I could pull it off. It's that Jack Armstrong quality. . . . I really thought I could save it—but we were all doing different things. Spiwack was doing a Shavian comedy, Loesser was doing an opera, and I was doing a Russian version of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* We just didn't talk enough. . . ."

But the memory passes quickly. As Fred Ebb (lyricist and writer of *Cabaret* and "Liza with a Z") says, "It's not that Bob's moody. He's just easily elated and easily troubled." Ebb says something else about Fosse—

> Marriage is a disaster for me. It's been one big closing in New Haven.

something that suggests the lesson learned from *Pleasures and Palaces* stayed with him: "He knows the secret of collaboration. He has enormous respect for you, he listens to you, he communicates. He makes you feel important. Look, he's terrific! He *talks* to you."

Everyone who's worked with Fosse says the same thing. So maybe *Pleasures and Palaces* was worth it. He shrugs. It happened. What's learned is learned. Don't dwell on it.

His thought is drifting away from his work now, and he walks to the record player, picks up a Bartok record, reconsiders, picks up a Stravinsky instead, turns to Paul Simon—then decides not to put anything on. He walks to the window and stares out. "The way it happens is the way it happens. I mean, who knows where I'd be if it weren't for Gwen?"

The name of Gwen Verdon is not something you throw around lightly with Bob Fosse. It makes his brow knit and his shoulders hunch ever so slightly. They were best friends, married, then divorced; but they have remained good friends. "Gwen really backed me—she believed in me. When they were getting *Redhead* together, she simply said, 'He's my director. *Bob Fosse's my director.*' Can you beat that? I'd never directed, but she believed in me . . . insisted. And because of her I was able to do it. Gwen's got to be one of the greatest performers, I mean the *greatest*. . . ." He trails off, shaking his head at the thought of her talent. "I think it's my fault that the marriage failed. It has to do with when I work, I shut everything out. Gwen's one of the most incredible people I've ever met, and we have this beautiful daughter. And we're going to work together again, because some of the happiest times we've ever had were when we were working. We work well together, I admire her, and she has . . ." he pauses, frowns, then ". . . well, respect for me. Look, I don't know if any marriage could work for me. I certainly tried harder with Gwen than with the other two. Marriage is a disaster for me. It's been one big closing in New Haven."

Generally, Fosse is a very precise man. His actions are definite, his words are decisive and instantly chosen. But on the subject of Gwen Verdon he starts to ramble. Slowly, it begins to creep in that she—more than anyone else, and that includes Bob Fosse—believes in Bob Fosse. "I have moments of enormous self-doubt when I'm sure I'm a fraud."

Then what about the thank-you speech for *Pippin*? They couldn't do without him, Fosse had said. "I didn't want to make it another predictable, cute, little thing." Maybe he believes that now when he says it, but the one thing about Fosse is that he doesn't kid around. "I had this love affair with the whole cast of *Pippin* . . ." and again he trails off. Maybe that's the answer. It's on the floor, working with people that Fosse really lets his emotion out. Perhaps the best way he can love someone is by giving of his craft, his talent, his art.

Slowly the conversation returns to marriage. "Most people have dreams of doing something special with their lives. Worrying about the washing machine or the diapers —well, that's just not very special to me. But marriage has its compensations." He takes a long pause, thinking hard for what those compensations might be. He stands. "I mean, you're not so lonely, are you?" He plays with the glasses on a cord, finds he's out of plain-end cigarettes, tears the filter off a Kent and lights it. "Look, marriage is pleasant, but it isn't very exciting." Exciting. That's the first time he's used that word outside of describing an event in films, theater, or television. Fosse's excitement is obviously in his work. He can talk of relation-

ships with pleasure, sadness, compassion—in fact, with any emotional shading you want. But when he talks of his work, that's when the eyes light up and the precision returns to his language. Now, thinking about Gwen Verdon, he shifts back to his work, to *Sweet Charity*, a Broadway show conveived, developed, and dedicated to Gwen Verdon. But when the movie came along, Universal wanted Shirley MacLaine. Fosse spoke to Gwen Verdon, and asked how she felt about it. She said he should go ahead—if he didn't, someone else would. So *Sweet Charity* became Bob Fosse's only screen direction credit prior to *Cabaret*. And it was, at best, okay.

"That was my fault. Entirely. Whatever Shirley did up there, I asked her to do, and she was perfect. I think my mistake was going in. Look, how can you make an honest film, a good film, about a hooker when you have to get a G rating?" It's a good question. A prostitute is difficult subject matter for a family-rated film. To Fosse's credit, he did it, and although the film was no success, it wasn't a disaster either. Major studios, who rate films from "catastrophe" to "sensational" can live with a "no success." Still, it doesn't exactly help a director's career.

Talking about *Sweet Charity* gives some perspective on the change that the awards have brought to Bob Fosse's life. "Before, it was easy. I had to keep working, so pretty well anyone who offered me work could get me. I didn't decide up front whether it would work, I just had to get in there and make whatever they gave me as perfect as I could. Now I have a choice. *They* come to *me* with projects. I have to choose. That's an unbelievable responsibility."

It's also not so new, because while Bob Fosse may have enormous drive and ambition, he's no fool and was never available to the highest bidder. About fifteen years ago, Paul Feigay, an old hand at Broadway production, was preparing a television special to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of Esso (those pre-Exxon people) and the first choice for director was Orson Welles. For some legal reason, Welles couldn't do it, so Feigay offered it to Fosse with complete carte blanche. "He was incredibly talented," Feigay says, "though not many people knew it at the time. He'd been around a couple of shows I'd worked on—*Million Dollar Baby* and something called *Bonanza Bound* that Gwen Verdon had been assistant choreographer on. Anyway, I thought he was sensational and—even though he hadn't done that much—I thought he could handle it. Unfortunately, he didn't. He agonized over it for a week or so, then called and said he wasn't ready for something like that." Fosse doesn't remember these details of the incident himself, but he doesn't deny it. "There was so much happening then. I was plagued by this . . ." he smiles and lights another cigarette—he doesn't have to add "self-doubt" to complete the sentence. So Bob Fosse never really sold himself to the highest bidder. There had to be something more, even if it was only having the prospective employer bolster his confidence. Or have the star say "Bob Fosse's my director." He has to feel right about it. Secure.

"Look, I'm resilient. I can take almost anything—as long as it's the truth. I can live with ball-busting truth a lot easier than deception. That's what my differences with Cy Feuer [the producer of the film version of *Cabaret*] were all about. I mean, he *lied* to me. He told me he was fighting with the guys in Hollywood to get me the people and things I needed. Then I hear him on the telephone selling me out—promising not to give in to me. If he'd leveled with me, we could have worked it out together. But he told me first one thing, then another.

> When I was sixteen I was a dancer in a burlesque house. . . . The strippers would wait until the emcee was about to announce me and then try to give me a hard-on.

I can't stand deception. Because it shows. If you make a dishonest movie, it'll fail. If you make a dishonest relationship, it'll fall apart." But when he got the Oscar for *Cabaret*, he surprised a lot of people by mentioning Feuer favorably. "Why not? At that stage of the game, you feel good towards everyone—even the deceivers."

Slowly, the contradictions began to resolve themselves. Fosse lives for his work, and he judges everything according to how it fits in with his work. I guess I screwed up a couple of marriages because of work, but then. . . ." He lights another cigarette.

If it's true that Fosse finds his strongest identity in his work, then some clues to the man's character must lie in the kind of people he works with, the way he casts.

"It's easy with a girl. She has to be able to turn me on. I suppose that's sex appeal. She has to be someone I'd like to do it with, or if the part is an eighty-year-old washerwoman, then someone I'd like to have done it with when she was younger. She's got to have that attractive turn-on quality." Is it maybe that he really gets the feeling that *she* would like to do it with *him*? He smiles. "Maybe. Except that in the theater they can't see you. You're beyond the lights." He thinks and then smiles again. "Of course . . ." he pauses, "they *do* know you're there." For Fosse, Liza Minnelli had that turn-on quality. "Even when I knew her as a kid. I didn't cast her for *Cabaret* but I wish I could take credit for it. It was brilliant casting. She's fantastic."

He goes on about casting and sexuality. "It's much harder with men, but I think I can spot it. I think I know what makes a man a turn-on—and also when it's phoney or cardboard. You see it in a woman sometimes. At first, your reaction is 'Wow,' but then you see it's only a mirror, completely put on. Maybe I'm vain, but I think I know the real thing when I see it."

Like all great directors, a lot of his craft is devoted to casting. For *Cabaret* he had Liza Minnelli, but then he needed the man who could reflect her image. He had chosen to go right back to the original source material for the screenplay, to Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*. They had largely been bypassed in the stage version of *Cabaret*, which was based on the intermediate Van Drouten play, *I Am a Camera*. The play had ended with the fight with the Nazis and had never fully developed Isherwood's chief themes. Fosse wanted both the original stuff and a strong man to play the lead. Almost alone, he wanted Michael York for the part. "I don't think Michael knows how hard we had to fight for him. They made me test and test, but finally it was Marty Baum [the company executive responsible for the production] and I. We got our way and Michael was terrific! He had that aesthetic prizefighter look."

Marisa Berenson was determined that she and she alone would play Fräulein Landauer, the young Jewish girl whose uncertainty mirrored the feelings of a whole stratum of German-Jewish life in the early Thirties. She followed Fosse to London, to Munich—everywhere. She was willing to test and test again. Anything. "I've never seen anyone so determined. And, of course, she *was* fantastic. Now, when I see that Stanley Kubrick has cast her in his next film, it's a thrill. Somehow, my movie must have contributed to that. And Kubrick is an incredible director. So I really accomplished something there, I helped her. I think that's what this business has to be about—helping people. Marisa really deserves the chance. Isn't it fantastic though? *Kubrick!*"

He says it like it's another award. As you listen to Fosse, you become aware that he venerates two filmmakers in particular: Kubrick and Fred Zinnemann. And for Kubrick

to cast a girl that Fosse more or less got started is a real ego trip. It's a recognition that helps him to cope with his own self-doubt. After all, if Kubrick agrees. . . .

He feels good now, thinking about Marisa Berenson and Stanley Kubrick. He's secure, sitting there in his chair, looking out over the park: "Ted Williams had the right approach to life. He used to stand in Fenway Park with sixty thousand baseball fans screaming, and he'd turn around and do this." Fosse extends his right arm upward, his fist closed except for the middle finger that points skyward. "You've got to have it together to do that to the world. But I think if I were *able* to do it, I wouldn't have to.

"What I really want to do is find out how much I really know about people, whether I can express something about them in terms that are both dramatic and valid. That's why *Lenny*."

Fosse's next film, *Lenny,* is the story of Lenny Bruce. With anything he wants at his feet now, he picks *Lenny*. "I just love the whole idea, the whole nose-thumbing thing he did. Now, with the Supreme Court decision, it's more important than ever. The chance that we're really headed back to repression makes the film much more vital to me now than it was six months ago. The way they pulled Lenny back and forth into court, hounded him, drove him crazy, it all seems so stupid now, with *Deep Throat* playing across the country. Lenny was an incredible character, but I don't see him as a martyr or a victim of society. I think he was compensating for his whole crazy middle-class upbringing with—well, with dirty words. He's not necessarily the East Side Christ or Saint of the Berkeley Set that he came to believe he was. I find his whole life a string of contradictions. He was so pulled—so torn. He believed in justice, and justice kept knocking him off every time. He wanted a nice *Cosmopolitan*-type relationship with his wife and at the same time he was out there saying 'cocksucker.' And he knew the meaning of words. I find that fascinating. I was brought up in a religious background, Methodist, and I never heard those words. Then when I was thrust into burlesque it was like a bucket of ice water in the face. It just wasn't the same world that my mother and father had told me it was. That's what's fascinating. The mystery we create about words like 'fuck' and 'tits.' I mean they're just *words*. Why call a man obscene and send him to jail for using words?"

Fosse is serious now, he's not kidding around. The story of Lenny Bruce has touched a responsive chord and Fosse wants to lay it all out for the whole world. He's going to tell the story of Lenny as he sees it—and it's an objective view. Lenny was not a martyr. Lenny was just another person we made into something special.

And so, by implication, we gave him the choice that Pippin is offered at the end of the show: the chance to affirm his specialness by death. "Lenny had a terrific life, and death. I want to re-create that, and re-create the whole nightclub era of the Fifties I knew."

He expects trouble, though. He can't ignore the Supreme Court decisions, but David Picker of United Artists (and Nixon's enemies list) is prepared to give Fosse the money to make his version of *Lenny*. That's a challenge he can't refuse. Apparently, there was some feeling at United Artists that the time wasn't right for the project. But such is Fosse's weight that they'll swing with him. The script is one of the best-kept secrets in the business—almost no one has seen it. All that Fosse will say is that while it's pretty tough in the word area, it's no *Devil In Miss Jones*.

For most people *Lenny* would be a full-time job. But Bob Fosse is in a hurry. "I'm forty-six. People keep saying I have so much time yet to go. But if you think about how long it takes to mount a movie—two, maybe three years—then I really don't have all that much time. How much output have I left? Five or six movies?"

> I have moments of enormous self-doubt when I'm sure I'm a fraud.

Now, talking about *Lenny,* the self-doubt is gone, only to be replaced by a nagging feeling that there isn't enough time left to do all the things that he wants to do. For some people—maybe for all artists in the end—anxiety becomes a way of life.

The other big project is *Chicago,* a stage musical by Ebb and Kander (the *Cabaret* team) based on the 1942 Nunnally Johnson movie *Roxie Hart*. The star? Gwen Verdon.

"Doing *Chicago*'s a very simple thing with me. And my reasons are probably all the wrong ones—the ones you'd never get from a Kubrick or a Zinnemann." He takes a deep breath. "I want to do a show for Gwen. A *show*! Something that gives people enjoyment. I think Gwen is one of the greatest entertainers—*performers*—that I've ever seen in my life. It's like wanting to do something for Jolson, that's how great she is! And it's a show, a real Broadway show. It's something to give an audience. Gwen on stage again. She has something that transcends the property."

And he goes on—animated, excited, jumping back and forth between *Lenny* and *Chicago*—talking first about one script, then the other, pacing backwards and forwards, the inevitable cigarette hanging from his lips. And as he talks, the two sides of Bob Fosse become distinct, each aspect floodlit by either *Lenny* or *Chicago*.

Chicago is Fosse the Showman, brought up in vaudeville and burlesque, the traditional razzmatazz, turn-the-audience-on guy; *Lenny* is Fosse the Serious Filmmaker, born of Kubrick, the nouvelle vague, and films with a purpose. In *Cabaret*, the two Fosses got together to make a haunting, yet entertaining film that had a great deal to say. It belongs with Kubrick, Zinnemann, Welles.

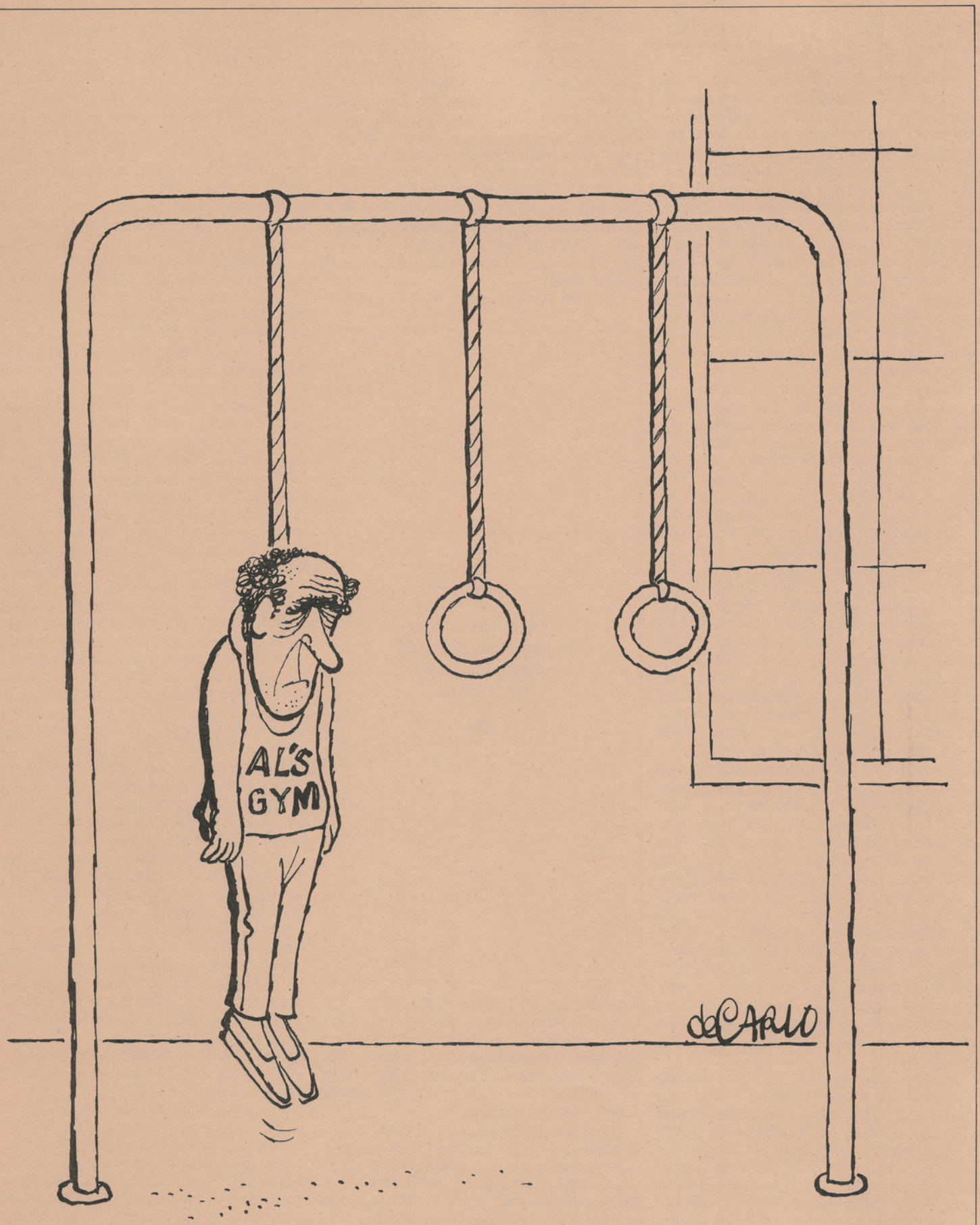
Whether Fosse realizes it or not, he's got a monkey on his back. He can dismiss *Chicago* as just an entertainment that's purely for audience enjoyment, but—inevitably—he'll find more in it. Because *Cabaret* is no flash in the pan. Fosse, for all his self-doubt, knows that he can now entertain and educate at the same time. He wants to become even better. And the people who work with him? As Fred Ebb says, "He makes me better than I am. He makes me think better, perform better. He's a challenge." Or, as Kander says, "You've got to be good. You *want* to be good. Because to see Bobby happy makes you happy."

And when Fosse does *Lenny,* he'll have to entertain us from the first minute to the last frame. Because he wants to touch people. "I'm a commercial guy. I want audiences. I want commercial success. But I also want to touch people. I've got things I have to say about the world I live in. But it's got to be said *right*. I don't know if I'm good enough for that. But it's a job, and I think I know how to do it. So I'm just going to go ahead, work, and do my job . . ." He pauses and then mutters "work" again. "I want my daughter to look at my work one day and judge it good."

It's dark now, and Fosse is tired. We talk a little more about *Cabaret, Kiss Me Kate, Lenny, Chicago,* and so many others. "I guess the odds are against my ever doing that again," he says as he looks at the Oscar, the Emmy, and the Tonies on the bookcase.

Something new to worry about. Whether he's reached his high point. But the odds *are* against a second trick. After all, they were against doing it once. . . .

Except for Bob Fosse.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The Sensuous Judges

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

He collected money before the party to assist in producing the show and contributed more money after the party started. Testimony from others present established the fact that Haggerty had brought the obscene films to the motel. The pornographic films were shown to all those attending, including three hookers that Judge Haggerty had also brought to the party. The girls put on their standard "69" show and then invited the Judge and his guests to join in. Nobody was shy.

Judge Haggerty admitted inviting the trio of "ladies" to the party and then accompanying them from the Rowntowner Hotel to the DeVille Motel. He claimed the invitation was a joke and that he didn't know the girls were "ladies of the evening"!

During the arrests, Judge Haggerty's personal behavior was less than judicious. As the police arrived, he jogged out of the room where the stag films were being shown, notwithstanding the fact that a police officer had already informed him he was under arrest. According to the police, he resisted the efforts of two other officers to arrest him in the corridor, about forty feet from the door of the room where the party had been held. After this struggle, he was brought back to the room, but again he tried to break away—this time slugging one of the detectives. He was finally subdued by three cops and handcuffed. Tsk, tsk, Your Honor!

Evidence proved that Judge Haggerty had also regularly participated in illegal gambling activities. He was close to Manuel Soto, a known bookie with a rather lengthy criminal record. The judge placed bets with Soto in public, on an almost daily basis. Their friendship was known to police and Soto never hesitated to attest it. Haggerty also frequently associated with Frank Occhipinti, the manager and part owner of the Rowntowner Motor Hotel (where the hookers had originally come from), which is across the street from the DeVille. Occhipinti, who admitted significant business dealings with well-known underworld characters in the New Orleans area, also permitted Judge Haggerty to run up a bill at the Rowntowner's bar in excess of $1,700. No request, much less demand, for payment was ever made.

Well, it seems that Frank Occhipinti had a brother named Roy who had felony charges pending before the district criminal court. As chance would have it, in February 1969 Brother Roy's case was assigned to Judge Haggerty, who subsequently heard several motions in connection with the prosecution of the case and ruled for the defendant. The judge made no attempt whatsoever to reassign the case, nor did he excuse himself. Roy frequently visited his brother at the Rowntowner, where the judge spent many of his off-the-bench hours.

It seems, too, that Judge Haggerty was interested in other indoor sports at the DeVille Motel besides lewd sex parties. He was also an avid participant in the big card games held there. Haggerty was often the big winner and would pay the night's rental for the room used for the game. The usual rate was $12 a night and between June 24, 1969, and January 15, 1970, the rent for forty-two nights was charged to Haggerty.

Although Judge Haggerty maintained that these activities in no way affected his behavior on the bench, the Louisiana Supreme Court, upon the recommendation of the state's judiciary commission, ruled that he was morally unfit to be a judge and ordered him removed from office without further delay.

> Divorce-court judges are rapidly replacing film producers as the archetype of the dirty old man. The formula is simple—the wife screws the judge and the judge screws the husband.

The card game and the hookers have moved on to another motel.

Boys will be boys and judges will be judges. A little grab-ass, a quick feel, or—in more sophisticated circles—a matinée are all essential diversions in American business and political life.

Floyd S. Sarisohn was admitted to the practice of law in New York State and served as the duly elected justice of the peace in the quiet little community of Smithtown on Long Island. Before too long he was elected district court judge of Suffolk County. Judge Sarisohn was a very popular young man.

At thirty-eight and a veteran of the Korean War, he was well respected in his hometown. Sarisohn was a vice-president of the Suffolk County Council of the Boy Scouts of America and a director of the Smithtown Young Men's Christian Association. He often spoke out for Christianity in government. But more recently, Judge Sarisohn's career took a nose dive. The appellate division of the New York Supreme Court in Brooklyn announced his suspension from office pending the outcome of an investigation of charges involving moral turpitude in his activities both as a justice of the peace and as a district court judge.

The principal charge against him concerned his relationship with Carmen Sanabria (alias Elida Peck, alias Lee Matos), a divorcee and working lady. Mrs. Sanabria had pleaded guilty before Justice of the Peace Kane, sitting as a court of special sessions in Suffolk County, to having engaged in prostitution at the Sunshine Valley Motel in Huntington, Long Island. She was subsequently sentenced to three months in jail, with execution of sentence suspended, and placed on probation for three years.

The friendly, black-robed Good Samaritan, Judge Sarisohn, was charged with having offered legal services to Mrs. Sanabria, telling her he was a justice of the peace in Smithtown. Sarisohn had told the convicted hooker that he knew Judge Kane and could be of great assistance to her. He was also charged with advising her, while she was awaiting sentence, to mislead the probation department by falsely pretending to have ceased practicing "professionally." Judge Sarisohn was also accused of counseling Mrs. Sanabria as to where she could best work without getting caught. The YMCA director-jurist assured her she would receive only a suspended sentence if she followed his instructions.

The bulk of the information about the relationship was acquired from secretly taped telephone conversations between Judge Sarisohn and Mrs. Sanabria. In the course of an investigation of prostitution in Suffolk County, detectives (with a court order) had tapped Mrs. Sanabria's telephone. They "accidentally" recorded some conversations between her and the judge.

The following section of the wiretap was one of the most embarrassing for Judge Sarisohn. It speaks for itself:

Judge Sarisohn: Well, just be careful and don't get picked up. Don't let them set you up.

Mrs. Sanabria: What if I go in a room with someone and they break in or something. Can they catch me that way?

Judge Sarisohn: No, because, you see, the whole story revolves around having to prove money passed; that is why, you remember, they used marked bills.

Mrs. Sanabria: Yeah, they told me to stay away from motels. It looks like I'll have to get me a Rambler with a bed in it.

Judge Sarisohn: Move around a little bit, try to, you know, so you are not settled down

in one pattern that they can follow on. For a little while anyway. I wouldn't be too worried about that.

Mrs. Sanabria: I'm so scared I don't know what I'm going to do.

Judge Sarisohn: There's nothing you can do about it. You have to relax and not be scared. We may be able to get a contact with some people that can help with this. Tempers will cool down. I wouldn't worry too much on the probation angle. Just be careful.

Between the time the investigation of Judge Sarisohn's conduct began and the time of his trial, he was also charged with obstructing the investigation itself. Two Suffolk County detectives went to Mrs. Sanabria's home in Corona, Queens, to try to get a statement from her. Apparently alone, she invited them into her kitchen, but as soon as one of the cops brought out a pad to write on, Judge Sarisohn suddenly rushed in from behind a closed door, shouting, "I've had enough of this! I'll not let you put words into the mouth of this woman!" The police departed.

Before it was completed the investigation uncovered other incidents of the judge's erratic misbehavior on the bench. While still a justice of the peace, Sarisohn had altered, erased, and canceled the record in a case after he had lost jurisdiction of it.

On another occasion, a man called Frank Dohman was arraigned before Judge Sarisohn on two counts of third-degree burglary and on one count of second-degree assault. With the avowed purpose of preventing the defendant from getting out on bail, Sarisohn set an absurd bail at $500,000 on each count, or a total of $1.5 million. Eventually, Dohman was released on realistic bail, fixed in another court, at $7,500.

But only a few months later, Judge Sarisohn interceded on behalf of three men who had been charged with disorderly conduct before another judge who had properly fixed bail. Sarisohn ordered the sheriff to release the men without bail, and without communicating with either the other judge or the district attorney.

A classic instance of Sarisohn's judicial manner involved humiliating an attorney for the defense in an accident case. The judge tried to compel the attorney in chambers to agree to a certain settlement. When the lawyer absolutely refused, Sarisohn said, "Listen, when we go out there I'm going to screw you every way I can, short of reversible error."

But finally Judge Sarisohn came to trial himself before a panel of five judges of the appellate division of the New York Supreme Court and was found guilty of reprehensible misconduct in office.

After two appeals, he was officially removed from the bench. Although held not morally fit to be a judge or ever again to hold a position of honor and trust, he was allowed to return to the less demanding practice of law. Mrs. Sanabria was admitted to Creedmore State Hospital, a mental institution in Queens.

The most common complaint of ex-husbands saddled with exorbitant alimony payments is that the judge never really listened. But a new and legitimate gripe is surfacing around the country: "The judge is making it with my ex!"

During the calendar year 1972 there were over four hundred complaints against judges in domestic relations and family courts for socializing or sexualizing with the wife while considering just how hard to clobber her spouse with alimony. Divorce-court judges are rapidly replacing film producers and cab drivers as the archetype of the dirty old man. The formula is simple—the wife screws the judge and the judge screws the husband.

> Then there is the New Jersey jurist who was accidently picked up in a massage parlor raid. . . . He was nude and having his equities handled by no less than three "masseuses."

St. Louis's circuit judge, John D. Hasler, was indicted by a grand jury on charges of misconduct in office. The problem arose out of the fifty-six-year-old judge's relationship with Mrs. Jean Shelby, a twenty-six-year-old former go-go dancer. Judge Hasler had only been in office for eighteen months.

The Shelby divorce case was to be heard before Judge Hasler, and after the first hearing in the matter, Judge Hasler and Mrs. Shelby had a quiet dinner together. After that they saw each other socially on other occasions. The judge evidently felt motels provided a particularly encouraging atmosphere for bringing about justice. Needless to say, the relationship was not known to either Mr. Shelby or his lawyer.

One day, in the very best soap-opera fashion, Mr. Shelby discovered five letters from the judge to Mrs. Shelby, and his lawyer moved that Judge Hasler disqualify himself in the case. The judge quickly granted the motion and transferred the case out of court to save his neck. Meanwhile, the lawyer had sent copies of the letters to the state bar association. The story hit the front page of the local newspapers and Judge Hasler was indicted.

Mrs. Shelby testified for the state that she thought she had the judge in her "female clutches." She confessed they had met repeatedly in motel rooms and even taken pictures. Judge Hasler denied only a few of the details. He contended, however, that his relationship with her was paternal in nature and arose from sympathy for her and her children. Mr. Shelby quipped that if the judge felt fatherly, it was incest.

After five days of trial and two days of deliberation, the jury found the judge guilty. While the maximum penalty was one year in the county jail and/or a $500 fine, Judge Hasler was only fined one dollar.

The Missouri House of Representatives conducted its own investigation, however, and began impeachment proceedings against him. The judge resigned two days before his impeachment trial, and the following year he was ordered disbarred by the Missouri Supreme Court.

Not all judges have mainstream sexual appetites. Today, in keeping with the universal trend toward everyone's coming out and doing his thing, gay jurists are more in evidence than formerly. There were six cases in 1972 of male judges being accused of making it with the husbands in pending divorce cases.

The rule would seem to be: never trust a forty-three-year-old bachelor judge who lives with his mother! In the quiet city of Norwalk, Connecticut, an ultraconservative town, jurists are afforded maximum respect and recognition by the community. Among the most respected was Judge J. Allen O'Conner.

But then Joseph R. Stasny, Jr., aged twenty, was arraigned one Monday before O'Conner on the charge of larceny. Stasny had been accused by his employer, General Truck Leasing Company, of stealing four shock absorbers.

The understanding and kind jurist decided to study the problem firsthand. O'Conner went to the company's office and discussed the charges with the manager. He asked that Stasny be allowed to make restitution for the theft so that he might return to his family in Pittsburgh. The judge also told the company he would dismiss the charges if the company would accept restitution.

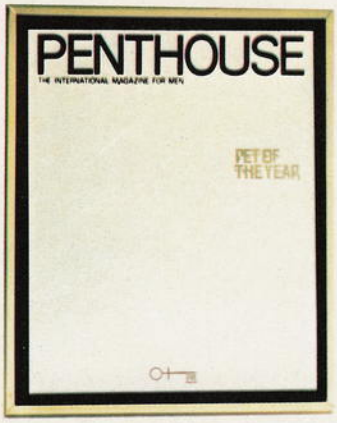
The manager agreed, and O'Conner then

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

Dearest,

I'm Babette and I'm staring at myself in this "Pet of the Year" mirror. It's a groovy reflection and I adore the guy who gave it to me. It's really a dynamite gift. I'll love it, I promise.

Affectionately,
Babette



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Please send me _____ PET OF THE YEAR MIRROR(S) at $5.00 each
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

J-S

A man needs a change whether in love or cards, but the stakes had grown too high and the last hand was still to be played....

According to Joe Russi's calculations, the game began on a rainy Tuesday afternoon, January 17, 1946, at the Bremen Repatriation Center in Germany. "There were a buncha guys from permanent party kept trying to get in, and a buncha guys from headquarters company had a small game going next to us, but the six of us were in this game from the start and it went on all night. Pop Lutz was the big winner."

"Jesus, what a memory," Marvin Hussmiller would say.

"You remember musical scores like that?" Frank Kuppick often asked. Russi was an arranger and composer. He had won an Emmy for the background music to a television religious series.

"Music is only music," Russi would say. "But poker is life."

Russi and Hussmiller were infantrymen from the Twenty-ninth Division. Kuppick and Tom Bruns were medics whose field hospital had been deactivated. Leo Grubman had been a jeep driver with the Ninth Division. He had been wounded and had met Kuppick and Bruns in the hospital. The sixth man, older than the others, was an ordnance spare-parts specialist named Ed Lutz. He had gray, stubbly hair and the others called him Pop.

"I think we sorta knew we'd get along even as civilians," Russi said. "Jesus. Twenty-five years." His eyes would mist over.

"For Chrissake Joe, deal," Bruns grumbled. He was down twenty-two dollars.

"Winners get nostalgic," Leo Grubman said, "losers say 'deal the cards.' "

"Whose nose is bleeding?" Marvin Hussmiller asked. "Pot's light."

"Me, me," Russi said. He was lost in hazed, happy reminis-

THE BREMEN SIX

By Gerald Green

Francis Ing

cence. They were playing jacks-or-better. After the first deal, which was dealer's ante, everyone had to chip in a quarter. The rules had never changed. They had continued the game aboard the S.S. *Mexico Victory*, barely sleeping, wearing out decks of cards, honoring each other's chits. It was a fearful February crossing. Vomit sloshed around the decks and stained the bulkheads. A knife fight between black crapshooters sent two men to the hospital and three men to the brig. A hated master sergeant was mysteriously washed overboard. But the "Bremen Six" (as they later called themselves) played on for twelve stormy days.

"The crazy thing was," Russi said to Grubman years later, "for all that playing, no one got burned real bad. I think I dropped about a hundred the whole time."

"I lost two hundred," Leo said. "But I didn't care. It was great being with such terrific guys."

"No big winners—it was like no one wanted to hurt anyone. Jesus, twenty-five years!"

Back in civilian life, the men needed a little time for adjustment. Tom Bruns was accepted at medical school at UCLA. And Pop Lutz—he had teenage children—confessed that his wife Elise frowned on gambling now that he was trying to set up a spare-parts business, working out of his Flushing apartment. So the game was suspended for a year and a half.

One night, Frank Kuppick, who was working as a cub reporter for the United Press, got a call from Tom Bruns. Bruns had flunked out of med school and was starting—thank God for the GI bill!—at Brooklyn College of Pharmacy. Why not celebrate his return with a revival of the game? The others were delighted. Pop Lutz managed to con his wife into thinking he was having dinner with a parts jobber.

They met in Marvin Hussmiller's basement den in Westbury, Long Island. Hussmiller had married his college sweetheart, Cynthia Buroff, whose father was a millionaire manufacturer of lighting fixtures. Marvin was managing production. Cynthia was pregnant and they owned a new DeSoto and an aboveground pool.

"Same rules as last time?" Joe Russi asked. They nodded. "Dealer's choice. Only three games. Five-card stud, seven-card stud, jacks-or-better progressive, passing the deal. No wild cards. No junk games. Raise any time. Check and raise. Table stakes, but we honor markers."

Hussmiller pointed to a sideboard. "There's salami, ham, Swiss cheese, bread, mustard, pickles. Beer and soda in the refrigerator. It's on me and Cynthia."

"No, that isn't fair," Frank Kuppick said. "Why don't we all chip in a dollar for the food? The host supplies it, but we all pay."

"Good deal," Tom Bruns said. "We meet once a month at a different guy's place. Rotation."

"And if a guy can't make it, he can supply a pigeon," Pop Lutz said. He looked like their father.

Joe Russi laughed, as he started turning cards up for the first jack to find a dealer. "Nobody'll ever go broke or get rich in this crowd," he said.

Russi was proved a prophet. At two-thirty in the morning, when a final hand of seven-card stud had been dealt, the big winner was Pop Lutz, ahead sixty-seven dollars. Hussmiller won forty-five dollars. The others had divided the losings almost equally.

They agreed that it had been a marvelous night, the best since the S.S. *Mexico Victory*. No family talk. No nagging problems of family, mortgages, careers. Just good men and good cards. The "game that would never end" they soon called it. It locked itself into the men's lives, a regular monthly occurrence, usually on the second Tuesday of the month. After a while a pattern developed. For example, although it was a table-stakes game, a bet over seven dollars was exceedingly rare. There seemed to be a mutual respect, a desire not to hurt the other fellow too badly. Marv Hussmiller, the wildest player, would sometimes bet outrageously—$10.55, say, or $9.80. Pop Lutz, a solid percentage player, would often raise him. But no player ever attempted to "buy" the game with a huge roll or massive raising or other terror tactics.

By the Sixties all the men were married. All had children and reasonably successful careers. Joe Russi worked regularly composing and arranging music for commercials and TV programs. He had married Marie Parolo and they had a split-level house in Madison, New Jersey. Tom Bruns owned a chain of cut-rate pharmacies in Westchester and Fairfield counties and was the wealthiest of the group, although Marvin Hussmiller was a close second. (Marv's money, to be sure, was largely his father-in-law's, while Tom had made it on his own.) Pop Lutz's spare-parts business had grown into a vast warehouse and office in Rutherford, New Jersey. The old ordnance man specialized in foreign cars. He had customers all over the state. Frank Kuppick was a nightside editor for the United Press and lived in Stuyvesant Town. His wife Nora was a former ballerina, a ceramicist, a leader in women's lib, and a founder of the curb-your-dog movement in Manhattan. Undersized, nearsighted Leo Grubman was the last to marry. He was earning a nice salary as a copywriter for a small advertising agency. At the office he met Rose Sharf, a secretary, and after a nervous courtship married her. They rented a tiny apartment in Greenwich Village in an old slanty red-brick house.

These personal bits of data about the Bremen Six were barely known to the players themselves. There was an unspoken rule about the game—no personal references, no sentiment. When Marv Hussmiller's wife gave birth to their third child, nobody knew about it for six months. Pop Lutz's oldest son was married; none of the players was invited. Wives of the poker players did not socialize. The notable exception was Cynthia Hussmiller, who found Nora Kuppick to be excitingly Bohemian and creative. They occasionally went to an art exhibit together.

"I swear," Cynthia said to Nora, "when they sit down at that goddamn green table in our den, *forget* it! I once went up to say hello to Frank—your dear husband—and he acted like I wasn't there. It's like they're in a cloud or on drugs."

"Does Frank win?" Nora asked hesitantly. A faithful husband, who did the shopping and helped clean the house, Kuppick never mentioned a word about the games.

"Who knows? With the dirty looks I get, I clear out. Marv makes me go to the movies, or my mother's. When I get home I have to tippie-toe to bed and not disturb the animals."

The game moved into the Seventies. Children went on to college, paunches expanded, hair thinned, eyeglasses became uniform around the green baize. Over the years it was doubtful that any one man was ever much more than a thousand dollars ahead. But they loved their game and showed up once a month to shuffle, cut, deal, bet, raise, fold, and indulge in the warm, reassuring male talk that is possible only around a poker table.

One night, in the spring of 1971, Leo Grubman brought a newcomer to the game. They were playing at Tom Bruns's Tudor mansion in Larchmont. Fill-ins were always allowed if one of the Bremen Six was absent, but this was the first time a seventh hand was permitted. He was an actor named Evan Tuttle, younger than the youngest of the Six (Kuppick, who was forty-seven) and crazily dressed. Tuttle had come east after deserting his wife in Santa Monica. Grubman, who had seen him on television and liked his rugged looks, was getting him some commercial work. He seemed low-keyed and mannerly, despite his long hair, handlebar mustache, and denim cowboy suit.

By midnight Tuttle had won $315. He did not seem an especially astute player but his draws were astonishing. Twice he hit on inside straights. Twice he filled on the seventh card against players nursing straights and flushes.

It was one o'clock when Tuttle put on his long suede coat, knotted a paisley handkerchief around his tanned throat and excused himself. He was ahead $365.

"Cards is cards, fellahs," Tuttle said. "I really enjoyed it. But I got some expensive meat waiting for me."

"Meat?" Russi asked. "Leaving poker for a roast-beef sandwich?"

"Meat. A *broad*." Tuttle winked. "Listen, I didn't get rid of my wife in California because I was sick of grocery bills. Get it while you can."

There was an embarrassed silence after Tuttle left. Whether a man cheated or masturbated or became a homosexual was immaterial to the players. What was disturbing was that a player should *discuss* these

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

KEL-CO CALCULATORS

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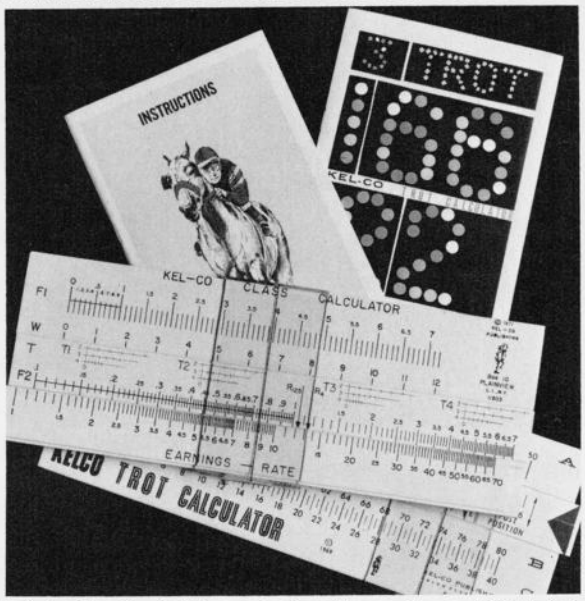

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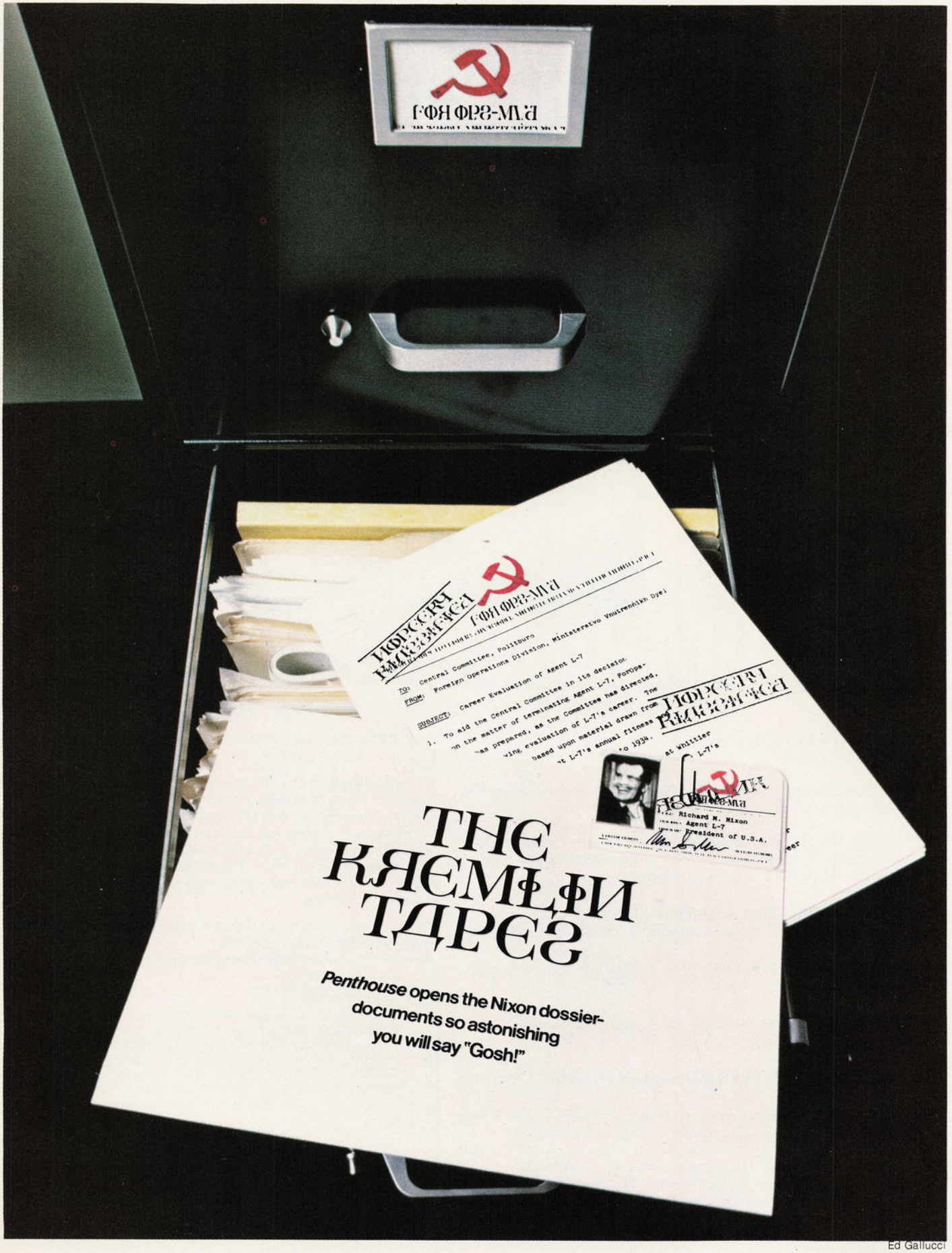
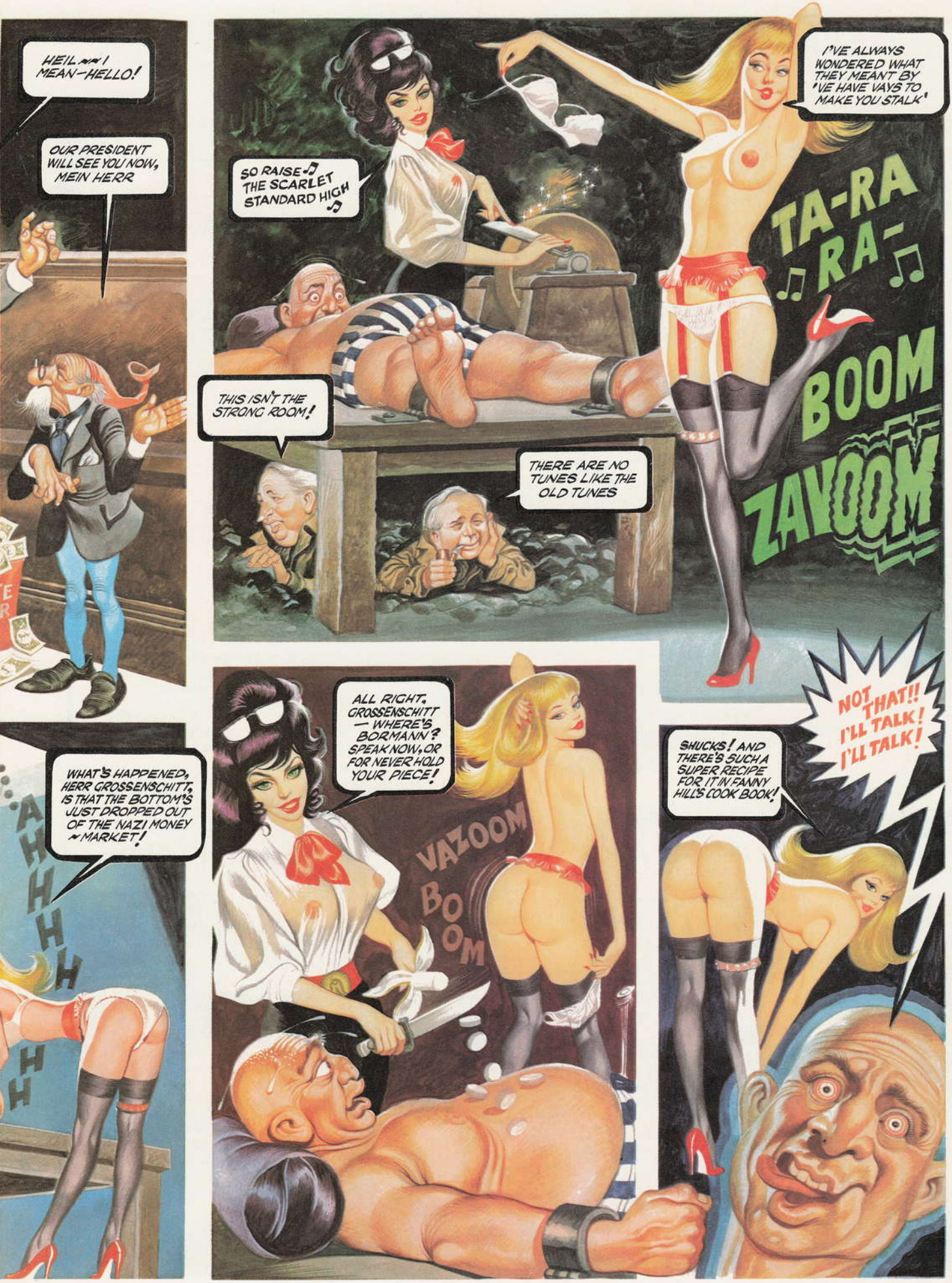

TO: Central Committee, Politburo
FROM: Foreign Operations Division, Ministerstvo Vnutrennikh Del
SUBJECT: Career Evaluation of Agent L-7
Richard M. Nixon
Agent L-7
President of U.S.A.
THE KREMLIN TAPES
Penthouse opens the Nixon dossier-
documents so astonishing
you will say "Gosh!"

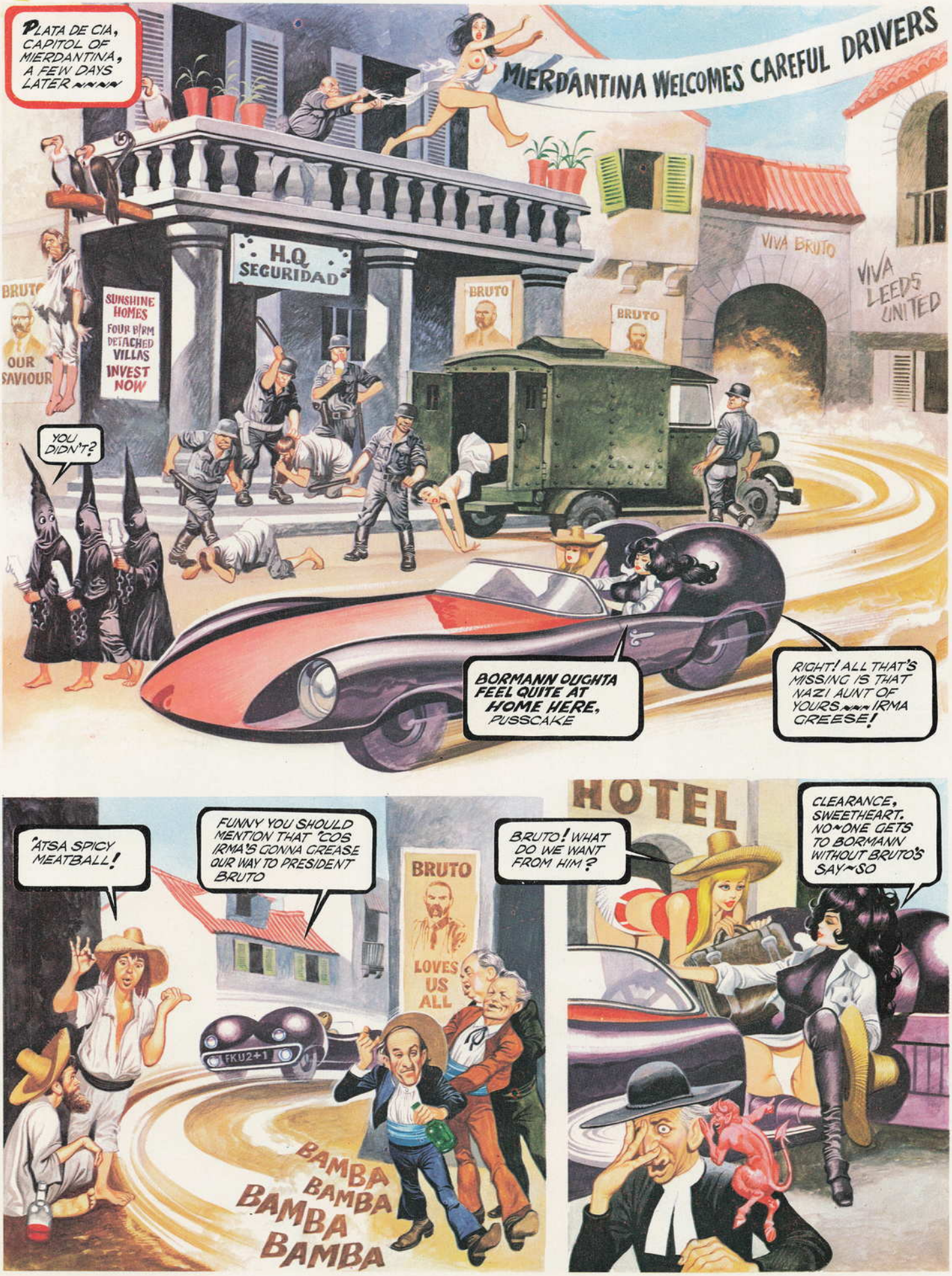
Ed Gallucci

TO: Central Committee, Politburo
FROM: Foreign Operations Division, Ministerstvo Vnutrennikh Del
SUBJECT: Career Evaluation of Agent L-7
BY: Jerome Doolittle

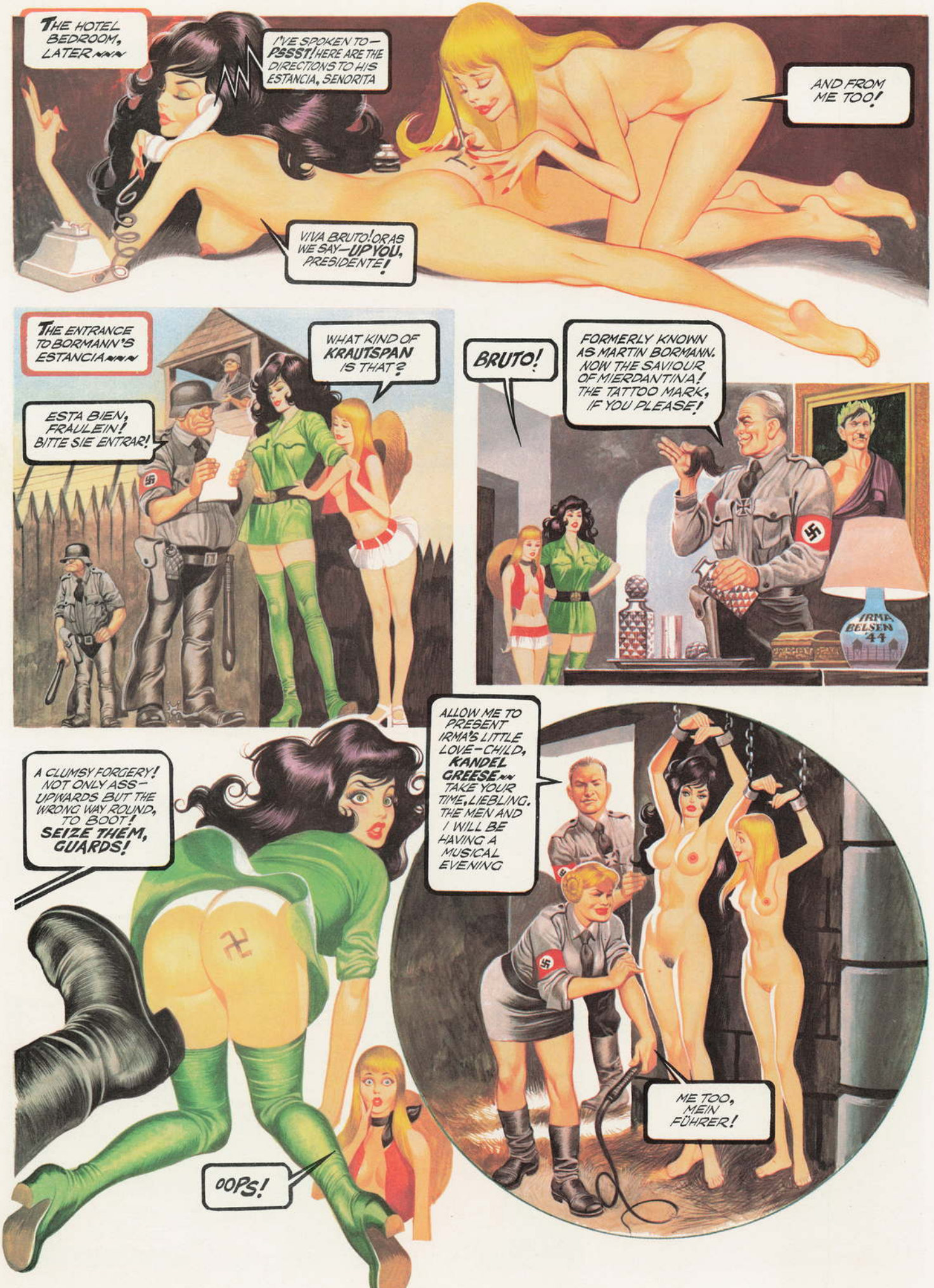
1. To aid the Central Committee in its decision on the matter of terminating Agent L-7, ForOps-MVD has prepared, as the Committee has directed, the following evaluation of L-7's career. The evaluation is based upon material drawn from Career Foreign Agent L-7's annual fitness and efficiency reports dating back to 1934.
2. In that year, two members of a CP cell at Whittier College recruited L-7 as an agent in place. L-7's pre-recruitment evaluation adjudged him to be an intelligent if somewhat introverted young man, possessed of great ambition and no discernible political convictions. He was instantly amenable to our offer of Party funds to finance his studies at Duke University Law School. Both of the comrades who carried out the recruiting were later terminated for routine security reasons when L-7's political career began to show promise.
3. This career did not begin until after World War II, when the MVD's predecessor, the NKVD, funded L-7's successful campaign for election to the U.S. House of Representatives. (Earlier efforts to plant L-7 in the FBI had failed when they refused to hire him.)
4. As is standard practice for our agents in the capitalist countries, L-7 was instructed to pose as a vigorous anti-Communist, both to advance his career and to draw, if we may be permitted a small joke, a "red" herring across his path. To solidify L-7's reputation as a staunch opponent of socialism, we supplied him with information about various low-level American Party members and fellow-travelers, all of them deemed expendable in the interest of furthering L-7's political rise. In the most successful such operation, longtime Party member Whittaker Chambers collaborated closely with L-7 in what became known as the Hiss Case.
5. Thus aided and directed by ForOps, L-7 was able to construct such a reputation as a "Commie hunter" as to enable him to win election to the U.S. Senate in 1950. So successful were our "red-baiting" tactics that L-7 was chosen by his party to run for Vice President in 1952.
6. During this campaign, inadequate security measures on L-7's part resulted in the public revelation of an $18,000 special fund made available to him by ForOps. This difficult situation was salvaged by a speech drafted for him by the Psychological Warfare branch of ForOps. L-7 was severely reprimanded.
7. The period of L-7's Vice Presidency was chiefly distinguished by ForOps initiatives designed to increase his somewhat unimpressive stature as a world statesman. Most effective among these were the spitting incident staged by our agents in Caracas and the so-called "kitchen debate," in which Comrade Khrushchev was kind enough to cooperate. Otherwise, the low regard in which President Eisenhower held L-7 sharply limited his usefulness to us during this period. It is true that L-7 advised his chief to embroil the U.S. in such futile, costly, and absurd ventures as those in Laos and elsewhere in Indochina. But in this, L-7's efforts, while welcome, were far less influential than those of Agent M-6, the Secretary of State.
8. Our considerable investment in L-7 appeared to be lost after his defeats by Kennedy in 1960 and by Brown in 1962. But ForOps nevertheless provided him with a modest pension, which he decided to augment by part-time work with a New (CONTINUED ON PAGE 141)

OH, WICKED WANDA!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WANDA WANTS MARTIN BORMANN TO MATE WITH BERNIE FISHFINGER IN HER MUSEUM OF (FROZEN) MISFITS. FISHFINGER IS IN THE BAG. AN EMISSARY FROM THE FORMER NAZI LEADER PRESENTS HIMSELF AT ONE OF WANDA'S SWISS BANKS
A LOAN?
CORDE
WAST PAPE
THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
MY FÜHRER WISHES TO KNOW WHY YOU HAVE FROZEN HIS LIQUID ASSETS?
AUNT FRED
AUNT LOTTIE
AUNT MAUD
CLICK
INFLATION POLICY
LAUGHS
CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME
A VAULT IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
EEH.
IF THEY WON'T GIVE IT TO US—WE'LL GET IT OURSELVES!

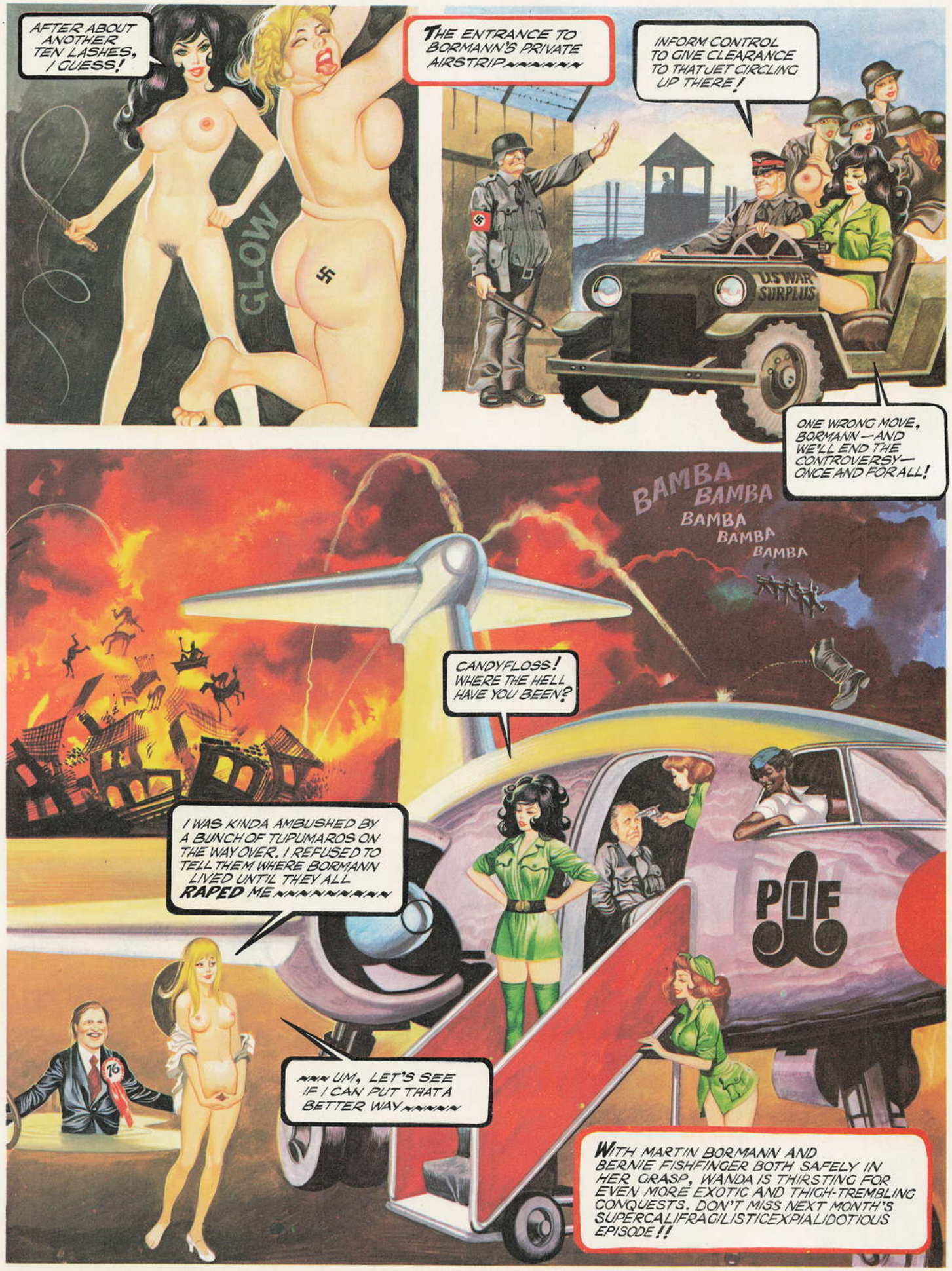

HEIL ~~HIT~~! I MEAN—HELLO!
OUR PRESIDENT WILL SEE YOU NOW, MEIN HERR
SO RAISE ♫ THE SCARLET STANDARD HIGH ♫
I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THEY MEANT BY 'VE HAVE VAYS TO MAKE YOU STALK'
TA-RA ♫ RA- ♫
BOOM
ZAVOOM
THIS ISN'T THE STRONG ROOM!
THERE ARE NO TUNES LIKE THE OLD TUNES
WHAT'S HAPPENED, HERR GROSSENSCHITT, IS THAT THE BOTTOM'S JUST DROPPED OUT OF THE NAZI MONEY ~~MARKET~~!
AHHHHH
ALL RIGHT, GROSSENSCHITT — WHERE'S BORMANN? SPEAK NOW, OR FOR NEVER HOLD YOUR PIECE!
VAZOOM
BOOM
SHUCKS! AND THERE'S SUCH A SUPER RECIPE FOR IT IN FANNY HILL'S COOK BOOK!
NOT THAT!! I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!


PLATA DE CIA, CAPITOL OF MIERDANTINA, A FEW DAYS LATER~~~
MIERDANTINA WELCOMES CAREFUL DRIVERS
H.Q SEGURIDAD
SUNSHINE HOMES FOUR B/RM DETACHED VILLAS INVEST NOW
BRUTO
OUR SAVIOUR
VIVA BRUTO
VIVA LEEDS UNITED
YOU DIDN'T?
BORMANN OUGHTA FEEL QUITE AT HOME HERE, PUSSCAKE
RIGHT! ALL THAT'S MISSING IS THAT NAZI AUNT OF YOURS~~~ IRMA GREESE!
'ATSA SPICY MEATBALL!
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT 'COS IRMA'S GONNA GREASE OUR WAY TO PRESIDENT BRUTO
LOVES US ALL
FKU2+1
BAMBA BAMBA BAMBA BAMBA
BRUTO! WHAT DO WE WANT FROM HIM?
HOTEL
CLEARANCE, SWEETHEART. NO~ONE GETS TO BORMANN WITHOUT BRUTO'S SAY~SO

IN THE DINING-ROOM OF HIS PRIVATE VILLA, NEXT DAY, PRESIDENT BRUTO IS DISTURBED AT HIS FAVOURITE PUSSTIME-NNN
BAMBA
BAMBA
NNN SAYS SHE'S A NIECE OF IRMA GREESE, PRESIDENTE. SHE BRINGS FUNDS FOR —PSSST!
FRISK HER. AND LET HER IN
ON SECOND THOUGHTS, LET HER IN AND I'LL FRISK HER!
ON THIRD THOUGHTS —I'LL FRISK HER!
DUCK OFF!
WHEN YOU'RE QUITE FINITO, PRESIDENTE-NNN
MUY BIEN! BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A JEW—OR ONE OF THOSE TUPUMARO PEEGS?
YOU DON'T. BUT UNCLE MARTIN WILL VOUCH FOR ME, WHEN I SHOW HIM A CERTAIN TATTOO MARK ON MY —H'M—PERSON!
CONTROL
CONTROL
LEAVE THE FUNDS HERE. I'LL CALL YOU


THE HOTEL BEDROOM, LATER...
I'VE SPOKEN TO— PSSST! HERE ARE THE DIRECTIONS TO HIS ESTANCIA, SENORITA
AND FROM ME TOO!
VIVA BRUTO! OR AS WE SAY— UP YOU, PRESIDENTE!
THE ENTRANCE TO BORMANN'S ESTANCIA...
WHAT KIND OF KRAUTSPAN IS THAT?
ESTA BIEN, FRAULEIN! BITTE SIE ENTRAR!
BRUTO!
FORMERLY KNOWN AS MARTIN BORMANN. NOW THE SAVIOUR OF MIERDANTINA! THE TATTOO MARK, IF YOU PLEASE!
IRMA BELSEN '44
A CLUMSY FORGERY! NOT ONLY ASS-UPWARDS BUT THE WRONG WAY ROUND, TO BOOT! SEIZE THEM, GUARDS!
OOPS!
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT IRMA'S LITTLE LOVE-CHILD, KANDEL GREESE... TAKE YOUR TIME, LIEBLING. THE MEN AND I WILL BE HAVING A MUSICAL EVENING
ME TOO, MEIN FÜHRER!

AFTER BRUTO HAS LEFT TO BE ENTERTAINED, WITH HIS GUARDS, BY A WANDERING TROOP OF FLAMENCO DANCERS...
WHY DON'T YOU AND I CHEW THINGS OVER A LITTLE BEFORE YOU WEAR YOURSELF OUT, BEAUTIFUL?
'CHEW'? WAS IST DAT? YOU MEAN MASTICATE?
CLICK CLICK CLICK
CLICKETY CLICK
OLÉ! CLICKETY
OLÉ!
OLÉ!
KLUNK CLACKETY KLUNK KLUNK CLACKETY
LOOK, AMIGO— THAT IS 'OW THE REECH LEEV!
THAT'S EUROPEAN CULTURE FOR YOU
SUDDENLY!
ALL RIGHT, BORMANN— TAKE ME TO OUR LEADER!
YOU COMING, WANDA?
ALL OUR MEN BRACED FOR ACTION, SIR!
SWISH YARAAA!
SWISH FEEYOW!


AFTER ABOUT ANOTHER TEN LASHES, I GUESS!
GLOW
THE ENTRANCE TO BORMANN'S PRIVATE AIRSTRIP NNNNNNN
INFORM CONTROL TO GIVE CLEARANCE TO THAT JET CIRCLING UP THERE!
U.S WAR SURPLUS
ONE WRONG MOVE, BORMANN—AND WE'LL END THE CONTROVERSY—ONCE AND FOR ALL!
BAMBA
BAMBA
BAMBA
BAMBA
BAMBA
CANDYFLOSS! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?
I WAS KINDA AMBUSHED BY A BUNCH OF TUPUMAROS ON THE WAY OVER. I REFUSED TO TELL THEM WHERE BORMANN LIVED UNTIL THEY ALL RAPED ME NNNNNNNNN
POF
NNN UM, LET'S SEE IF I CAN PUT THAT A BETTER WAY NNNNN
WITH MARTIN BORMANN AND BERNIE FISHFINGER BOTH SAFELY IN HER GRASP, WANDA IS THIRSTING FOR EVEN MORE EXOTIC AND THIGH-TREMBLING CONQUESTS. DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOTIOUS EPISODE!!

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The Sensuous Judges

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

dismissed all charges against Stasny.

That night, at the invitation of the seemingly generous and helpful judge, the young man visited O'Conner at his summer beach home—only to discover in the course of the evening that the judge now expected a return favor. The next morning Stasny went to the police. The warrant, requested by State Attorney Otto J. Saur, charged that Judge O'Conner had committed indecent assaults against Stasny at his home in Old Mill Beach in Westport. Another complaint was filed against the judge involving a Richard Spiro, who had also supposedly been assaulted.

After posting bail, Judge O'Conner requested the presiding judge to relieve him immediately of his court assignments pending resolution of the charges. This request was granted, and the judge committed himself for treatment in the Hall-Brooke Institute in Westport. A short while later, his resignation was accepted by the governor.

At the trial the judge pleaded *nolo contendere* to the charge involving Stasny, and the state dropped the second charge involving Spiro. He was found guilty, immediately disbarred, and given a six-month suspended sentence. The presiding judge said that O'Conner had been "punished enough." And he had.

Last year a Michigan judge and his appointed magistrate allowed the "hands of justice" to wander too freely. As a result, the two courthouse Don Juans had their wrists slapped for forcibly fondling female court employees.

James Edgar was first elected to his $26,000 a year judgeship in Lansing, Michigan. Shortly thereafter, he appointed a friend, James Blodgett, to the position of magistrate. This pays $12,700 a year. The activities of Edgar and Blodgett caused courthouse jokes for months, and finally brought formal complaints. Blodgett, it seems, had spent his spare time unhooking brassieres and forcing women in the building to show their underwear "in good fun." Judge Edgar did more than looking. When the supreme court of Michigan fined the jurist $1,500 and censured him, it was not for mishandling a case but for mishandling women in court in a "familiar or suggestive manner." For one reason or another, the judge had confused one employee's underwear with an outgoing legal opinion, for he implanted his signature, unrequested, on her panties while she was still in them.

Despite the chief justice's stern warning, Edgar's fine and censure was viewed by many as only a token punishment which did little to restore dignity to the courthouse scene. One furious women's libber in the clerk's office demanded to know what would have happened if the ladies had dropped his honor's trousers and implanted their autographs on the judicial Jockeys.

More recently, both Edgar and Blodgett have resigned.

> After a New York judge gave a seventeen-year-old high school student a mild reprimand in a juvenile action . . . he was rewarded in chambers by this "appreciative sweet young thing." She's now carrying the by-product of justice.

A cynic might have expected a noticeable slowdown in the extracurricular efforts of our sensuous judges since Watergate so sensationally ruptured American morality, but a little homework would dispel any such illusions. The degree of judicial hypocrisy seems to be directly proportionate to the degree of exposure of other government impropriety.

During the summer months of 1973 when the public was mesmerized by the Watergate scenario, the United States lost its vice president for a rather sensational failure to pay taxes. For what it's worth, another government official, a Kentucky judge, also had tax problems recently. Judge Neville Tucker was really tough on anybody who didn't follow the book of good citizenship. He would clobber those who appeared before him with unprecedented harshness for moral laxity. But when the judge was himself arrested and charged with failing to pay income taxes, he came up with a defense classic, "I was so busy with my work in court that I forgot to file my returns."

In New York State a supreme court judge is now desperately trying to muzzle a paternity suit brought by a seventeen-year-old high school student against him. She appeared as a defendant in a juvenile action before the judge and received a mild reprimand. The judge was rewarded in chambers by this "appreciative sweet young thing," and she's now carrying the by-product of justice. She is threatening suit and scandal if the judge doesn't increase the support he is already paying.

Then there is the New Jersey jurist who was accidently picked up in a massage parlor raid. . . . He was nude and having his equities handled by no less than three "masseuses." But the charges were quickly dropped, and today he's back on the bench guarding society and dispensing punishment for heinous sex offenses like prostitution.

There is finally some hope that the male dominance of our courts is really ending. More women than ever are appointed or elected to the bench, and after painstaking inquiry we found a female jurist worthy of joining the ranks of the sensuous judges. And she isn't a dirty old woman. As a justice of the peace, her court was generally informal, relaxed, and over early in the afternoon. Recently, during a recess, she "communicated" in chambers about a pending case with a state trooper serving as a witness. Their discussion of the evidence became quite animated—and her honor is now the other woman in the cop's divorce!

Underneath her blindfold, the Lady of Justice is clearly winking at us—perhaps we will yet learn not to expect judges to be better than anybody else!

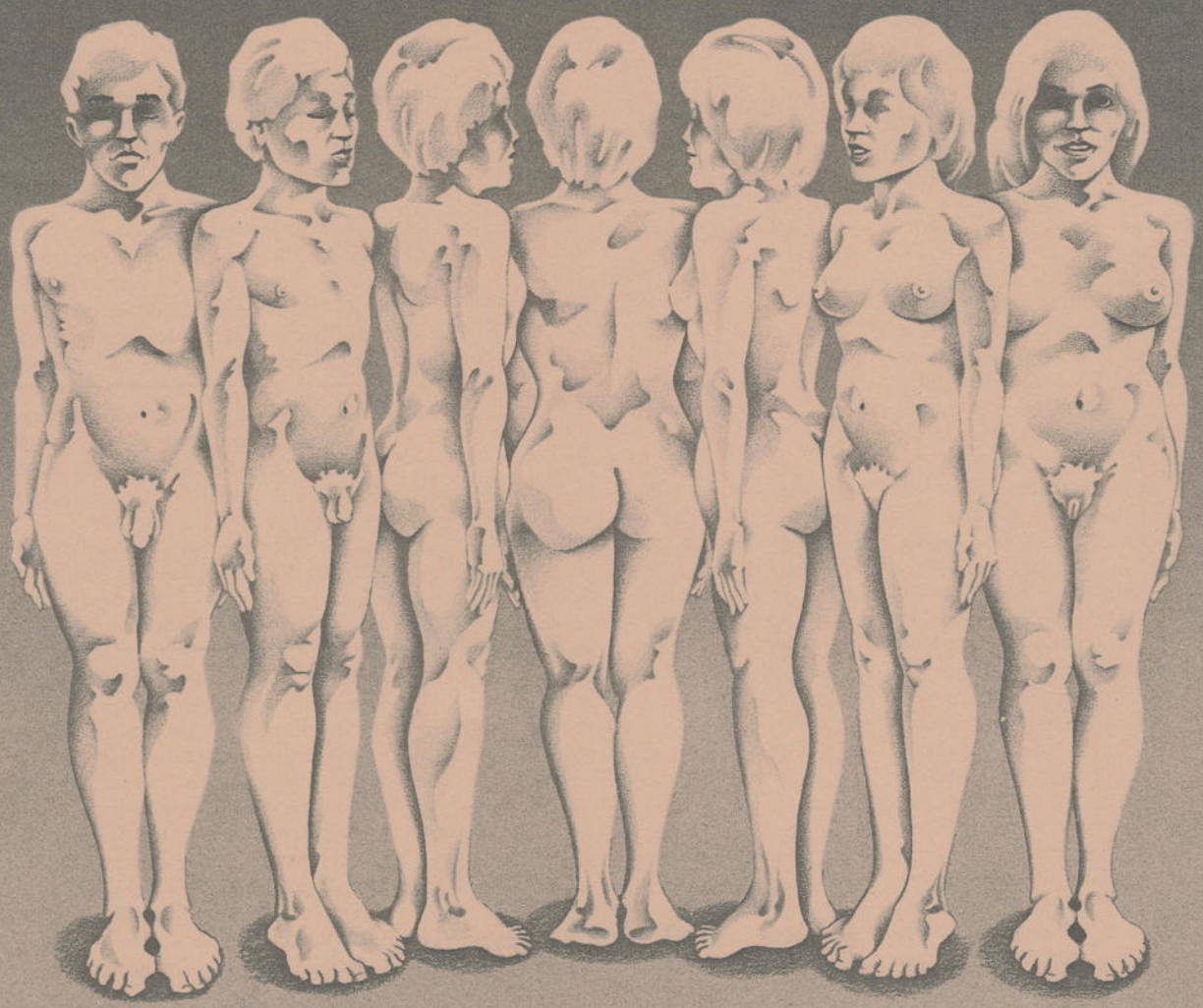
TRANSSEXUALS

Despising their genitals and social roles, they are men who want to be women, women who want to be men.

By Terri Schultz

In the United States there are thousands who live among us in fear and waiting, racked by the torment of being sexually displaced persons. Known as transsexuals, they are convinced they belong to the opposite sex and are driven by a compulsion to have the body, appearance, and social status of that sex. They live and pass in their adopted roles, and often attain hormonal, surgical, and legal sex reassignments.

One of them is Alice, whom you may have passed on the street with barely a glance, never suspecting his agony. Alice was born a male but always felt he should have been a female. He got hold of estrogen, the female hormone, when he was twelve by telling a veterinarian he needed it to castrate a stallion. Instead he injected himself, in a desperate attempt to enlarge his breasts, widen his hips, and shrink his unwanted penis. When that failed, he tied one end of a string to his penis and the other end to a doorknob and slammed the door. It was not an attempt at self-mutilation as much as an act of pathetic frustration. His penis survived, and it was another decade before Alice was castrated by



Michael Kanerek / Whistlin Dixie

a surgeon's knife and finally found peace.

Transsexuals such as Alice, who are convinced they are the wrong sex, who despise their genitals and their social roles, who dress in the role of the sex they wish to be (known as crossdressing), seldom find happiness without sex-change surgery. Seeking other routes, some marry, and many seek therapy. But those marriages made before surgery almost never last. Psychotherapy has failed them miserably.

"I tried to live as a woman, and even married a man," says Robert, a female-to-male transsexual in Oakland, California. "But for me to put on a skirt and go with a guy was a homosexual act. Sex with a man made me sick to my stomach. Teenage sex problems are bad enough, but when you don't even know for sure what sex you are, they're hell."

Transsexuals cannot be dismissed as "sick." In fact, most are diagnosed by psychiatrists as healthy and nonpsychotic. But, of all who are outside the sexual norm, they are the least understood. They are different from the transvestite, the man who wears women's clothing as a fetish to turn himself on, but who may still enjoy intercourse with women. They differ, too, from the male homosexual "drag queen" who parades in female clothing as a charade, a mockery of women. They are not homosexuals who prefer lovers of the same sex. Transvestites and drag queens don't always mind being "read" or recognized on the street as being of the opposite sex. But transsexuals dread it. They want to *be* women or *be* men.

Transsexualism begins in children who are too young to understand the sexual implications of their genitals. Dr. Richard Green, the thirty-six-year-old director of the Gender Identity Research and Treatment Program at the UCLA School of Medicine in Los Angeles, is studying fifty feminine boys aged four to ten who began crossdressing regularly before they were six years old. He began the study in 1968, and has recorded his initial results in his recent book *Sexual Identity Conflict in Children and Adults* (Basic Books).

His young patients have an interest in women's clothing that borders on obsession. They use towels for wigs, T-shirts for dresses, and crossdress secretly if parents object. The "normal" male child tries on mother's heels or her dress to see if he can make it across the room without breaking his neck, and then goes out to play ball. But the children in Green's study shun rough-and-tumble sports, take the role of mother or sister when playing house, and prefer dolls to other toys.

Green and his colleague, Dr. Robert Stoller, professor of psychiatry at UCLA, found that some of these children come from families where the mother dominates and often feels depressed or worthless. The father is often physically absent or emotionally withdrawn, or is a superstud so threatening that his son shuns things that seem masculine. The mother often touches the child excessively, makes no demands on him, and tends to his every need—in effect keeping him in a womblike state. "She holds her perfect child in an endless embrace," says Stoller. "As a result, her son does not learn where his own body ends and hers begins."

There is little comparable research on the female-to-male transsexual, partly because four times as many men as women with transsexual problems seek professional help. Sex experts believe there are fewer female-to-male transsexuals because it is more permissible to grow up as a tomboy than as an effeminate male in our society. Also, boys have to go through the complicated process of breaking away from the mother's pull before they can adopt their own masculine identity—a process girls are able to bypass.

> Transsexuals are the Uncle Toms of our society; they believe the stereotypes and are conservative in most things, including sexual relations.

Transsexuals say there are just as many female-to-male as there are male-to-female transsexuals, but that they stay better hidden. In any case, most parents ignore early signs of transsexualism. They wait until the child is eight or nine years old before bringing him or her in for treatment, and by then it may be too late.

Transsexuals who are not helped may go so far as to sacrifice, through surgery, their capacity for normal sexual enjoyment in order to live in a comfortable role. "When gender is your problem, there is no release from suffering. I was willing to do without sex rather than keep my genitals," says Alice, the twenty-nine-year-old male-to-female transsexual who tried to castrate herself. (Because Alice has completed sex-change surgery, I will refer to her as female from now on.) "All transsexuals pray 'Dear God, make me a woman.' But if they woke up one morning with a vagina and breasts, but still had to wear male clothes and play the same male games, they would not feel God had answered their prayers. Culture is more important than genitalia."

Sex experts agree with Alice. They point out that the surgical vagina created in the male-to-female transsexual, although it can often function like a normal vagina, may be constructed poorly and is easily infected. The female-to-male transsexual must be content with clitoral orgasms, even if he has a surgically constructed penis. All efforts to create a functional penis through "phalloplasty," or skin grafting, have failed and any resulting appendage is only for show.

Transsexuals often consider the day of surgery as their real "birthday." For all practical purposes, Alice was born on the operating table at the age of twenty-six: she changed not only her sex but her birth records, her job, her name, her home. As an effeminate young man growing up in Boston, Alice had lived a life of isolation. Friends and family mocked him. He moved to the West Coast, married a woman whom he considered "like a sister," then had sex-change surgery and now lives with her "wife" on a farm, where they rear the wife's child by a previous marriage and breed timber wolves for a living.

"I tried for twenty years to conform to masculinity, but I failed miserably. I always looked like a girl," says Alice. "Besides, I came from the classical transsexual background—a dominant mother and a weak and absent father. He died when I was nine."

Alice also works with psychiatrists in the private West Coast university where she had her sex changed. She helps to screen transsexuals who apply for surgery there: criteria for acceptance are the intensity and duration of the emotional pain. "Nobody knows anything about sexuality, that's the problem," she says bitterly. "But transsexuals know about loneliness. Loneliness shoots right through your soul."

Alice carries her femininity with confidence, and the once-shy man now comes across as a no-nonsense woman. She slaughters her own beef, chops wood, and paneled her own living room. She favors blue jeans and turtleneck sweaters. Her only jewelry is a women's liberation medallion—a clenched fist in the center of the female symbol. She carries herself with grace, however, and wears a hint of pink lipstick. Above Sophia Loren-like cheekbones created by silicone, her big brown eyes sparkle generously and often. Only her thick wrists and muscled shoulders give any hint of her past.

Alice's wife, Jane, is a tall, slender woman with a peaches-and-cream complexion, fine features, and deep red hair. Alice and Jane were friends and occasional lovers (although never in the strictly heterosexual sense, be-

cause Alice never used her penis for sex) long before Alice had the operation that transformed her to a woman. Their marriage, one of convenience, enabled Jane to keep her daughter by a previous marriage. She married Alice knowing full well about the planned surgery. Neighbors believe they are sisters, or lesbians. "Most male-to-female transsexuals find themselves attracted to women," Alice says. "After all, they have been beaten by men, mocked by men, for all the early years of their lives. I put up with their persecution for twenty years. How can I like men now? I stay with Jane because of her sensitivity—she gives me a sense of security. We have a hell of a lot more in common than most men and women living together. We don't have sex anymore, although we like to cuddle." At this point, Jane interrupts. "I was married for five years the first time," she says. "And I don't understand how any woman can live with a man."

The masculine role threatened Alice while she was living as a man, yet she feels free to act more masculine while living as a woman. "I'm just learning," says Alice, "that just because I haul a shovel doesn't mean I'm less feminine." Yet she refuses to cook or clean in her own home, as if that would make her too feminine. She reads feminist books, but also hangs a girlie calendar above the kitchen sink. In fact, she's a male and female chauvinist at the same time.

"My wife and I are often in competition with each other for men," she says. "We go to bars together and see who can get a man first. I usually do. Men say they're more comfortable talking to me. I think it's because I have a male brain, even though I definitely view myself as a woman. It's easy to take the average woman and make her come unstrung. Not me. From the time they are little, women are taught to be quiet, subdued, noncompetitive. At least I wasn't subjected to that as a child. I can usually talk women right out of a conversation."

And what happens when she gets the man in bed? "One guy was really on a breast trip, and he turned me off. So I figured he would be a good one on whom to spring the fact that I am a transsexual. At first he had the usual male reaction, put his hand to his head and said, 'I can't believe it!' Then we went to bed and we did the whole bit, cunnilingus, everything, and it didn't make any difference at all. In fact, the best sexual experience I ever had was with a man who never even got into me at all. Frankly, he was too big—ten, no, ten and a half inches. But he was great. I think the ideal lover would be a man without a penis."

Alice is generally pleased with her new life, although she did go through a period of depression for a few months following surgery. "It's a very confusing thing to be given your dream. You ask yourself: now what? But after the initial panic, you learn to take pride in your new womanhood," she says. "I look at it in terms of the alternatives. I could spend the rest of my life socially paralyzed, miserable, or begin my real life a quarter-century after I was born. We transsexuals go through a lot of persecution, and if we survive at all we end up indestructible. Dorothy here would be dead by now if she hadn't been strong." She nods in the direction of Dorothy, a frail young man in woman's dress, a houseguest who has been quietly listening to the conversation.

I refer to Dorothy as "he" only because he hasn't yet had surgery; he's a china-doll of a woman, slightly built, painfully shy, with a wispy voice and alabaster complexion. He was born to a family in a small conservative Wyoming town, which was always unreceptive to his persistent tendency to act female.

> Marcello is a short, fat man with beefy arms and a full black beard. He is an ex-nun. "I was also very religious then. But I learned you can't hide from God."

He was once attacked by neighborhood boys who stuck pins in his genitals, but the physical pain was slight compared with the emotional trauma. "When my mother died, I was seven, and my family claimed she died because I broke her heart," Dorothy says. He went to a small Western college, but couldn't stand the incessant taunting. Now he is receiving hormone treatments and electrolysis to remove facial and body hair before going through transsexual surgery.

The movement of his hands, the sway of his hips, the lift of his chin—once sources of ridicule—now save and comfort him. In order to live socially as a woman, he has given up family, friends, education—his entire male past. The "roles" of male and female are so divergent, so alien, that Dorothy can find no alternative to surgery—the most drastic solution to his obsessive search for perfect femininity. This search is an all-consuming effort including a total awareness of body language, makeup, clothing, speech patterns, and habits.

"Play-acting is an important, probably a basic part of transsexualism," says Dr. John Money, professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, and an expert on transsexualism. "They learn gender roles just like we learn a language. Children with early manifestations of transsexualism are especially adept at role-playing, just as children are especially fluent in languages they learn at an early age. From childhood, transsexuals have this burning ambition to play a role they're not. As adults, a disproportionate number go into drama and theater, because when they finally achieve their goal to live as a different sex, when they've proved they can do it, that's the show-the-world phenomenon, the theatrical part."

A large proportion of male-to-female transsexuals do show off their new bodies by going into burlesque, topless dancing, or prostitution. Fellow transsexuals, especially female-to-male transsexuals, often denounce this sexploitation, afraid that it will create a bad image for those who want to merge anonymously into middle-class life. "Transsexuals," Alice says, "are usually the Uncle Toms of our society; they believe the stereotypes and are conservative in most things, including sexual relations." This is especially true of the female-to-male, who usually tries to blend in with WASP suburbia. But in a continuing effort to reaffirm their new femininity, many male-to-female transsexuals offer their vaginas and breasts up for male adoration. Most were doing similar numbers before surgery; after surgery they simply do it with more relish, for they no longer need to use tape or Kotex to bind their detested male organs. Now, with nothing left to hang out, they can let it all hang out.

Regina Renée "lived in drag" (dressed as a woman) for twenty years before she had sex-change surgery on October 12, 1972, at Yonkers Hospital in New York. Now thirty-nine, she is manager of the R.A.R. Night Club in Philadelphia, which uses her transsexualism as a drawing card, and occasionally she dances at other nearby clubs. "Men say they like me because I've been on both sides of the fence," she gushes when we meet. "And I'm a 44D—be sure to put down the D part. Don't I have a beautiful body?" She spins around on her sandals; her body is striking indeed. She carries a 44-26-40 on her five-foot ten-inch frame, accented by a barely buttoned pale pink blouse, size 38, and equally tight slacks. Her long silver hair, part real, part wig, is heavily teased. She wears thick pink lipstick, and large gold hoop earrings dangle from small, close ears that are also

a product of modern medicine. The change of sexual identity, including a new nose, ears, cheeks, and five years' worth of female hormones, cost her about $15,000. Surgery and the hospital stay alone were $3,500.

We spend a night on the town in staid and quiet Philadelphia: first, coffee in a gay restaurant, followed by dinner with a man in conservative business suit who drives us around town in his black Lincoln and who, Regina confides, is her longtime bisexual friend; next, a tour of two gay bars—Land of Oz and then Harlow's, which is presided over by another transsexual, Harlow, a stunning Vogue-fashion type who also uses her transsexualism to promote bar business; finally Regina meets a blind date—a construction worker supposedly ignorant of her sexual history—at the bar of the Rickshaw Inn in nearby Cherry Hill, New Jersey.

Regina is bold, brassy, and, to her detractors, a gaudy symbol of the image most transsexuals wish to avoid. But she is very much her own woman. "We all have God-given rights to be individuals. Our Constitution guarantees it, although it doesn't always protect it," she says. "But I have a way of getting what I want. And I wanted nothing worse than surgery. Mockery only made me stronger, more determined than ever to get it."

She denies any misgivings about her operation. "I lived thirty-eight years as a man; that's enough," she says. "When I finally decided on the operation, I got the $3,500 to pay for it in three months—I have a few nice gentlemen friends who were, shall we say, kind," she winks. "I never used what I had, never enjoyed sex before surgery, and you don't miss what you don't use. Now I enjoy it tremendously; I jiggle in all the right places, and in bed I am ultra-unreal. I have complete vaginal muscle control. Of course, I don't spread it around. I sit on it and cherish it. But I do love flattery. I love to turn men on, to listen to the street-corner comments. What woman doesn't—even if she's ugly?"

In the bathroom of the Rickshaw Inn, she insists on showing me her vagina; before I can protest, she unzips her slacks, pulls them to her knees, and spreads her vaginal lips so I can see that it does, indeed, look just like the real thing, complete with pubic hair and some penile remnants that vaguely resemble a clitoris. One female-to-male transsexual nurse told me later he couldn't stand male-to-female transsexual patients like Regina. "Their whole life generates from the vagina," he said. "They run up and down the hospital corridors bragging about their new boxes. And nobody's life emanates from between the legs, I don't care what you say."

Satisfied that I have seen her inner plumbing, Regina returns to the bar in high spirits, and insinuates to the construction worker that she and I are very close friends. "He thinks we're lovers, isn't that funny," she finally turns to me and mumbles gleefully, hand coyly in front of her mouth. "I drive men wild, can you believe it?" she whispers. A woman on the small stage a few feet away from us is in the middle of the song "I Did It My Way," filled with overtones the lyricist never intended. Saturated by Regina's sexual fantasies and the young man's diligent efforts to bed her, I hover between laughter and tears when Regina turns once more to me. "Relax, enjoy yourself," she admonishes. "Let me tell you, honey, life won't wait for you, you have to grab it and enjoy it."

Regina's life has been anything but fun. She was born and reared in a Pennsylvania coal-mining town, with seven sisters and three brothers. The sisters were closer to her in age, so she played house with them. "I was very good in school, but I quit because the kids were making fun of me," she says. "It was mental torture." Like other transsexual boys, she says she acted feminine from earliest memory. "When I was eight and a half, and was a very gorgeous boy-girl, five or six boys took me to the woods and pulled me down and made me have sex with them. It hurt because they did it from the back, but I never told my parents about it because I was afraid. A week later the boys did it again, and, well, it didn't hurt as much and I sort of got into it, you know? We didn't have any sex education. I enjoyed it and the boys enjoyed it so I figured it must be okay.

"When I was eleven, I realized I was a girl. I started to dress in drag when I was sixteen, and never went out of it after that. My mother loved it; she said I looked a million times better. My father, who was a mechanic, thought it was sick. But my mother was the boss. My father died when I was twenty-one, and my family's been 100 percent behind me ever since."

In her early teens, Regina worked the red-light district in town. "The people in town thought I was just plain crazy, of course. But a woman who ran one of the houses there adored me. Some men knew I was just dressed in drag. For those who didn't I would put on a rag [sanitary napkin] and would say I was having my period and would just oral sex them. One time a guy did grab me down there but it turned out he was bisexual anyway." When she was seventeen, Regina moved to Philadelphia, became a dancer, and has lived there since.

A child's basic gender identity, or sense of itself as male or female, is almost completely formed within the first thirty months of life, and attempts to change it later usually end in trauma. There are two aspects to this identity: chromosomes, hormones, and genitals determine sex; social roles taught from birth determine gender. When sex and gender agree, the result is a male (sex) who is masculine (gender) or a feminine female. Problems begin when sex and gender disagree. There is, of course, no doubt that society plays a crucial role in our childhood development. But we now know that the fetus itself contains the seeds of dual sexuality, and that biology may play more of a role than we now suspect in determining our immunity or susceptibility to gender identity conflict.

At conception, the baseline of sexual tissue is feminine, which means it will develop as a girl unless it receives some male sex hormones in the womb. Whether it will receive the male sex hormone is determined by a set of double chromosomes: XX in the female (the second X is necessary for the ovary to fully differentiate) and XY in the male (the Y is necessary for the testes to differentiate). If the embryo is programmed by its XY chromosomes to develop as a male, it will normally receive these necessary male hormones from the embryonic testes during a crucial point in fetal development, believed to be around the third month. But even the XX and XY chromosomes do not guarantee that the proper hormones will be administered or that the baby will be born with its genitals intact. If no male hormone is added during development in the womb, or if the fetus is unable to use the hormone, it will not masculinize, even if it is a genetic XY male. On the other hand, if too much male hormone is added to a genetic XX female embryo, the external genitals will masculinize, although internally the baby will have a uterus and ovaries. Accidents of this type occasionally happen, producing a genetic man with a uterus, or a genetic woman with a penis. These "intersexuals," sometimes called "hermaphrodites," have special biological problems that, if handled properly, do not have to lead to transsexualism.

Suzy, for example, was born a normal male, but was accidentally castrated during circumcision at the age of seven months. The parents brought their baby to Dr. Money at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. There it was decided to rear the child as a girl, and when Suzy was twenty-one months old, doctors performed initial surgery to reconstruct the genitals. Money reports in his book *Man & Woman, Boy & Girl* (Johns Hopkins Press), which he co-authored with Anke Ehrhardt, assistant professor of research in the departments of pediatrics and psychiatry at the State University of New York at Buffalo, that Suzy is now six years old and is "feminine" by the doctors' definitions—which means she likes frilly dresses, dolls, and helping her mother around the house. She feels like a girl in every way.

To the delight of science, Suzy has an identical twin brother, reared as a boy, whose childhood progress has also been followed.

He has developed into a completely "masculine" boy—which means he likes to roughhouse and play with tools. He defends his sister against all who threaten her.

Another intersexual, Tom, thought he was a normal boy until the age of eleven, when his breasts began to develop. When his parents took him in for tests, they learned their son was really their daughter, who had received an extra dose of male hormone while in the uterus. As a result, the baby was born with both a normal-looking, although small, penis, and with a uterus and ovaries that began secreting estrogen at puberty. Under Money's guidance, Tom decided to change his anatomical sex to match his male gender, and surgeons have subsequently removed his female organs. Now, several years later, Tom has girl friends in high school, races motorcycles, and is described by his doctors as a "gung-ho boy with no qualms about sexual relations."

Until recently, most of what we have learned about fetal sexual development comes from laboratory reports of the effects of sex hormones on unborn rats, guinea pigs, and monkeys. When injected with sex hormones of the opposite sex at critical times in their growth, these animals develop not only ambiguous genitals but also bisexual behavior. Female monkeys injected with male hormones will act like males, will be more aggressive and rough-and-tumble in their play, and will mount other females. Male rats injected with female hormones will "mother" their young. Researchers now believe that animals in the lower orders have the capacity to act out male or female roles, and the sex hormones simply change the thresholds of the brain centers that control such behavior. The more complex the animal, the more varied the response.

Money and Ehrhardt took this research a giant step forward and applied it to humans. They studied twenty-five girls born with somewhat masculinized genitals caused by excess androgen in the womb. They found that according to our cultural stereotypes of femininity the girls were more "tomboyish" than a matched set of "normal" girls, which meant they were more dominant and energetic, preferred team sports over dolls, wore more practical clothing, and valued a career over marriage. Money and Ehrhardt also tested ten genetic males who were unable to respond to the male hormones in their system, much as some diabetics are unable to use the insulin produced by their bodies. The ten males had been reared as female because they lacked external male genitals. They tested out—again under the old stereotypes—as extremely "feminine": they all wanted to be wives and mothers, and preferred playing with dolls to other games. Other feminine boys reared as boys were studied by UCLA's Dr. Richard Green and two Stanford psychiatrists, Irvin Yalom and Norman Fisk. They studied forty boys born to diabetic women treated with female hormones during pregnancy to prevent miscarriage. The boys were less aggressive, less assertive, and poorer athletes than a control group of boys not exposed to the hormones. The psychiatrists caution that the study is inconclusive, for chronically ill mothers could tend to overprotect their sons and interfere with their "aggressive" development.

It is dangerous to draw sociological conclusions from these biological data, and sex researchers know this. When sex researchers turn to cultural stereotypes as a basis for defining biological man and woman, they expose themselves to charges of chauvinism. Parts of sexual learning *were* undeniably imprinted into our psyches from the time of primal ooze: in lower animals, such as monkeys, newborn males are more aggressive and newborn females are more submissive. Closer to home, males in childhood and manhood almost always have penile erection during that stage of dream sleep called Rapid Eye Movement (REM)—indicating that dreaming and sexuality may be linked neurophysiologically. Extra doses of the male hormone androgen before birth may raise IQ, and during adulthood may increase the sex drive in both men and women; this would indicate that the hormone does affect the central brain system. But how many conclusions can be drawn in a field where fact and fantasy make such appealing bedfellows?

> "When I was eight and a half, and a gorgeous boy-girl, five or six boys took me to the woods and made me have sex with them. It hurt because they did it from the back. A week later the boys did it again and, well, it didn't hurt as much and I sort of got into it, you know?"

Most of what experts thought they knew about sexuality has already turned out to be myth. The idea that all women suffer from penis envy, that women are limited to only vaginal orgasms, that pornography leads to sex crimes, that women don't respond to sexy stories and pictures—all these ideas have been destroyed by research. Conclusions on sexuality run the risk of being self-fulfilling prophecies. Sex researchers try to step gingerly around the dilemma, which is like trying to swim without getting wet. Money, for example, points out that the only unalterable biological differences between sexes is that women menstruate, gestate, and lactate, and men impregnate. Simple enough; but even these boundaries can be hedged. His book *Man & Woman, Boy & Girl* discusses a multitude of cases such as those of Suzy and Tom, mentioned above, who were born in a gray sexual area that defies such easy definitions.

Feminist sociologist Alice Rossi of Goucher College, in Towson, Maryland, studied 15,000 women college graduates. Her original conclusions were sociological: the deviant 10 percent of the women who chose careers over marriage and wanted small families came from homes with an unhappy marriage, a dominant working mother, and an unsuccessful father. Then she read Ehrhardt's studies on androgen levels, and now hypothesizes that these women could also have excess androgen. "Many of my feminist friends consider me close to a traitor," she writes in the book *Contemporary Sexual Behavior* (Johns Hopkins Press), and she concludes that so little research has been done on the conflicting roles of biology and environment that she cannot flatly reject a possible hormonal influence on human sexual behavior.

All of this is academic to transsexuals, who have more practical dilemmas to live with. These are more often social than sexual. "I work in a world where the other guys would just drop dead if they knew about me," says Marcello, a female-to-male transsexual who works for a staid New York insurance company. "My wife and I have the respect of our neighbors, we have friends and co-workers who respect us. That's what life is all about. If I exposed the truth about myself to them, I would be ruined," he says.

Marcello is an ex-nun. He lives with his wife, Norma, in a lower-middle-class suburb of New York City. They were married shortly after his sex change in March 1969. Like most female-to-male transsexuals, Marcello embraces middle-class values. He wants desperately "to belong." He is proud of his conservatism, and says he understands why neighbors would look askance if they knew about his past life as a woman and a nun. "My attitudes are chauvinist and old-fashioned," he says. He counsels other female-to-male transsexuals at the local hospital, and they share his views. "Most transsexuals

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believe deeply in stereotypes, in the validity and viability of sex roles—they become 'super' males and females. I believe my wife should cook dinner and I should be the boss. What's wrong with that?

"My wife and I are like everyone else, except we have no children." Well, almost like everyone else. The large poster over his kitchen table says: "Some men see things as they are and say why. I dream things that never were and say why not." Marcello shows me pictures of several other female-to-male transsexuals and their wives, which he keeps in a photo album beside his own wedding pictures. Some of the "men" are strikingly handsome. "Those transsexuals having surgery at the age of twenty-one have it made," he sighs. "They are young, and can be fathers to children who have been conceived through artificial insemination. But we did it at the other end of the age spectrum; I'm thirty-six and my wife is thirty-three. She's too old to have a first child."

Marcello is a short, fat man with beefy arms, a full and curly black beard, hairy chest, thick facial features, and a deeply bubbling laugh. His wife, a nurse at a nearby hospital, is a thin, pale, and silent woman, who looks older than her years. She met Marcello eleven and a half years ago, when they were both in nurses' training together. At the time, Marcello, still a woman, had just left the convent. "I told Norma the first day I saw her that we would become close friends," he says. "At that time, neither of us knew just how close."

Marcello says he entered a convent out of frustration, an inability to fit in anywhere else in society. His Italian father heartily approved. "I may have gone into the convent because the habit was one way to camouflage my body, which I hated," he says. "I was also very religious then. But I learned you can't hide from God. I finally decided to leave after two and a half years, because of the utter frustration at being aroused by women, the other nuns, who surrounded me." Like many female-to-male transsexuals, Marcello has remained religious. "I feel God really exists, and wanted these things to happen to me," he says. "He's given me some pretty rough blows, but he's also given me the strength to deal with my problems. All in all, he's treated me fair and square."

Marcello remembers being aroused by women during his childhood in Gary, Indiana. "When I was small I dreamt I was going to marry the lady next door and kiss her and kiss her—that was my idea of marriage then," he laughs. Like other transsexuals I met, he had no sex education as a child. "I experimented in sex with the little girl next door. When we played, I was always the conductor on the train, the daddy in the family. My father was a cop, an Italian cop. He was dominant in my family; you know—the same old story.

You take on the characteristics of the dominant parent. He communicated with the back of his hand. My mother died when I was twelve, my father remarried and sent me off to boarding school.

"I heard about Christine Jorgensen shortly after that, and used to go to bed praying I would wake up in the morning as a man." (In 1952, a GI changed his name to Christine Jorgensen, bleached his hair blond, had a sex-change operation in Copenhagen, and then told the world about it. She was the first transsexual to acknowledge her problem and her solution in public. Now in her mid-forties, she does some off-Broadway theater and makes appearances around the country to discuss her book *The Christine Jorgensen Story*.) "I went into the convent, then into nursing, but I couldn't escape my feelings," says Marcello. "I finally tried intercourse with a guy when I was twenty-two, just to see what it was like, but he couldn't penetrate me because I was a virgin. When I was thirty years old, I finally found someone to listen to me—Dr. Harry Benjamin." Benjamin, a pioneer in the field of gender-sex research, coined the term "transsexual" in the early 1950's following the Christine Jorgensen case, in which he was a consultant.

Marcello's father was bitter about the surgery, and died of a stroke two months after. Norma's parents, who own a farm in Kentucky, are gradually getting over the shock of their daughter's marriage to a transsexual. "I would never have told them, they would have never had to know, if Marcello hadn't gone home with me to visit them when he was still in women's dress," Norma says. "Their main concern was that our relatives and friends would recognize him when he returned as a man. But we've visited them several times, and so far no one has."

They lived together for eight years before becoming legally married following Marcello's surgery. Most of that time they lived hidden in the urban anonymity of Manhattan, where neighbors wouldn't bother them. "Our marriage was a great relief. Other marriages fail because people are young and must deal with new problems of growth within marriage. All our problems came before; first we built the house brick by brick, and now we live in it." Since Marcello never considered himself a woman, he never considered their former relationship as lesbian.

So far he has had a mastectomy to remove his breasts, a hysterectomy to remove his female organs, and hormones to promote the body hair and deep voice. He does not, however, have a penis. Last year doctors tried to graft skin from his thigh into a tube that resembled a penis, but it shriveled up. "I knew I was a guinea pig. It will be a while before I get up enough nerve to go through another try, though. I still recall the pain and horror of it all." He considers the abortive surgery a minor part of the price a transsexual pays for a new life. "You have to consider the price of moving, of changing your name, the money lost by going from job to job covering up your past, the weeks you lose from work while you're in surgery."

The "great feelings of frustration" he has about his missing appendage are more social than sexual, he insists. "It would be nice to be able to talk about sex exploits with the guys. If you have a nice one, there's nothing wrong with throwing it around a little, showing it off. I don't mean you should flash it around, but if someone sees it in the bathroom or dressing room . . . well, you know it's something you can be proud of." He must use the stalls in the men's bathroom when he wants to urinate. But he insists his sex life with his wife is not really hindered. He can still have clitoral orgasms, as can his wife. "Our sex life is just fine," Norma says. "I don't feel I need a penis to be sexually fulfilled. Marcello is tender and sensitive in bed, and knows what pleases me." And for her added pleasure he has developed a "prosthetic phallic device" which he calls a PPD—an artificial penis made of silicone that looks like a dildo but has a vaginal "plug" that fits snugly into the vagina of the female-to-male transsexual. It can be used both for urination and intercourse, says Marcello, but would be inconvenient to wear all day because it is always erect. Marcello plans to begin selling them soon at $125 apiece, but only to other transsexuals. "This is a medical prosthesis. It will not be for the general public," says his advertising flier.

At least five hundred transsexuals have already had sex-change surgery in this country, many of them at Johns Hopkins, which opened the first gender-identity clinic in 1966. And the phenomenon is not unique to the United States. Dr. Roberto Granato, a New York urologist who has performed more than one hundred male-to-female transsexual operations in hospitals in the New York City area, says he receives calls "every day" from transsexuals or their psychiatrists in Mexico, Puerto Rico, and Canada, and has been asked to consult in South America and the Netherlands. The Erickson Educational Foundation in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which disseminates information and supports research on transsexualism, reports there are now more than thirty gender clinics in this country. But only a dozen surgeons have had experience performing transsexual operations here. Doctors told me that because of American eligibility requirements, only one in ten who request the surgery receives it; many go instead to Tijuana or Casablanca, where doctors do a healthy business in sex-changes.

All those who receive surgery must meet certain requirements. They must go through at least one year of psychiatric evaluation, live in their chosen sex role for one year, have a complete check of their endocrine glands to be sure nothing is physically wrong with them, and complete a series of hormone treatments—the female-to-males receive male hormones to lower the voice and grow body hair, the male-to-females receive female hormones to raise the voice and round out the breasts and hips. The male-to-female also needs painful and expensive electrolysis treatment to remove facial hair, and often wants silicone implants in the breasts and cheeks and plastic surgery on the nose, Adam's apple, and sometimes ears. "In sum," says Granato, "by the time she gets to me, I want the patient to be a woman with a penis." The female-to-male is required to have a hysterectomy and mastectomy.

Transsexuals are also expected to pay the surgical and hospital fees prior to surgery. These usually run around $4,000 for the male-to-female procedure, and around $6,000 for the more complicated female-to-male procedure.

While reputable doctors insist their patients follow the above procedures before surgery, some transsexuals say anyone can get surgery if they've got the cash. Some insurance companies in some states cover the cost of the operation. Some states will also put the patient on "total disability" welfare while they are changing sexes.

The surgery itself is painful, bloody because of the spongy tissues involved, and not always successful. In the male-to-female operation, which takes about two hours, the testes are removed and either the penile skin or a graft from the thigh is used as a "sleeve" to line the artificial vagina, which surgeons create by cutting into the body at the position of the normal female vagina. The sensitive scrotal skin that contained the testes is shaped into a clitoris. The patient is kept in the hospital for about a week, but is required to wear, for four to eight months, a vaginal "stint," a piece of foam rubber or plastic that keeps the vaginal canal open. This is worn a few hours each day until the vagina is completely healed.

The results can be good enough to fool gynecologists and lovers. Almost all male-to-female transsexuals can achieve orgasm, thanks to a psychological phenomenon called "metaplasia," in which grafted tissue gradually takes on the characteristics of the tissue it is supposed to replace. "Almost 100 percent of the patients have a fantastic ability to have orgasm," Granato says. Bit by bit, the inverted penile skin begins to lubricate itself during intercourse, acting like a normal vagina. The remaining atrophied internal male sex organs also help out occasionally by emitting small amounts of ejaculate. The prostate gland, which is situated behind the new vaginal skin,

and the urethra at the top of the vagina are also erogenous areas, especially when friction is created by the thrusting motion of the penis.

Unfortunately, the female-to-male operation is not as satisfactory, because no one has yet been able to produce a functional penis through surgery. Not all female-to-males insist on a genital construction, since the male hormone testosterone administered by mouth and injections often enlarges the clitoris enough for a tiny but highly sensitive penis-substitute. The artificial penis, for those who want it, is usually created by cutting a flap of skin down from the belly and molding it into a suitable shape. The center is left hollow so a stiffener can be inserted for intercourse. The labia majora are converted into a scrotum, and silicone balls are implanted for testes. The clitoris is left intact, because it remains the only source of orgasm. The results are usually dissatisfying to doctor and patient alike. The males never escape the frustration of incomplete sex organs. "The males are really obsessed with their sexual inabilities, although it doesn't seem to bother the wives," says Dr. Benito Rish, a New York plastic surgeon who has operated on more than a hundred female-to-male transsexuals. "Postoperatively they quiet down for a while, but then they begin talking again about their frustrations," he says. "There is not much feeling," agrees one newly created male in Oakland, who is nonetheless enormously pleased with the esthetic results. "It is much like screwing with a dildo."

The most logical solution—penile transplants—does not seem feasible at this time, doctors say, because it would involve attaching dozens of small blood vessels, many more in number and smaller in size than those involved in heart transplants.

But surgeons define the overall success of these operations in terms that encompass more than just their technical skills. "The most important factor of success is the patient's mental attitude," Granato says. Rish agrees. "The transsexual's problem must remain on the operating table. The only criteria for success," he says, "are the overall appearance of the surgery and the psychological makeup of the patient." Surgeons and psychiatrists would like to follow the mental health and social lives of their patients after surgery, but seldom do, for most patients move away, change their names and lives, marry, and try to forget about their past. "I never discharge them. They just don't come back," Granato says.

There are occasional rumors of postoperative transsexuals committing suicide, but the overwhelming majority seem happier after the surgery. I could find only one case in medical literature describing a male-to-female transsexual who changed his mind after the operation. She was reoperated on for conversion back to male, then changed his mind again and was operated on for a third time to become female. Doctors feel, however, that such ambiguity over sexual preference indicates the person was not really transsexual and should never have been operated on in the first place.

While gender-identity conflict may upset middle-class morality, those who would like to classify the transsexual as sick will find little support among those psychiatrists who work with them and counsel them. Dr. Richard Green, who is also editor of the medical journal *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, explains it this way: "A psychotic person would say, 'I am a woman. I know I have ovaries, I menstruate every month from the tip of my penis or under my fingernails' or wherever. That is psychotic. But the usual transsexual says,

> Most male-to-female transsexuals find themselves attracted to women. After all, they have been beaten by men, mocked by men, for all the early years of their lives. I put up with their persecution for twenty years. How can I like men now?

'I know my body is that of a man but I feel better living as a woman, I want my male organs removed so I can live as a woman.' That's not psychotic. And if you want to define their desire to change their sex as psychotic, then you have to create a whole new definition of psychosis. You could perhaps call it 'true paranoia,' which means someone holds a circumscribed false belief, like the delusion that they are, for example, Napoleon. But there is no evidence that giving a person a Napoleonic costume makes them psychologically healthier. That's not true with the transsexual. It does seem that surgery makes them psychologically healthier." In many ways, then, surgery "cures" the transsexual like aspirin relieves a headache. It takes away the pain.

Transsexuals, of course, throw a wrench into the traditional definitions of homosexuality and heterosexuality. We do not know, for example, whether a male-to-female transsexual who takes a male lover is homosexual before surgery and heterosexual after, or if sex with the lover would be homosexual in both instances, or heterosexual in both instances. We do not even know if our own sense of masculinity or femininity is defined by chromosomes, by genitals, or by gender—or which of these factors is more important, or how many can be absent and to what degree before we cross that hazy line from one sex to another.

Although no one knows yet how to completely avoid gender-identity problems, there are optimum environments for minimizing the chances that they will appear. Children, says Green, should be able to witness occasional parental nudity as a natural part of family life. Based on his case histories, Green concludes: "Occasional nudity is a visible clue to the child, helps him or her categorize his or her own anatomy and start working on a basic sexual identity. The genitals are important for the child, not initially for sex but for gender. Children should be able to look with pride on their bodies, then develop behavior from there." Doctors agree that the mother does not have to be a genetic female or the father a genetic male to be a good parent, as long as they look, talk, and behave in ways consistent with their gender. "It doesn't matter," Money and Ehrhardt concur, "if the father cooks the dinner and mother drives the tractor . . . so long as there are clear boundaries delineating, at a minimum, the reproductive and erotic roles of sex."

There is little hope of spreading this information quickly to other professionals, however, since there is still no department of sexology or sex research in any American college. Those probing the mysteries of transsexuals still spend much of their time seeking money to support their work. Private foundations are traditionally reluctant to dole out grants for sex research. Budget slashes in the National Institute of Mental Health, one of the few sources for sex-research funds, threaten progress for the next few years. "My grant has one year to go, and it is very doubtful I will get the money I need to continue my work beyond that," Money says. Green faces the same problem.

But, despite these handicaps, the United States is still ahead of other countries in the sex-research field. "Sex research is a made-in-America venture," says one expert, "largely because of our puritan history. Our society is less casual about the sexual, which makes it so important. We Americans are fascinated with organ-grinding." Other sex experts, however, feel the U.S. excels in sex research simply by default: this country spends more public and private funds on all forms of medical research, and although sex research gets only a tiny portion, it is still more than most other countries can afford.

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BEE'S KNEES

I don't seem to be able to find a call girl or prostitute, and even if I did I'm afraid I'd be too shy to proposition her. Why? Because I am an amputee—I lost my right leg during the war. I wear an artificial limb and I feel a prostitute would simply laugh at me. I could not take this humiliation. I feel very left out of society, especially as far as sex is concerned—where and how can I find a prostitute who would understand?—G.B.

I myself have met three leg amputees, two professionally and one socially. The first time I had sex with an amputee I was shocked indeed. He was an older man, and I met him at a poker party with some other fellows and hookers. I noticed that my date seemed to have a slight limp but I didn't suspect anything other than a childhood bout with polio or something. He was an older man, slightly drunk, and he did not particularly turn me on. When we got in the bedroom and I excused myself to freshen up in the bathroom, he quickly switched off the light and I thought he was just one of those customers who did not like to have the lights on, maybe embarrassed about a small penis.

When I came back from the bathroom, he was already undressed and under the sheets. I thought that maybe he was shy and wanted to warm up the bed. At first everything seemed quite normal. He started to kiss me, and I was repulsed by the horrible taste of heavy booze (gamblers can usually hold down a hell of a lot of liquor). He was kind of clumsy and concentrated on sucking my nipples, but he was so hard and rough that it hurt. Then I decided it was time to do my job—after all, not every customer is a pleasure to be with. I was shocked at first when I noticed his short stump. It really scared me. He kept pushing it between my legs, and at the end of the stump I felt another bump that seemed like a huge wart. Ugh. This was a nightmare for me. Afterward, I gently pushed him away from me and discreetly left the room. I never let him know my shock. I guess that this first time it was the fact that I was not warned that did it to me. He would have been better off telling me, since I then could have prepared myself for the shock.

My second amputee client was a man who had his leg amputated just below the knee. Again I noticed the limp, but this time I decided to be more forward and ask him right off. He was shy at first; then he told me that he had run under a streetcar when he was a kid. The guy was a groovy fellow, young and good-looking, and once we got to bed I did not even notice his disability. If a man's character is nice and he has a pleasant way of keeping up a good conversation, one tends to forget physical deficiencies. The same goes for really ugly men (sometimes the uglier the man is, the more sexy, rugged, and masculine a woman might find him. Unfortunately, men always seem to want to have a pretty girl, brains or no.)

My third experience with a one-legged man occurred when I was on vacation in Curaçao. I saw a lovely young boy, no more than eighteen years old, diving in the swimming pool. I noticed he only had one leg. I got so horny that I decided to dive after him, and so we got acquainted in the water. The boy had never made love to a woman because of his amputated leg. However, that night . . . I was so excited by the slightest touch of his stump against me that I came three times. What had shocked me with the first man thrilled me with the third. Hundreds of men are dying to make it with a one-legged woman, why not the reverse? How about eager women for one-legged men?

YOU'RE NOT CONFESSING, BROTHER, YOU'RE BRAGGING!

I've been making love to girls since I was fourteen (I'm twenty-two now), and when I was in high school I sometimes screwed three different girls in a day. During my four years at college I laid about 10 percent of the female enrollment of 3,500. I know I'm good in bed, because many of these girls have come back for more. I rather consider myself a playboy—I always have lots of money, nice clothes, and a fast sports car, and until now my career as an army officer has meant that I've been able to meet many girls as I moved around on different postings. Since I've been stationed in this particular Midwest town, though, I can't seem to get any girls at all. Do you think that I may have lost some of my good features, or do you think that the fact that I'm black may have something to do with it?—M.K.

If quantity was the criterion, then every rabbit would be king. The Lord works in strange and mysterious ways and maybe destiny sent you to a small town to give all the women in the United States a rest.

Maybe there is some degree of racial prejudice where you are right now. Maybe this town is not really ready for your old schoolday charms. Change your act and emphasize your inner beauty (if any) rather than the superficial clothes and sports car.

JULIET AND JULIET . . .

I have an awkward problem. I'm a girl, nineteen, single—and lesbian. Ever since my first experience with another girl when I was fourteen, I've never felt anything with any boy. I have had intercourse with sixteen men, two affairs with married men, and was engaged for a year, but I still feel for girls. I've had three more affairs with women since my first—they were all very short-lived, yet they linger on in my memory. I broke off my engagement because he used to worry at my impassiveness, thinking it was his fault, and I couldn't hurt him any more by being frigid. I live in a small community and cannot have any affairs except on holiday for fear of hurting my parents if I was discovered. Anyway, I've got a complex about being found out, so I just work hard and sleep. I'm sexually frustrated but I can't relieve it. I promised to stay in my job until I finished training, but this won't be for a few years yet. Can you suggest anything to help me?—B.J.

It is obviously your guilt feeling that makes you feel uptight. Once you get over your guilt, you will most probably get over your frustration as well. After all, nowadays it is quite normal for two women to live together as roommates or share a house without necessarily being gay. If you find a girl who loves you and turns you on as well, you don't have to tell the world about your feelings. Simply go and live with her and let the rest of your acquaintances think you are friends and no more. Whatever happens within the four walls of your bedroom is only for you and her to know.

You could also contact certain gay liberation centers in major cities around the country, or visit some of the gay bars on your weekends away from home. If things really become unbearable I would suggest you simply tell your parents that you are gay. They will be shocked at first, but in due course they will understand that you are just as much a human being as they are. Homosexuality, after all, is more generally accepted today than, say, ten years ago (even though people like Ann Landers or Dr. Reuben still consider homosexuals to be sickies of some kind). I am bisexual and can only say that I love every bit of it. I can enjoy the best of both worlds and I could not care less what others think of it, as long as it makes me happy.

. . . AND JULIET

I'm really beginning to wonder about myself. I'm an eighteen-year-old girl and I get terribly excited looking at myself. I've heard of people being hetero-, homo-, or bisexual, but I've never heard of anyone being physically in love with herself. I'm going out with a boy of my own age now, but before that I usually went out with men at least ten years older. I never reached an orgasm with them. What arouses me is getting dressed up in erotic clothes and heavy makeup and masturbating while looking at myself in a mirror. Do you think this is a substitute for a homosexual relationship? I have always been turned on by pictures of nude girls, but while I like going out with boys, girls rather scare me.—C.L.

There seems to be something of a split personality involved when you masturbate while looking at yourself in the mirror, because in your fantasy you are really looking at a different woman, one who is erotic and mysterious—unlike your daily self. However, in my opinion, there is definitely a narcissistic attitude toward yourself as well. You must be a sexually lonely and underloved woman who craves for attention, affection, and love, whether from a male or another female. Try and find a female lover who reminds you of the erotic mirror image you have created for yourself.

You definitely seem to be the passive type of lesbian. If you are, what you really need is an aggressive yet gentle lady to take you away from the mirror and into her arms. Don't be scared of women. A lesbian relationship between two women can often be a lot more satisfying and less selfish than the relationships most men have with their girl friends or wives. Two women can be tender and emotional without always having to be physically aroused. The average man, on the other hand, wants his sex drive fulfilled whenever he has a hard-on, whether his wife is in the mood or not. Love is a matter of give and take and somehow two women know how to give better than men.

FIRST YOU BUY A PEACH . . .

I have been told that I have a problem and would like your opinion on the matter. I have been married twice and have six children, but have been unable to perform cunnilingus. I cannot bring myself to do it, drunk or sober, even if my partner has just had a douche. My friends say that this is why I have gone through two marriages and am presently single, but I don't believe I have a problem—do you? If so, what would be the best way to correct it?—R.N.

That is a damn poor excuse for going through two marriages. Perhaps in your past experiences you have had some bad luck with a chick who was not clean—that might have put you off for the rest of your life. Don't see cunnilingus as a duty but as a challenge. If your girl friend is clean and attractive just dive in there! However, since it seems that you are really hung-up, how about the following advice? Buy yourself a nice rosy peach, cut it in half, and remove the pit. When your lady lover has opened her legs, gently rub the peach over her vagina as she does the same over the head of your penis. Then taste each other. It's better than a real dessert!

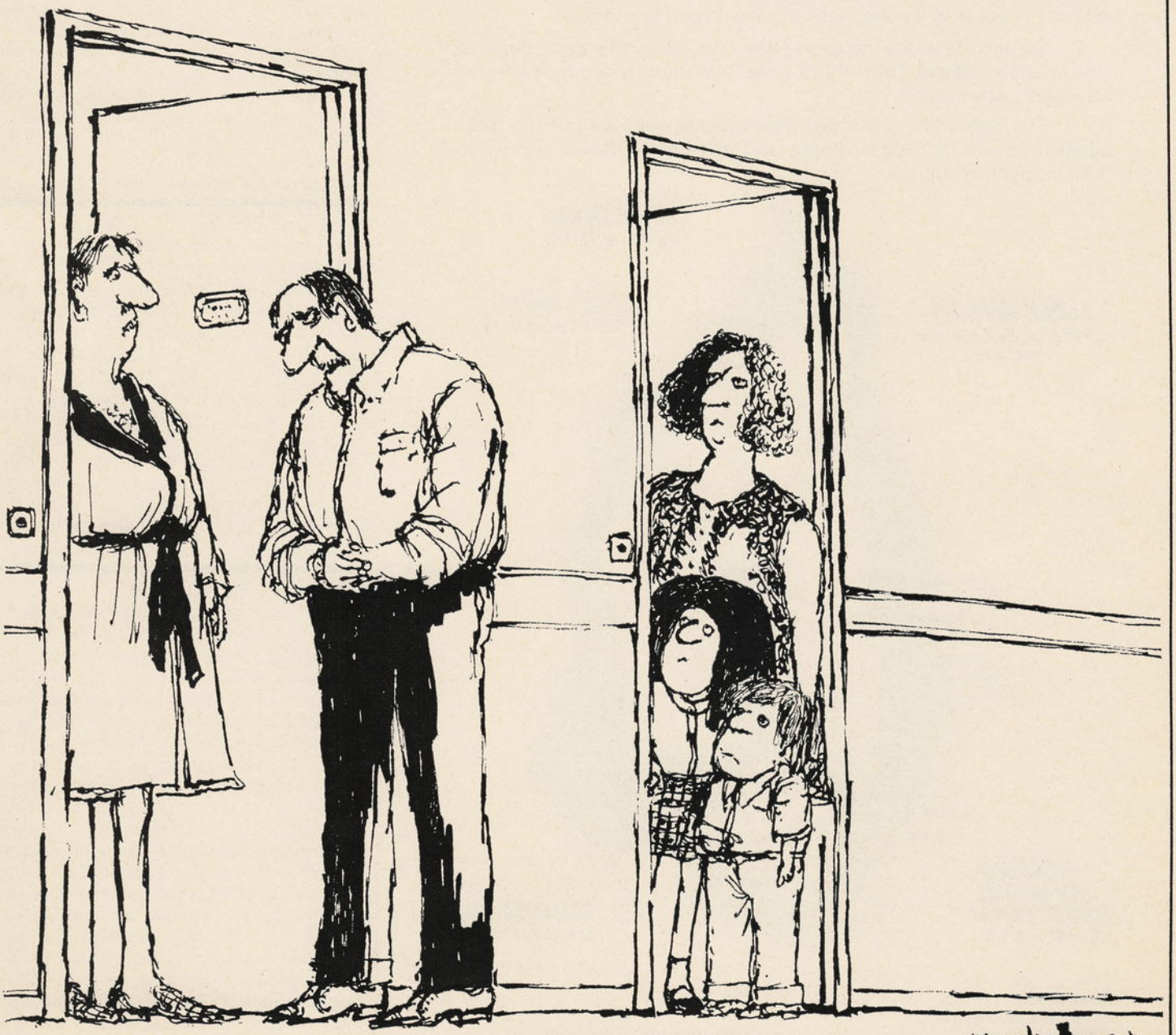
THE FLATTER, THE BETTER

I have a rather small bust, and it bothers me because I think that men must be dissatisfied with it. I also feel that I would get more pleasure out of sex if I had big round breasts, because they would be more sensitive. What's your opinion about this? Also, I like looking sexy and turning men on, making them so hot that they're dying for me. I remember that in one of your books you mentioned something about striptease. Could you tell me the best way to strip in front of a guy, to really turn him on?—A.H.

There are many pro's for girls with small busts, but maybe some con's as well. Listen to the good news first: (1) Small breasts in general do not droop, so you'll never have to worry about flabby tits that hold a pencil. (This is a test every woman can try at home to see if her breasts are drooping. Take a pencil and put it underneath your breasts. If the pencil drops to the floor, you're okay. If the pencil stays up there, stuck between the breasts and chest, then you're drooping.) (2) Girls with small breasts look much better when going braless, because big breasts generally look disgusting when they bounce around. (3) Small breasts can be just as sensitive as big ones.

Not every man has a mother-complex or a breast-complex, and if you meet the right guy he'll dig your head before your body, and that's really what counts. The latest fashion in breasts has been "the flatter the better." (Remember Twiggy? She only had two peas up front and became a sex symbol!)

Now for the bad news: there are a number of men who simply dig big, firm breasts. So what should you do? Think: how often have you been let down by a fellow because of the size of your breasts? Are you sure? Or was it because you simply did not get along well? Are the negative aspects of being small worth an operation? There are some excellent plastic surgeons who are specialists in performing silicone opera-



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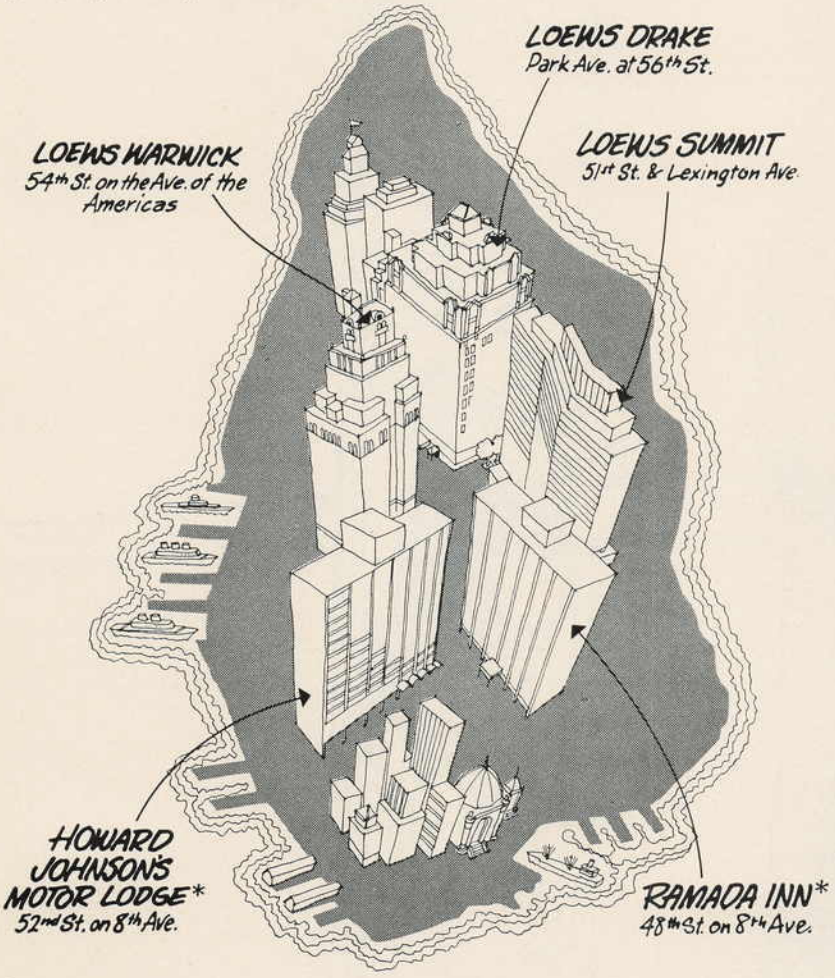
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tions. Be careful however to find a good doctor and not some butcher. Consult your own physician on this matter.

But I doubt that your breasts will be more sensitive when they are filled with silicone. I've known some women who had this operation. Some of them looked great; others had tits that were uneven and felt like rocks. One girl I knew had absolutely no feeling in one of her nipples.

My opinion is that you should be happy the way you are. People always want to be different than the way they are made. Be yourself and get over your inferiority complex. Maybe if you have a child one day you'll notice your breasts growing. This often happens and women usually become very beautiful once they've had the baby.

Striptease is an art—and if it's not in your blood, don't even try: you'll just make a fool of yourself. Of course, you can learn how to do it, but this is very hard to explain on paper. The best way you can turn a guy is to strip and really tease him by coming close and not allowing him to touch you.

A CLOSE SHAVE

Please settle an argument between me and my mustachioed friends. I say that repeated cunnilingus will lighten the hair on a mustache. They tell me that's absurd, but my experience with my boyfriend says otherwise. We agreed to write to you and accept your judgment in this dispute, so please print your reply as soon as possible.—L.T.

I don't think your lover's mustache will turn lighter, unless you have a hidden sunlamp down there. But there's always a chance that you will wear his mustache out—getting it more and more stubbier from all the rubbing. By the way, do you believe everything people tell you?

MY BEST FRIEND'S WIFE

When I got married, a little less than two years ago, I believed that marriage would completely satisfy my sexual appetite. That was naive. Soon after marrying, I began to feel physically, emotionally, and sexually attracted to other women. Now I have fallen hopelessly in love with my best friend's wife. I visit her alone at home at least once a week, and go out of my mind with wanting her; but we've done nothing more than kiss. I've told her of my love for her, and asked her to make love with me; but although she's in love with me and says that she often dreams about sleeping with me, she says that she can't make love with me because it would be unfair to her husband (my friend) and she wouldn't be able to face him. She also asked me to promise not to ask again, because, "I don't know if I can be so strong the next time." So we continue to love each other and are miserable because we don't want to hurt anyone. I've talked this over with my wife, and the possibility of wife-swapping came up. But I'm not sure how to approach the subject with my best friend. He is super-straight, super-square when it comes to sex. How can I tell him I want his wife? I don't want to break up our friendship. What would you suggest I do in this situation?—J.R.

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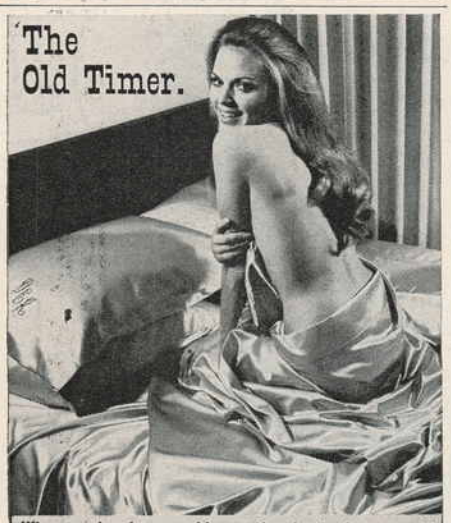

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You're a lucky man to have such a tolerant wife. She's obviously ready for a three-way scene between you, her, and the other woman. However, as long as your girl friend is uptight about her husband finding out and as long as he is playing it straight all the way, you'll have to be patient.

Maybe you could drop some magazines about swapping and group sex in his mailbox. Or else, when you two guys get together, you could pretend that you received such stuff in the mail and ask his opinion about it. You could mention nonchalantly that you and your wife are pretty broad-minded. Maybe you could get some beer or hard liquor to loosen him up. It is usually the other way around—the men have to relax their wives by getting them high.

Or perhaps you could organize a party for the four of you and have drinks at your place afterwards. Arrange for the right kind of soft music and after a while turn the lights low. Then you and your wife should get very friendly with his wife but your wife should devote some special attention to him as well so he doesn't feel left out. Everything will follow its own pattern. If he sees that both you and your wife are turned on and ready for a swing he also might be willing, as long as your wife is aware and willing.

THREE OF A KIND

We are three girls who have read your books and admire you very much. We all work together in a small bank and have intimate experiences with each other quite often. We're all happily married, but we also enjoy our sex life with each other. It's got so we feel really randy just coming into work in the morning (and it doesn't help that the bank's street number is 69!). We've got a problem, though. We've tried many different lovemaking techniques, but none of us have yet achieved an orgasm during one of our threesomes. We all climax with our husbands, but not together. Don't get me wrong, we enjoy ourselves, but an orgasm now and then would help.—The Three Musketeers

From the tone of your letter I assume you are all three pretty outgoing and happy-go-lucky, but there doesn't seem to be too much emotional involvement in your relationship. Maybe that's what is missing.

MASTURBATION CREATIONS

My girl friend and I are ideally matched sexually, and although we are no prudes (we have had some great times with five other couples in one room), we haven't found any partners who are as well suited to us as we are to each other. So when we are separated, as often happens because of our jobs, we usually masturbate instead of going out with other people. My girl friend knows of several stimulating and erotic techniques she can practice on herself, but I'm at a bit of a loss when it comes to new methods of masturbating. Can you help me out with any suggestions?—J.R.

When it comes to men masturbating I'm obviously not an expert. As far as guys are concerned I know of only one way and that is by getting a firm grip on yourself. Stop beating off if you don't know how to do it, and wait until you get home. Or else try the following: lie on your stomach on top of two pillows put under your chest and knees. Your penis should stick in between the pillows. Hug the pillows together, and lean on your knees, doing pushups so that your penis rubs the pillows. You might get lucky and reach an orgasm!

A TIGER IN HIS TANK

Several months ago I started an intimate relationship with a beautiful young lady. I'm a mature twenty-one and she's a very young and spirited twenty-seven. We share a love for many things, and our only problem is in bed. I have a fairly large penis, which she claims to love with all her heart. When we make love she starts very slowly and softly, driving me wild with her warm hands and flicking tongue, but as she warms up she becomes very brutal. She pulls and twists my penis until the pain is unbearable and her soft, warm mouth becomes a meat grinder. When our lovemaking is over she strokes, kisses, and talks to it like a baby, but that doesn't make it hurt any the less. When I told her that I wasn't going to bed with her again, she swore she'd never be violent again—but she was. I fear that her teeth and fingernails will cause my penis lasting damage. Don't get me wrong, like most people I enjoy a *little* pain mixed with my sex, but this is agony. What can I do to calm her down a bit without hurting our relationship?—C.L.

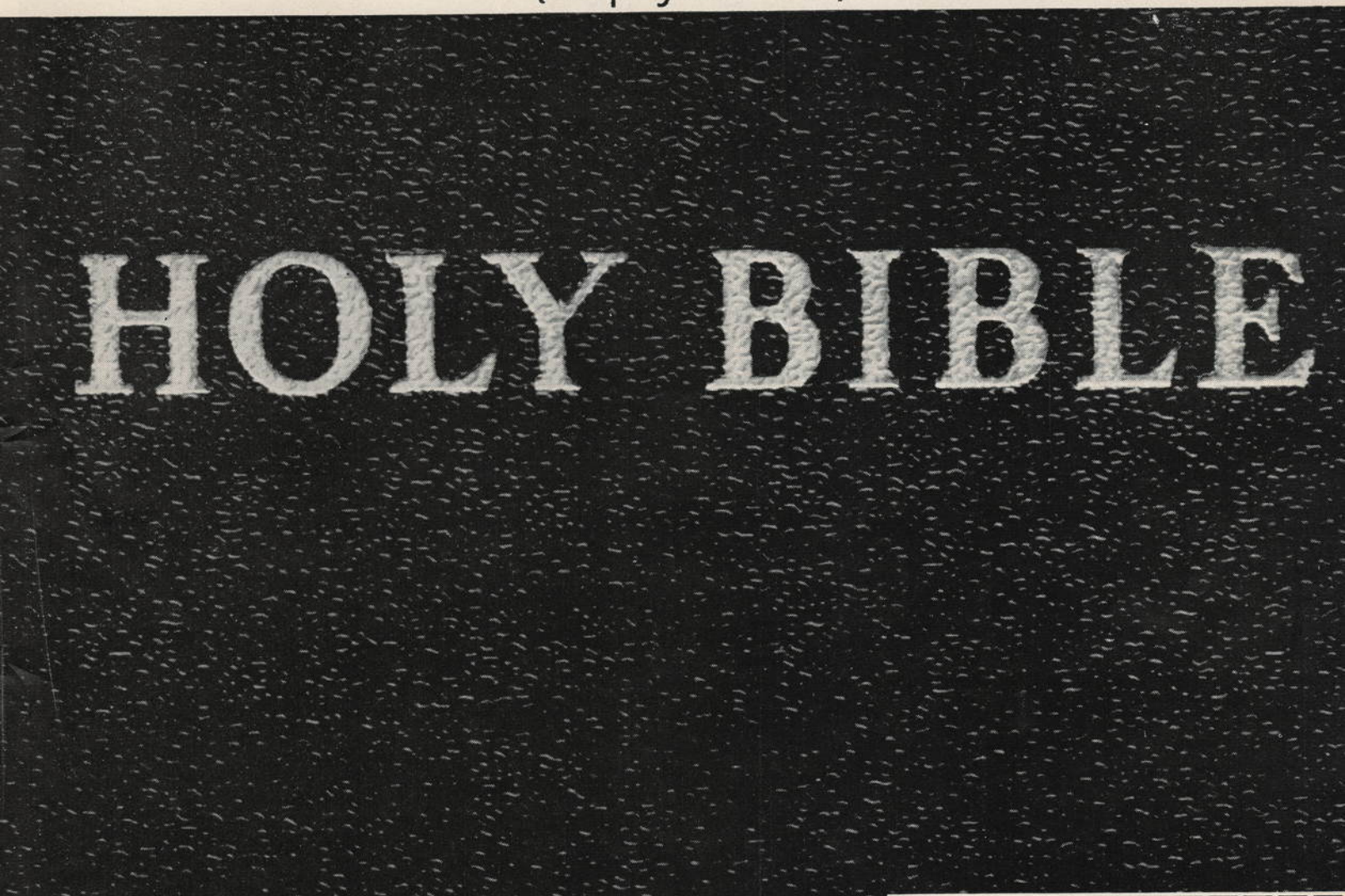
Boy, you certainly do have a tiger in your tank, and you're only twenty-one years old! I only have one suggestion: find a much older lady who has false teeth and fingernails clipped so short she can't hurt. Or else you could pin needles through your penis, so next time your young tigress attempts to bite you she will be stuck. That will be a real battle of the sexes!

PUPPY LOVE

I'm a girl in my mid-twenties, and for several years now I've had the wish to regress back to babyhood. I developed the habit of putting baby clothes on (I had to improvise of course) and I'd get so excited wearing these that I'd have an orgasm. You can't imagine the guilt connected with this—I was always afraid that someone, somewhere, would catch me. Then—quite by coincidence—I discovered I was not alone. During a vacation I met a man, and one day we were clowning around taking pictures (he in my bra and undies and me in his pants) when I kiddingly suggested that he put on a diaper. We went to a shop, bought several diapers and put them together to make two large ones. Then we put them on and we both had orgasms in them. I've heard of rubber fetishists, but I wonder if our problem is unique.—C.K.

I never heard about this type of fetish and it's too bad. However, if I ever have a baby, I sure as hell will call you to be a playmate for my kid.

Soul food
(help yourself)



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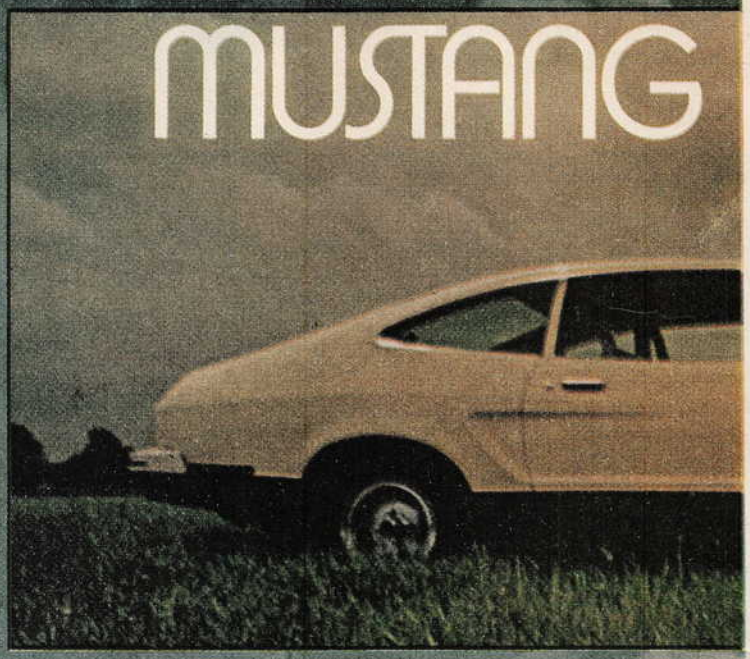

Maybe it's hunched down, gliding around a tight curve. Images of colored autumn leaves are reflected in its chrome. It slides into a parking space that is too small for your car. Wherever the Mustang II goes, its aura is larger than mere steel, rubber, and glass.

The first Mustang was a symbol. It was small, comfortable, and fun to drive. The new Mustang is also small—even smaller than the original. It is 175 inches long, 49.9 inches high, and has a 96.2-inch wheelbase. Because the space is used more efficiently, there is just as much room inside as there was in the 1973 model.

The new Mustang is less powerful. The only engines available are a 2.3-liter four-cylinder model and a 2.8-liter V-6, based on the Capri V-6 but made in the U.S. Those 2.8 liters are only 171 cubic inches. The big fire-breathing V-8's are gone, now that the words "energy crisis" and "gasoline shortage" are in the air. The new engines are also more adaptable to pollution controls, since emission regulations are written on a *per mile* basis. A big engine burns more gas per mile, hence emits more pollutants that somehow have to be cleansed.

Even with less power, the Mustang II is more fun than ever to drive. It handles like a nimble European sports car, but has the smooth ride of a much heavier car.

REBORN

Photographs by Klaus Lucka

Standard features include front disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, solid-state ignition, a four-speed manual transmission, and a tachometer. Some of the options are radial tires, a sunroof, power steering, and an electric rear-window defroster. For 1974 the Mustang comes in five different versions, stretching across the spectrum from a two-passenger hatchback to the Mach I (with the V-6) to the luxurious Grande.

Something else about the new Mustang is smaller—the price. The base price is under $3,000.

If it sounds like a sensible car, well, it is.

Ford is taking a chance with this redesign. It is a major departure from tradition. Over the past nine years the Mustang has steadily gotten bigger, more powerful, more luxurious, and more expensive. But sales have dropped off from the peak of several years ago, when speed was the selling point and Boss 302's and Mach I's were the hit of the hamburger havens. Ford has departed from tradition before though—with the first Falcons, Pintos, and the original Mustang.

The first Mustang was picked up by the Sixties generation and became a trend-setter. The Ford Motor Company thinks that the Mustang II will be a symbol of the Seventies for the same reason.

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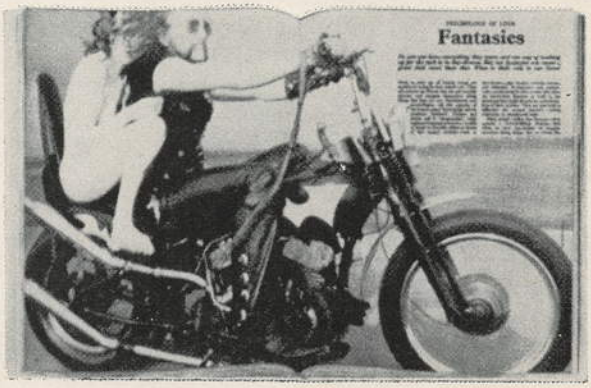

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G1

MIXED SAUNAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

any pretty young girls, for they are usually accompanied by husbands or boyfriends who are liable to give you a good *klopfe*. Munich is a deadly serious town when it comes to mixed bathing—unlike Berlin. Granted, there is a certain *kamaraderie* if you join the crowd (capacity ten) in either of the two Schwitzen rooms, but no chance of anything phony happening with your baloney, even during the massage (15 marks extra), as there is in Munich's many "special" massage houses.

While the pretty, but formidable, blond masseuse Helga hews a huge slab of gnarly Bürgertugend into filet mignon, fifty or more other naked Bavarians insure that all is *korrekt*, for the massage tables are set right at poolside. Often several people stand quite close around the tables, resembling nothing so much as medical students watching a delicate operation being performed in a hospital amphitheater.

Austria is the birthplace of modern nudism —the practice took hold here sometime in the early 19th century. There are some thirty designated areas throughout the country where one can legally go around without clothing in the open air. Most convenient to Vienna is the Lobau, a general bathing compound and bird sanctuary on the Danube. But indoors is something else again. Vienna's Prater Sauna (Waldsteingartenstrasse 135; in the shadow of the landmark ferris wheel; phone 24-74-73) may be one of Europe's largest and best equipped saunas—it is, in fact, a small resort compound. But the Viennese are too conservative (or shy) to throw it open to both sexes all the time. At this writing, Monday evening from 7 P.M. is *familien* night.

Holland, which probably has more sex-saunas, brothel-baths, and group sex/swap tubs per square mile than any country in Europe, has few "family" or mixed saunas. Among the best is Sauna Westeinde at 44a Westeinde (39-99-51) in The Hague. (Careful now—at 44 Westeinde is Maison Angelique where the massages are considerably more intimate and the attractive employees extremely professional. Sauna Westeinde and Maison Angelique have absolutely no connection.)

Public baths began to lose their good name sometime around the fall of the Roman Empire and it was not until the end of the Dark Ages that public baths caught on in Europe. The Crusaders introduced the oriental *hamman* to the home folks—God knows they accomplished little else of value in their wanderings.

By the 12th century nearly every Parisian street had its bath. The sexes also bathed together in medieval Germany, according to W. Rudeck (*History of Public Morality in Germany*, Jena, 1897):

> In the early morning the bath-keeper announced in the street, by blasts on a horn, that all was ready. People of the lower classes then undressed almost completely at home and wended their way through the streets to the bathhouse. Guarinonius says that well-educated burghers and their wives stripped in their homes and walked naked through the public streets to the bathhouse: "How often indeed does the father run naked from the house through the streets to the bath with his naked wife and naked children? How often do I see young girls of ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen years quite naked and with only a short linen bathrobe? With one hand held behind for propriety, out of the house they go, through the long streets in broad daylight, running to the bath! How often do the stark naked, ten-, twelve-, fourteen-, and sixteen-year-old youths [Guarinonius apparently had a fetish for even numbers] run by their side, accompanying these vagabonds."

Among modern nudists, the French are certainly no Tartuffes. At least their outdoor situations—like the celebrated Île du Levant off the coast of the Riviera and the large camp in Sète near the Spanish frontier —have never been characterized by volleyball nets separating the sexes, as in the traditional American nudist colony. However, there are probably more group-sex/swap houses in and around Paris than "legitimate" mixed bathhouses. Among those straightforward establishments where one is permitted to look but not touch (though no harm in making friends here) is La Piscine de l'Étoile (32 rue de Tilsitt, 16th *arrondissement*; ETO-50-99) which, at this writing, has coed swimming Friday evenings. Tuesday is the big night at Baths Haman in the Jewish quarter of Paris (4 rue des Rosiers, 4th; 272-71-82) whose feature attraction is a restaurant where one may dine in the nude. One would be well advised to phone in advance, to check on the nominal membership formalities.

The English have always had rather mixed feelings about mixed bathing. As recently as the late 19th century any public bathhouse, not to mention "masseuse," was more than a little suspect—usually with good reason.

In 1970 the haughty London *Times* admitted that "some masseuses operating from establishments" and some girls who (in the *Times's* classifieds) advertised massage treatment at homes or hotels "were prepared to give clients sexual pleasure for extra payment." The problem is vexing, not only to newspapers but also the Westminster City Council, which alone "controls" as best it can some three hundred establishments and practitioners. Though virtually any type of massage is apparently permitted in private premises by invitation, sexual extras are forbidden by law in public establishments. The various local councils are so hard pressed, and so suspicious, given English history and predilection to frolics in the bath, that it's not surprising in all of London I found only two mixed-bathing establishments that were so above suspicion as to operate without official harassment.

Though Soho's Paul Raymond Revuebar (Brewer Street, W. 1) claims to be "the world center of erotic entertainment," perhaps the most aesthetic and therapeutic environment for watching British people take off their clothing is wherever London Health and Sauna Club is staging its mixed naturist meetings.

Currently L.H.S.C. is at the Queensway Health Club (125 Queensway, W. 2), having recently moved from its Yeoman's Row headquarters in pishposh Knightsbridge. More relaxed than even the very progressive Berlin saunas, it even provides mixed locker rooms, affording an unparalleled opportunity to watch a stunning variety of Londoners go starkers: from vivacious young debs and dolly birds to haughty Belgravia matrons; there are handsome officers too, and mischievous old warhorses with fascinating battle scars. A slow, if not tantalizing peel, considering their chatter along the way prior to storming the very convivial sauna. Wondrous sights at the ccccccconveyer bbbbbelt exercisers. For further details contact London Health and Sauna Club: The Secretary, Vikki Sheppard, Kent House, 87 Regent Street, W. 1; 205-9251. It meets Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday from 8:30 to 11:30 P.M. Two-pound admission charge per couple, single ladies 75 new pence. Yearly membership is 3 pounds. About seven hundred members, tending to under-thirty-fives. "Naked as the truth," as the English say, but this is strictly a health club (and has no affiliation with Queensway Health Club).

At this writing the club hopes the local council clarifies its exemption from licensing bylaws, which apparently discourage mixed facilities, or alternatively will grant a permit for a mixed sauna and health club. To aid its case there must be as close a balance of the sexes as possible, and so male members unaccompanied by a female are charged 2 pounds per session. Prospective new male members may be denied admission on nights when there is already an imbalance, unless they are accompanied by a female. A single man could always pick up an unaccompanied female on her way in or pluck a partner from a lively Queensway café.

Before you leave London try the unisex saunas and herb baths at Swiss Cottage Sauna (2 New College Parade, Finchley Road, N.W. 3; 586-4422), open from 9:30 A.M. to 4 A.M.

We turn now to the United States, whose citizens and government, from Washington to Walla Walla, continued to wallow in Watergate while—this flash just in; let us eat

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A Penthouse Primer on Pubic Hair

Mixed saunas are an ideal setting for conducting your own field studies in pubic-hair research. Other explorers have already blazed a trail through this scientific forest, however, and their findings will aid your observations of local color and customs.

Pubic hair has fascinated laymen (apparently far more than women) and scholars since other body hair began to disappear. Galen, the early Greek physician (A.D. 130–200) whose authority in these matters was virtually undisputed until the 16th century, considered pubic hair to be purely ornamental. Caspar Bartholin, the pioneering Danish anatomist, regarded it as nature's protection of modesty. And Gerdy, a French authority, saw it as nature's tease, noting with a certain Gallic irony that its growth appears almost coincidentally with the ripening of the genitals. But it remained for a German, Burkhard Eble, to tell us what our pubic hair is really about:

(1) It absorbs perspiration from the genital area and that which trickles down from the abdominal area.
(2) It prevents excess friction during coitus.
(3) It acts as a symbol of sexual maturity.
(4) It facilitates "the accumulation and mutual interchange of electricity between the two individual opposite poles in copulation."

The Germans—and especially the Prussians—got into gynecology generally, and hair specifically, earlier and heavier than anyone else. Before the end of the 19th century they had pretty well combed the earth.

Wernich, for example, reported on the sparse pubic harvest of Japanese women compared to their luxuriant heads. Doenitz discovered total pubic baldness in an "amazingly large number of cases" (one wonders just how many Japanese ladies he managed to examine). Baelz found several Manchurian candidates with flat, smooth-skinned montes veneris and scarce, coarse hair around the labia majora. Schliephake reported the situation to be similarly arid among the Eskimo women of Cumberland Sound. Stratz managed to get into nearly everybody's hair in a region of Java—after examining over 2,300 native females he concluded that "a hirsute mons veneris is rare," and as a filigree added that "in cases where the genital hair has not been . . . artificially plucked out . . . it is apt to curl slightly and be lighter in tint than the hair of the head." Von Meyer examined only one Tierra del Fuegan, and she a rather elderly one, but he made the most of her. Noting that her mons veneris was oddly flat with a slight fatty mound he went on to observe that her pubic hair was soft and downy. For the main course he measured each hair, and for dessert calculated its average length to be precisely 5 percent of a centimeter.

Conradt was confused. In Togoland, he reported, the crop among the females was always black, but varied from "rather profuse" to "sparse" to "patchy." Finsch was flabbergasted to find fair hair in New Britain but suspected that the girls used an acid bleach. And Bässler arrived breathlessly from the Bismarck Archipelago to report to the Anthropological Society of Berlin that the South Pacific beauties dyed themselves red and wiped their hands in their pubic hair in lieu of towels.

The first authoritative tabulation of those researches comes to us from the Berlin gynecologist Eggel, who, just before he died (of exhaustion?), directed that his work be continued by his colleague Max Bartels. One thousand German women were examined and found to have the following characteristics in various combinations:

Dark eyes	.239
Dark hair on head	.333
Dark hair on mons veneris and genitals	.329
Light eyes	.761
Light hair on head	.667
Light hair on mons veneris and genitals	.671

The great truth to come out of these researches is that there is some tendency for color of pubic hair to correspond with color of head hair—but this is by no means an absolute rule. Some brunettes were found with blond bases, for example. There is also absolutely no relation between color of eyes and color of pubic hair. (At least not among the *women* of north Germany; none of these fellows seems to have displayed much scientific curiosity about *men*.) As to length, density, texture, and arrangement, you may be assured these were tabulated exhaustively and checked against all other characteristics (and this in the early 20th century, before the advent of modern computers), but no significant patterns emerged.

Determined to confirm what he had not found, Bartels somehow persuaded his friend Rothe, the gynecologist, to carry out a study on another group of 1,000 women. Rothe found that of 977 north German women, most had fair hair, and 52 had hair on the labia majora a good deal paler than on the mons veneris. In a further study on yet another group of women—477 north Germans, 11 Jews, and 2 Poles—Rothe found "two main types on the mons veneris . . . the hairs grew mainly in a longitudinal strip" or were clustered in a roughly triangular patch. "In both main groups, there were several subtypes." In 420 north German cases, curly pubic hair occurred most often and straight hair least.

Apparently hooked on research, Rothe went on to study the breasts of a thousand north German women, 75 percent of whom were Brandenburg Prussians. Of these, 16.2 percent had cup-shaped breasts, 51.2 percent were hemispherical, 2.9 percent had "goats' udders," and so on. Women with light hair and eyes accounted for 82.76 percent of the "udders." You may be sure Rothe didn't stop here. Further researches included an apparently definitive nipple probe ("knob-shaped," "cone-shaped," "low cylindrical," red, rose-pink, and so on). Several of these studies are documented in *Femina Libido Sexualis* (New York: The Medical Press, 1965).

our hearts out—the enlightened authorities of Wiesbaden, Germany have opened their *municipal* baths to all citizens regardless of sex.

You may leave your heart in San Francisco, but bring the rest of your equipment to Elysium Fields (814 Robinson Road, Topanga Canyon, Los Angeles), "a nonprofit organization whose purpose is research and dissemination of information in the behavioral sciences relating to nudity and the 'body taboo' neuroses so prevalent in our culture," according to their brochure. I might add, from a recent visit, that Elysium has delightful outdoor facilities—newly seeded rolling hills for sunbathing, an adequate pool, nude tennis courts, a refreshing fruit-drink stand, and a stimulating, eclectic membership (first-time male visitors $5, females $3; $100 yearly fee for single men or families; $50 for single women). For further information write: Jesse Ivanhoe or Dolores, Elysium Institute, 5436 Fernwood Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90027; or phone 213-465-7121.

And what of New York? Granted that from May 1 to Sept. 15 interesting climatic conditions combine to make all five boroughs one vast mixed sauna. But only in Manhattan did I find an establishment that compared, in some respects, with those common to Europe.

The Fifth Season (315 West 57th St., in a modern apartment building; phone 245-6161) equals in facilities, attractiveness, and general amiability of clientele—male as well as female—all but the best of its Continental counterparts. Indeed, in a recent interview, Gay Talese, one of its most dedicated members, cited the club as among the principal reasons he could never live anywhere but New York.

Suffice to say that the well-attended appointments include two fine saunas, one accommodating twelve people, another six; a large patioed pool with many chaise longues; facilities for chess and billiards; and private massage rooms with skilled, licensed attendants.

The soothing "play-on-color" decor is a refreshing enough change from the inevitable YMCA-green and phoney palm trees of most Manhattan schvitzhouses. (If you want the Luxor Baths, go to the Luxor Baths —121 West 46th St.)

According to proprietor Lawrence Denman, The Fifth Season is now well into its eighth, with membership at about 1,500, 70 percent of whom are men. A good percentage of these are described as including "many well-to-do Wall Street and Madison Avenue people, prominent people in the arts, fashion, communications, some of your better career girls, fashion models, and receptionists." Yearly membership dues are $45 with an additional $10 entrance fee per visit—but this entitles a member to bring a free guest. Because this is truly "one of the cheapest dates in town," it makes for a nice male-female balance and, considering the plethora of masseuses, there are often more women than men in the pool (though not in the showers). The fact the club has no liquor license is a boon to patrons; members may bring their own beverages or send out to the package store round the corner. The Fifth Season also provides, gratis, lavish buffets.

Though the locker rooms are coed, everyone is provided with a towel and bathing suit (apparently a legalism) and, this being America not Germany, most people wear one or both. Otherwise it's a thoroughly enjoyable, relaxing sort of place and, one should quickly add, as law-abiding as St. Patrick's Cathedral.

But there is a rub. Whether to insure a "nice, high-type clientele," or to comply with the law (in general, not a specific statute), membership policies are very strict, though criteria are obscure. "Prospective members must be recommended by old members, then approved by the management." When it comes to democracy in the bath (not to mention economics), America has much to learn from the Germans.

But one cannot really fault the management's reluctance to throw their doors open to the general public. City authorities are as suspicious of The Fifth Season as Nixon is of the fourth estate and harass the establishment with as much obsession and as little result. But Mr. Denman is so paranoid he insisted at first our interview be conducted in the presence of his attorneys (but he later backed off—after we discussed all those Berlin emporia—and served me some delicious brownies).

I can hardly blame him. The immaculate premises are being constantly harassed for "violations" like "infestation" (two flies). The city pool department, which checks most pools every three or four months, has been known to visit Denman's every three or four days. (Granted, they probably come by to admire the girls. Or boys.)

It is time, then, that America realized that a mixed-bathing facility does not necessarily have to evolve into some kind of whorehouse . . . even when it happens to be indoors. Quite the contrary in fact: put sixteen strangers of varying backgrounds and sexes into a snug schvitzbox and you create a rather lulling, pacifying, goodwill-toward-your-fellow-woman-and-man effect with, usually, not an erection in sight. (But I grant you, it's a wonderful way to make new acquaintances.) And recall that West Berlin, with more coed sauna addicts than heroin addicts, also has as many *sexual*-massage situations as any Western city its size. If the Germans can tell the difference, why can't Americans?

To be sure, the United States has had no tradition of inquisitive "gynecology" to compare with that of Berlin's (though the Southern California School of "touchie-feelie" psychology may be fast closing the gap), but we do have a splendid Constitution and Declaration of Independence, in neither of which do I perceive any prohibition against what this country really needs —a good five-dollar-a-day mixed bathhouse.

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the Source of the Scent," "Bees Making Honey," "Two Dragons Exhausted by Battle," and "The Hungry Horse Devouring at the Feeding Trough." The latter is described thus: "The Lady lies on her back, her arms round her partner's neck. He raises her feet and places them on his shoulders and presses the Golden Lilies against his cheeks. At the same time the Jade Stem is driven ihto the hilt, not a hairbreadth remaining outside. Yet he still manages to burrow deeper. Both their faces carry the expression of total preoccupation and their tongues are interlaced." At first the bride, Delicate Scent, is unimpressed—"What rubbish are you reading?"—but gradually she becomes aroused and they act out one of the positions. When they have finished, the Scholar asks her: "Was I right in describing the album as a most useful book?" "It's a very precious book," Delicate Scent says with conviction, "definitely a very precious book."

pinups: Provocative pictures of women intended to allure and involve the spectator. The most memorable include Marilyn Monroe's nude calendar, Betty Grable's legs, and Stephanie McLean's appearance in *Penthouse*. Pinups began in the late 19th century, usually on postcards or cigarette cards, and the models were often actresses, famous beauties, or "exotic" dancers. Photographs gradually took over from drawings, but in the early days they were heavily

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

retouched and often the background was painted in. The great 19th-century poster artists like Cheret, Mucha, and Toulouse-Lautrec used scantily clad lovelies to promote such diverse products as beer, cigarette papers, and olive oil. Another ploy was to buy up mildly erotic oil paintings and use them for advertising. The sickly *September Morn* was reproduced on the first nude pinup calendar and was censored by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—thus ensuring its popularity. By the end of the 19th century, magazines had started printing occasional pinups of actresses. The New York *National Police Gazette* offered "cabinet size, exquisitely finished" photographs of "Favorites of the Footlights"—along with exquisitely finished photographs of racehorses and fighting cocks. *Truth* magazine featured "bathing beauties," though they were never shown anywhere near the beach—"In the water she is a fright," the editor crisply remarked. The first magazines aimed exclusively at men appeared during World War I. The American leader was *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*—and if that title seems bizarre, consider its rivals—*Jim Jam Jems* and *Calgary Eye Opener*. Early girlie magazines often masqueraded as "art studies," and typical titles were *Art Inspirations* and *Contours: Anatomy Studies for Artist, Sculptor, Photographer*. Sometimes they pretended to be French—in those days a synonym for naughtiness—with titles like *French Frills* and *Paris Nights*. All these early men's magazines were geared to a fairly low-class audience, but in 1933 *Esquire* began offering pinups for the sophisticated male. The first edition carried a drawing by George Petty accompanied by a humorous caption, and "Petty Girls" thereafter became an established feature. In 1940 the first Varga Girl—drawn by Alberto Varga—appeared with adulatory verses by Phil Stack. She too became a regular till March 1946. *Esquire's* interest in pinups gradually diminished and the last one appeared in October 1958. By then it had a rival in *Playboy*, established in 1953, and in 1965 *Penthouse* joined the field. *Penthouse* was the first high-class men's magazine to show pubic hair, though *Playboy* and others quickly followed suit. The breakthrough date is usually given as April 1970, when Stephanie McLean bared all, but observant readers had already noticed a glimmer of hair in the *Nudest Miss Holland* pictorial two months before. Readers and models alike expressed their delight that this inhibition had finally crumbled.

polygamy: Marriage of one man to several wives (polygyny) or one woman to several husbands (polyandry) or several men to several women (group marriage). The latter is very rare and only found among the Marquesas Islanders of the Pacific and, unofficially, certain American hippie communes. Polygyny is and probably always has been the most common form. The Jews practiced it in Old Testament times and the early Christian fathers seemed to condone it. St. Augustine said it was all right for a man to take a second wife if his first wife proved barren. The Anglo-Saxon Synod of 786 decreed: "We command, then, in order to avoid fornication, that every layman shall have one legitimate wife, and every woman one legitimate husband," but it was several centuries before this ideal was universally recognized. The early Protestants favored large families and were prepared to countenance polygamy if that would help. Luther gave his approval to Prince Philip of Hesse's bigamous marriage, and a few Protestant bodies, such as the Frankish Diet, actually legalized polygyny where there was a shortage of men, especially after the ravages of the Thirty Years' War. When John Knox, the Scottish reformer, attracted scandal by his attentions to a Mrs. Bowes, he promptly married her daughter instead and carried both women off with him to Geneva. There he was joined by a Mrs. Locke with her daughter and maidservant and apparently set up a *ménage à six*. He was often seen going to church with his little bevy of five women following modestly behind. In the 19th century polygyny was revived by the Mormons (*q.v.*) and by various communal religious sects. Nowadays it is mainly found in Muslim countries and in various primitive societies from the Greenland Eskimos to the Australian aborigines. Not all men, however, can afford to take advantage of the custom and in Muslim countries the incidence is generally

reckoned to be one polygamous household for every twenty monogamous ones. A plurality of wives is considered to be a status symbol, since a man must be wealthy to support such a family. The usual pattern in which polygyny is practiced is to take a second wife when the first becomes too old for childbearing, with the first wife retaining a senior status. Polyandry is far less common, though some Viennese court ladies of the 18th century would sometimes take two husbands: "one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties." Nowadays it only survives among certain primitive tribes on the Indian subcontinent, such as the Todas—in which the wife marries all the brothers of a family—and the Lepchas—in which a man may ask a younger brother to come and help on his farm and share his wife. In general, polyandry is disfavored because it reduces the number of children that can be born to a given society—though in today's overpopulated world, that might not be a bad thing. Dr. Victor Kassel of Salt Lake City recently suggested in the magazine *Geriatrics* that polygyny should be practiced by people over sixty to cope with the vast excess of women in that age group. The National Council on the Aging debated the idea but turned it down. One widow commented, "I'm lonesome—but not *that* lonesome!"

polythelia: The presence of extra nipples (extra breasts are called polymastia). They always occur along the so-called "mammary line"—a line that is actually visible in fetuses up to seven weeks after conception. Its shape resembles that of a vase, starting out at the armpits, then traveling down through the conventional nipple positions, gradually narrowing to the base of the abdomen. The most usual site is within or near the armpit, and single supernumerary nipples are more common than pairs. Sometimes extra breasts can also produce milk: the University of Philadelphia Medical Magazine in 1896 reported the case of a nineteen-year-old woman with nine breasts, all but two of which gave milk. Polythelia or polymastia is believed to affect about 1 percent of the human population and is more common in men than in women.

pornography: from the Greek *porne* (harlot) and *graphy* (writing), meaning writing of or about harlots. But of course its scope is far wider than that nowadays. Pornography is usually defined as anything designed to solely arouse the reader or viewer erotically—or even the listener, for there is now a record called *Sounds of Sadism*. Doctors Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, in their study *Pornography and the Law*, noted eleven major ingredients of pornographic fiction: including defloration, incest, flagellation, profaning the sacred, oversexed males, nymphomaniacs, "dirty words," and using blacks as sex symbols. A recent novel called *Rape Revenge* by "Ira L. Edwards" gives a fair idea of the usual mix. It has dirty words (pussy, cunt, prick, etc.), a racial component ("The huge Negro crushed her breasts and forced the breath from her body"), larger-than-life sex organs ("the massive black cock. . . . The grunting black savage's iron-hard cock"), and defloration ("Dolores' vaginal hole opened up, stretched to the splitting point and engulfed the monstrous black prick"). All countries have laws to restrict the availability of material deemed pornographic or obscene. The United States and Britain crack down especially on the importation of foreign porn, and on sending pornographic material through the mails. Israel has a law prohibiting the publication of a picture of a nude person between the ages of nine and eighteen. The repressive legislators are often eccentric: an assistant prosecutor in Michigan in 1955, when asked how he judged a book, replied, "If I feel I wouldn't want my thirteen-year-old daughter reading it, I decide it's illegal." The U.S. Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography found "no reliable evidence to date that exposure to explicit sexual materials plays a significant role in the causation of delinquent or criminal sexual behavior . . . no dangerous effects have been demonstrated." Yet the puritans always know best and there is no likelihood of the law being relaxed in the foreseeable future. The 1973 United States Supreme Court decision on pornography is the latest reactionary, confusing, and possibly unconstitutional effort to regulate "morality."

potency: Male ability to achieve erection and consummate intercourse. It is usually at its strongest in the late teens and decreases gradually thereafter, though most men are more sexually *active* in their twenties, when they have more opportunities. Several recent studies have shown that potency can and should continue into the sixties, seventies, and even eighties, provided the habit of regular sexual release is maintained. A comparative study of two groups of sixty to ninety-year-old men, one group married, the other not, showed that over half the married men were still sexually active as compared with only 7 percent of the unmarried men. This negates the old myth that a man has only a certain amount of potency to "spend" and if he makes love too often he will wear himself out. On the contrary, it seems that men who start their sex lives early and continue regularly and vigorously are likely to retain their potency much longer. Most men, of course, experience temporary impotence (*q.v.*) at one time or another and all men are briefly impotent after sexual intercourse. In a very young man, the recovery period before a second erection may be as short as five minutes, but with most men it is thirty to sixty minutes. After prolonged abstinence or with a new and exciting partner, the recovery period will naturally be shorter. A few men boast that they can make love four or five times in an hour—and undoubtedly a few young men can—but why bother? A woman will tend to be more aroused by long leisurely lovemaking, during which she can experience several orgasms, than by a frantic in-out, in-out, beat-the-clock performance. Another type of spurious "superpotency" is the condition known medically as psychogenic aspermia or ejaculatory incompetence. This means that the man can get erections and make love normally but he cannot ejaculate. Men who suffer from premature ejaculation may envy this condition, but in fact its victims become profoundly depressed and of course their marriages are infertile. Fortunately, its victims respond well to psychiatric and medical counseling.

pregnancy: The period between conception (*q.v.*) and childbirth. First signs are usually absence of menstruation, morning sickness (starts soon after the first missed period and continues for about two months), feeling of tiredness, swelling and tingling of the breasts, and frequent urination. Later signs are the swollen stomach, weight gain, fetal "quickening" (movements within the womb), fetal heartbeat detectable through a stethoscope, and darkening of the nipples. In addition, some women, especially brunettes, acquire a dark line running down from their navel; the vulva becomes darker and bluish; and even the face (forehead and cheeks) can darken. Yet, despite all these signs, some women—especially those in their forties when they ascribe the absence of menstruation to menopause—still come to term without ever realizing they are pregnant. The opposite phenomenon is phantom pregnancy (pseudocyesis), usually experienced by women who are very anxious either to have a child or not to have one. Queen Mary of England went through the full nine-month cycle, showing all the usual symptoms such as absence of menstruation, weight gain, and breast enlargement. She even went into a form of labor and had the London churchbells rung before her physicians discovered the truth. The average length of human pregnancy is 266 days. However, babies born prematurely after only 168 days can sometimes live, and one case is recorded of a woman who had two successive pregnancies lasting 308 days. For legal purposes, pregnancies can be even longer: in the *Hadlum* v. *Hadlum* divorce case in England in 1949, Mr. Hadlum proved that he had been absent from his wife for 349 days before she gave birth, but the court would not accept this as proof of her adultery. The gestation period for girls is on the average a day longer than for boys; Negro gestation periods are about six days shorter than whites and the babies are smaller. Some authorities have argued that pregnancy is a more normal state for women than nonpregnancy, and even today in many underdeveloped countries, the majority of women are either pregnant or nursing. In India the *average* age of first childbirth is sixteen-and-one-half years. Though ancient Greek and Roman families were no larger than those of today, prolificity seems to have been the rule in Europe right up to the 20th century. One Welsh epitaph records: "Here lieth the body of Nicolas Hookes of Conway, gentleman, who was the one-and-fortieth child of his father, William Hookes, Esq., by Alice, his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children."

priapism: Prolonged erection of the penis, usually as a result of injury to the spinal cord. The condition is extremely painful and is aggravated rather than relieved by intercourse or masturbation. Treatment consists of rest and sedation. Sometimes incisions are made along the side of the penis to drain out the engorged blood. Cases of priapism—presumably caused by pressure on the cerebellum—are observed in executions and suicides by hanging. A few sexual deviates actually seek sexual pleasure by partially hanging themselves. One Italian *castrato* (castrated male singer) could only achieve erection this way, but one day hung himself too effectively and died.

Priapus: Ancient Roman fertility god, specifically the god of gardens and orchards. Usually represented as an enormous phallus with or without a head and body attached; these statues (or *Priapi*) were often placed as signposts or boundary markers or even as garden scarecrows. Horace describes one in his *Satires*: "Once I was a fig-stump, useless wood: a carpenter, wanting a stool or a god, preferred me Priapus. I am a holy scaregod for birds and thieves; my strong right hand scares thieves, and the strong stump between my thighs." There were also much smaller priapi: phallic-shaped drinking vessels, lamps, amulets, musical instruments, even little cakes and biscuits. Pious matrons and even children wore phallic amulets to ward off the evil eye and promote fertility and health—the thousands excavated at Pompeii indicate that they were as common as, say, St. Christopher medals are today. Priapus was also celebrated in obscene verses called *Priapeia*, which were scratched on the statue or the shrine of the god. The verses were often sadistic in tone, representing the god's huge member as a weapon of punishment—victims could be pierced or cudgeled to death by it.

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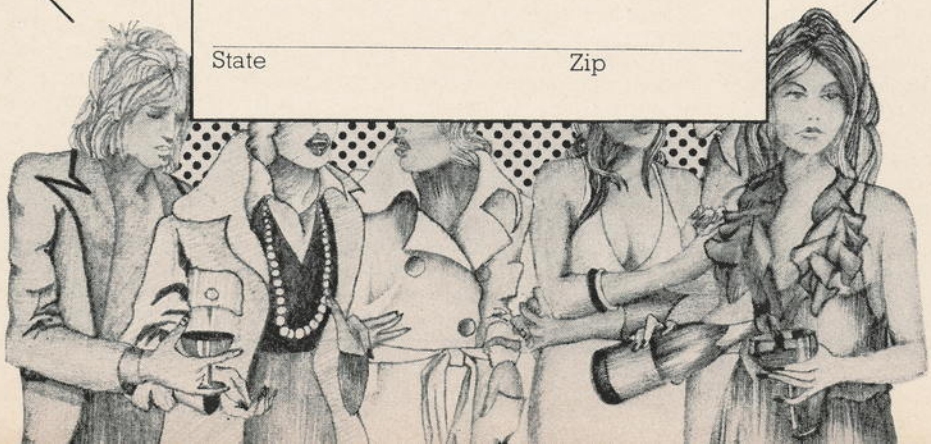

THE KREMLIN TAPES

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York law firm. The rest of the time he traveled around talking to Republican party officials and foreign heads of state. On the off chance that L-7's efforts to reinstate himself might prove successful, we supported these activities to the extent of paying per diem and travel expenses, up to a reasonable limit. Vouchers are available for the Central Committee's inspection.

9. The gamble paid off when Johnson's adventurism in Southeast Asia lost him his chance for reelection. Since Humphrey was so closely linked to the discredited war policy, it was easy for L-7 to win election by posing as a "peace" candidate.

10. Once L-7 was in office, ForOps naturally provided him with general guidelines as to how best weaken America. But L-7 proved to be very much a "self-starter," to use the colorful American phrase, and any career evaluation of this agent cannot in fairness overlook his many innovative measures to tear asunder the fabric of American society. His campaign promises to "bring America together," as one can imagine, were the occasion for many a good laugh at ForOps HQ.

11. Among the measures aimed at dismantling and remaking the American government and society were:

A. Innumerable moves to show contempt for Congress and otherwise destroy it as an institution—although, to tell the truth, this amounted to little more than handing a gun to a suicide as he falls by your window.

B. Efforts to bring the press to heel—an item of first priority in the establishment of an orderly socialist regime. Part of this campaign was cloaked as an effort to protect "national security"; part as an effort to preserve the nation from "pornography." Both approaches worked well.

C. Appointment as Attorney General of a man who shares our own judicial philosophy. This excellent functionary quickly instituted mass arrests, prepublication censorship, no-knock police raids, illegal burglaries, the widespread use of *agents provocateurs*, and a host of other worthwhile measures.

D. Nomination of two obviously unqualified jurists to the Supreme Court. Unfortunately, this attempt to debase the quality of the Court was blocked by the Senate.

E. Constant efforts to destroy the dignity of the presidency itself. These ranged from small things such as making the White House appear ludicrous by dressing its guards in comic-opera uniforms to large things such as arranging to be caught in public lies. Strangely enough, it does not yet seem to have occurred to American newsmen to wonder why the government suddenly starts "leaking" at the highest levels (viz: the National Security Council minutes in the case of the Indo-Pakistan war) each time the President tells a particularly blatant lie in public.

F. Destruction of the American economy. L-7 deserves great credit for his effectiveness in this field. In spite of U.S. industrial capacity, the greatest in world history, he was able to debase the dollar until it now commands about the same respect abroad as the Tanzanian shilling. And in spite of the fact that America is also the foremost agricultural producer in world history, L-7 has been able to drive food prices to an all-time high. (Here the Central Committee itself deserves at least partial credit, for having directed L-7 to sell us huge quantities of wheat at bargain-basement prices.)

12. In the field of foreign affairs, it was absolutely necessary—both to weaken America and to alienate her allies—that the Indochinese War continue as long as possible. L-7 did this by pursuing the war under conditions that held out no hope of success. Since our experience in Hungary and Czechoslovakia has shown that the only way to govern unruly satellites is to garrison them with large numbers of ground troops, L-7 was instructed to remove all ground troops from South Vietnam. It was L-7 himself who conceived of simultaneously stepping up the air war, which had the double advantage of being the most costly and the least effective means of waging a war in Southeast Asia. It also had the side benefit of alienating the populations of Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam.

13. Desirable though it was, however, the war posed a problem as reelection time grew near. Since L-7 had been making war for four years, it was difficult to present him to the voters as a man of peace. To overcome this obstacle, we instructed L-7 to visit Peking (whose renegade leaders had no idea, of course, that they were entertaining a senior agent of the MVD). L-7 was next ordered to negotiate with Hanoi what was in effect a surrender agreement, under which the North Vietnamese would remain in South Vietnam. The voters' hopes for peace were to be raised just before the election, although the actual signing of the agreement was delayed until just afterward, so that the charade would not be aimed too obviously at winning the election. After that, the war could resume.

14. But resumption of the war later became untenable because of Watergate. As the scandal eroded L-7's authority, the previously supine Congress suddenly found the courage to end the bombing. Unfortunate though this was from the Soviet point of view, we must look on the bright side: by the time it ended on August 15, the bombing had already weakened America to the tune of $17 billion, as well as 3,700 airplanes and more than 3,000 highly trained airmen.

15. In addition to forcing an end to the war, the Watergate affair raised grave doubts about L-7's judgment and political development. This office had directed L-7 to establish a secret police answerable only to him (the so-called "plumbers") for the normal and necessary purpose of using standard surveillance and penetration techniques in order to identify dissident political elements. Later these elements were to have been neutralized. But L-7 bungled by selecting operatives so untrained that they were caught in one case by a cleaning woman and in another by a building guard. That the penetrations failed was bad enough; what was revealed in the aftermath was worse.

16. Testimony before the Ervin committee made it plain that, despite four years in office, L-7 had failed to gain authority over such key members of the state security apparatus as the late J. Edgar Hoover, L. Patrick Gray, Richard Helms, and Lt. Gen. Vernon Walters. Each of the latter three at various times told the truth to the committee. Not only were these startling lapses into conventional bourgeois morality; they were also, under the circumstances, acts of insubordination and disloyalty.

17. Even more disturbing than this is what is revealed by the monitoring devices ForOps directed L-7 to have installed in the White House. (Popularly called the "White House tapes," these could with greater accuracy be called the "Kremlin tapes.") ForOps has checked these tapes carefully and they reveal that L-7 was in fact ignorant of the advance planning for both the Fielding and the Watergate penetrations. To put the matter more bluntly, L-7 *did not know what his own secret police were up to*. This is inexcusable.

18. Normally, blunders on the magnitude of those committed by L-7 in the Watergate affair would call for automatic termination, but in this case ForOps respectfully recommends that the Central Committee give the most careful consideration to the replacement dilemma.

19. In 1968, ForOps concurred with L-7's reason for selecting an obscure Baltimore politician as his running mate: that even the most deranged assassin would think twice if he knew his act would put Spiro Agnew in the White House. However, as added insurance, ForOps recruited the new Vice President, who, like L-7, was instantly amenable to our offer of Party funds to improve his lifestyle. We did not know, obviously, that he was improving his lifestyle in a much greater manner than anyone suspected. Therefore, when he was ousted and replaced, ForOps was totally unprepared. The new Vice President is an ex-football player who played too often without his helmet and who is a truly dedicated anti-Communist.

20. ForOps accepts full blame for this dilemma. Since L-7 cannot, obviously, be terminated, we can only suggest in all humility that ForOps itself be terminated to satisfy the sense of justice of the Central Committee.

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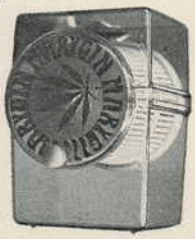

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THE BREMEN SIX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

matters in the presence of the other players. Grubman, who had brought Tuttle, felt he had to make an excuse. "He's new, that's why. Just left his wife and kid. Hell of an actor, though."

"Hell of a poker player," Russi mused. The last pot had killed him. He had dropped fifty into it—a rarity for the game. Three wired kings had been dealt to Russi. He was sure he had a winner. But he never filled, and Tuttle, stroking his long hair and rubbing his actor's nose, had drawn to a deuce-to-six straight.

Three months later it was Leo Grubman's turn to hold the game. The players always enjoyed a visit to Grubman's crazy place in Greenwich Village. Russi, calling to confirm the date, found Grubman's voice faint and shivery. "I can't have the game, Joe," Grubman said. "Rose threw me out."

Russi was stunned. They seemed so wonderfully suited—two happy little people. Leo had been promoted. Rose was a wonderful cook, mother, housekeeper.

"You . . . you and Rose?"

"It's a long story." Grubman paused, as if embarrassed. "I'm moving in with Evan. You remember, Evan Tuttle. The actor."

Fags? Joe Russi wondered. Impossible. A place to sleep. Tuttle owed Grubman something. At the next game, which Kuppick offered to take out of turn, no one said anything about the breakup of Grubman's marriage. The copywriter seemed cheerful enough. He sat next to Tuttle and bet warily. The actor, uninvited, had shown up again. The Bremen Six now had a seventh member.

"Rose okay?" Russi blurted out.

"Oh yeah, yeah," Grubman said. "I guess this was a long time coming."

"Overdue," Tuttle said. He turned up a hole five to go with his two on board, and collected a pot. Pop Lutz had aces over tens and was convinced he had a winner.

"Yeah, like Rose has her ups and downs," Grubman went on. "Maybe we'll get together some day. Who knows?"

Lutz, down over a hundred dollars, scowled at his four of spades. "Can't we can this *True Confession* bullshit and play cards? This ain't family counseling, it's poker."

"Sure, sure, Pop," Grubman said. Leo was more talkative, more sure of himself.

"Open for a buck," Lutz said. He had been dealt another four.

"Raise two," Grubman said. He had bet out of turn.

"For Chrissake, Leo," Tom Bruns cautioned. "Don't be in a hurry. You must have another whore in the hole to go with the one on board." Bruns folded.

"Two whores are better than one," Tuttle said.

The others stayed. Kuppick had a pair of jacks. Hussmiller had a straight working.

The betting inflated. Tuttle folded a pair

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of sixes. On the last bet, Kuppick had jacks over sevens showing. He opened for five, then noticed that Grubman was missing a ten for a straight. If he had a hole ten, instead of the queen everyone believed he had. . . .

"Up eleven dollars," Grubman said.

They all studied his cards. Two tens were out already.

"Fold," Lutz growled. He was turning down two pairs.

If Lutz believed Grubman, Kuppick decided, he had to believe him also. Pop was the original percentage man. "I fold also," Kuppick said.

"Show it, Leo," Russi said. "For laughs."

"Nope. I won it. You pay to see."

Tuttle whispered something in his ear.

"What the heck," Grubman said. "You might as well see." He flipped his hole card. It was a six of hearts. He had nothing. A king-high nothing.

"I can't believe it," Hussmiller said. "In twenty-six years, I never saw Leo Grubman pull one off like that."

At half-past midnight, Grubman was ahead $380. Tuttle was ahead about $175. All the others were losing. The betting was becoming unpredictable. Once, Tom Bruns, rattled by a run of bad cards, misread his hand, kept raising on what he thought was a spade flush, and discovered there was a three of clubs in with the spades. He cursed and stomped out to the kitchen for a beer.

"Time to go," Tuttle said. He nudged Grubman. It was an hour or two before the usual quitting time.

"Jesus, you guys got all the money," Russi complained.

"Come on, a few more hands," Kuppick begged. He was down over $200.

"Sorry, guys," Tuttle said. "The meat business is good. I got Leo here fixed up with a piece of prime sirloin."

When Tuttle and Grubman had gone, Kuppick looked after them longingly. "How do you figure that? They win all the money and they go home to an orgy."

"Don't believe all the crap that actor slings around," Pop Lutz grumbled. "I never did like his long hair or them fag boots he wears. Deal."

Three months later, Cynthia Hussmiller filed for divorce against Marvin. Intolerable cruelty was cited. Hussmiller moved out of the big house in Westbury and into a shabby apartment in Chelsea. He took a job as a salesman of bathroom fixtures and began to date a Finnish masseuse who had her studio in the same building. When he showed up for the next game, in Joe Russi's split-level house in Madison, he looked dreadful. A thick, muscular man, Hussmiller seemed to sag. He needed a shave and his hands shook when he dealt.

"This game is called guts," Hussmiller said hoarsely.

"Guts?" Bruns protested. "You mean open on anything?"

"That's the idea. A man's game. Guts."

"But we never played guts before," Russi protested.

"We start tonight," Hussmiller said. "Go on, Joe, you're under the gun. Open on anything."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," Russi said. "This has to be taken to a vote. You just can't come in and add guts to the games. That's a major change. Let's vote."

Hussmiller, Tuttle, Grubman, and Kuppick voted to permit guts poker. Russi looked at his cards in disgust and folded. Across the living room, in the hallway, his wife Marie was struggling with their Doberman. The crazed dog was dragging her into the night. All that the players ever saw of Marie Russi was a trembling figure in a bathrobe, taking the monstrous dog out to pee or crap. She existed only as a form at the end of a leash. A few players did not even know her name. Russi felt a pang of love for her.

At the end of the evening, calling guts whenever he dealt, Marvin Hussmiller, broke, disowned by his rich wife, exiled to West Twenty-fourth Street and a Finnish masseuse, was ahead $460, a new high for the game. He had been unbeatable. Tuttle and Grubman won smaller amounts. Everyone else lost. Russi, upset by the new game, lost over $300.

Hussmiller no longer owned a car, so Tom Bruns volunteered to drive him in to his apartment in New York. He had an ulterior motive. For a long time Bruns had lusted for Cynthia Hussmiller's hips. He had seen her a half-dozen times when the game was at Hussmiller's place in Westbury—a sullen, big-eyed, high-rumped woman.

"So? You managing?" Bruns asked. He double-parked his Continental on West Twenty-fourth Street. He was depressed by the shabby yellow-brick building where Marvin lived.

"I'll manage," Hussmiller said. He was studying his bankroll. "Jesus! I won more tonight than I earned all month. Luck's changing."

Bruns felt sorry for his friend. Hussmiller had always had the golden touch—rich father-in-law, pretty wife, new cars, Caribbean vacations, kids in good colleges. . . .

"What's this about a masseuse?" Bruns asked. Junkies and street freaks wobbled around them. In a ground-floor window there was a sign: GENUINE FINNISH MASSAGE AND SAUNA.

"Oh, that's Raike. Met her right here. Went in as a client; came out a stud." Hussmiller's eyes gleamed. "All the spinal manipulation I want for free." He grabbed Bruns's arm. "She's taught me stuff I never knew was possible. Tom, it's like I was born all over. We kiss for two hours sometimes."

Bruns, driving back to Larchmont, decided that a call on Cynthia Hussmiller was in order. So what if the unspoken vow of the Bremen Six was that other player's wives were off limits, as unwelcome as wild cards? Within a week, using the excuse that he was interested in store locations in Nassau County, he was visiting Cynthia Hussmiller and making love to her.

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To the surprise of the players, it was Frank Kuppick's marriage that fell apart next. Nora Kuppick, the aging ballerina, now into encounter groups and sensitivity training, moved out of the Stuyvesant Town apartment one spring day. She left a note.

Frank dearest—

I love you and I will always love you, but life must offer more than two people coupling in the night. We are still strangers after two children and twenty-five years of marriage. Who am I? Who are you? Honestly, dearest, sometimes I can conceive of you only in those ghastly smoky poker games, all of you sitting around a green table, grunting, belching, cursing, staring at those awful cards. . . .

Kuppick crumpled the letter. He was suddenly light on his feet. When he showed up for the next game the news had already gotten around.

"Where'd Nora go?" Bruns asked. "I mean, what the hell does a broad do when she splits like that?" Deep down he was hoping that his wife Nannette, a shrewish lover of horses, would do the same.

"New Mexico," Kuppick said. He had aces wired. "She's going to live on a commune. I open for two."

Hussmiller, playing his erratic game again, raised three dollars on a pair of kings.

"And five back to you," Kuppick said.

Bruns arched his eyebrows. "Holy Christ, Frank's wife runs off, and he goes crazy. The grocery money goes for poker, huh Frank?"

Kuppick said: "You know she tore up all the credit cards? She said she was gonna live off the earth in New Mexico."

"You wanna talk about fucking wives or play poker?" Pop Lutz said. He was a grandfather now. His spare-parts business was worth over two million dollars, but he still worked the counter.

Kuppick kept raising. On the last card—it was five-card stud—he opened for ten, saw a ten-dollar raise by Bruns, raised fifteen, and drew a third ace. Hussmiller sighed and turned over kings and eights.

Toward the end of the evening, Kuppick locked horns with Grubman and Tuttle in the "pot of the night." The roommates, free souls who hosted wild parties and dispensed grass and hash (and occasionally hard stuff), winked at one another. Were they tipping each other? Joe Russi wondered. Impossible. Never. Not in the Bremen Six.

"Shit, I bet it all," Kuppick said. He pushed all his chips and bills to the center of the table, not bothering to count them. Annoyed, Russi did the tabulating. Kuppick had bet $108, a record for a single bet.

Grubman folded two high pairs immediately. Tuttle stroked his blond beard. He prided himself on a resemblance to Robert Redford, even though he was in his forties and putting on weight. He was holding three tens.

"Crap or get off the pot," Kuppick said. They all stared at him. This was not old reliable Frank, the honest deskman for the United Press.

"Does he or doesn't he have it?" Tuttle wondered aloud.

"Cost you to find out," Frank said.

"Fold." Tuttle turned cards face down.

"Smart move," Kuppick said. "You saved money." He raked in the winnings but did not show his hand. He had a pair of threes and a four-card flush. Twice more he bluffed better players. Once he scared Pop Lutz off with a seventy-dollar bet. Before they quit, Kuppick won an enormous pot in jacks-or-better when he called a pat hand and no one saw him.

Kuppick ended the evening ahead $510, a new record for the game. Lutz, Russi, and Bruns, the remaining married men, all lost heavily.

Several months passed. Again the winnings seemed to have leveled off. Then one hot night the game was played at Kuppick's apartment. Tom Bruns failed to show. They sat in Kuppick's dirty kitchen and speculated about Bruns. The walls were stained. Dishes were piled in the sink. Kuppick was talking about moving in with a girl he was dating, a Smith College dropout who worked as a copy-girl at the UP.

"I think Nannette threw Tom out," Russi announced. His wife, Marie, had a telephone friendship with Nannette Bruns and had learned about the breakup that afternoon. "He was screwing anything that walked."

Hussmiller's face flushed. It was no secret. Bruns had been having a wild affair with his ex-wife Cynthia. "Anyone we know?" he asked. His voice was clogged. But he was not jealous. Raike, his powerful masseuse, was leading him into unimaginable pleasures.

"Nah, just dames in general," Russi said. "Tom always fancied himself a ladies' man."

"I hear her lawyer is a killer," Kuppick said. "He's figuring out who gets the hemorrhoid suppositories and who gets the vaginal jelly."

Hussmiller shivered. Poor Bruns! He'd need all the drugs in his pharmacies by the time Nannette's lawyers were finished with him, just the way Cynthia's shyster had stripped him naked.

Halfway through the game, Bruns arrived. He looked sprightly and vigorous. Wolfing a salami sandwich, sipping a can of Bud, he took his place at the green table.

"Is it true about you and Nannette?" Russi asked.

"Yeah. To hell with the bitch. We never got along. She was the one started to put out French pâté for us, when I kept telling her only salami, ham, and cheese were allowed."

Russi felt something straining inside himself. Good God, that had been over twenty years ago! Nannette, a fancy Westchester matron, had learned her lesson and saved the pâté for her bridge group after that one *faux pas*. But Tom had never forgiven her.

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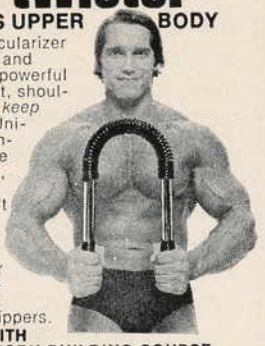

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"Got a broad?" Hussmiller asked. "Oops! I'm high. First king. Bets two."

"Raise two," Bruns said. He knew what Hussmiller was thinking. Cynthia's hips. That soft, lush daughter of wealth.

"Why do you think I'm late?" Bruns asked. "I got a girl. She wants to be a commercial artist." He seemed to give off an aroma of satisfied sex. Actually it was the most expensive men's cologne he stocked in his White Plains branch. Aromatic, fulfilled, Bruns broke the game wide open and won $580. Russi and Lutz were the big losers.

After a summer hiatus, the game resumed at the Greenwich Village pad shared by Grubman and Tuttle. Russi noticed that both men were slovenly. They behaved in an unnatural, surly manner. Grubman was wearing love beads and an Indian headband. He looked shrunken, dehydrated. When he started to drag on a joint and, worse, offered some to the other players, Tom Bruns got to his feet angrily.

"Enough of that crap," Bruns said. "This is a man's game, goddammit! You know the rules, Leo. Cigars, pipes, and cigarettes only."

"It's no worse than booze," Tuttle said. He, too, looked dreadful—pale and gaunt. Grubman was unable to get him any commercial work, Russi had heard. Grubman himself was in trouble at the agency.

"That's just the point," Kuppick said. "We *never* allowed booze in the game. Not since that first game in Bremen in 1946. Beer and soft drinks are all we ever allowed."

Russi nodded. Something dire and mysterious was happening to his friends. "That's right, Leo. You weren't there, Evan, but that's the way it was."

Tuttle snuffed out his marijuana. "Okay, okay. Deal."

"It's your deal," Kuppick said.

Winnings and losings were modest except for Bruns. Nannette had worked him over mercilessly in the settlement and Cynthia spurned him. She was sleeping with a television producer and sneered when Bruns called her, begging for another chance at her well-nourished body. But his luck at poker that night was phenomenal.

"Kings," Hussmiller said.

"Aces!" Bruns cried. Bruns raked in the money with greedy hands. He had cuckolded Hussmiller and was now beating him pot after pot.

"Where the hell is Lutz?" Kuppick asked. Lutz had not shown for the opening of the game. It was now half past eight.

"Oh, Jesus, I forgot," Grubman said. "He called this afternoon. His wife was rushed to the hospital. Some kind of hemorrhage or something."

Nothing was said. After twenty-six years, it was doubtful that any of them had seen Elise Lutz more than twice—a gray, stout woman, padding through the kitchen in a dingy housecoat and scuffs.

Late in the evening, Russi, Kuppick, and Hussmiller, sitting on the side of the table facing the bedrooms, saw a naked young girl with long blonde hair stumble into the corridor and lean against the iron railing. She made horrid contorted faces and appeared to be trying to scream. But no sounds came out of her mouth. Russi pointed at her.

Tuttle turned around. "Christ! Lala's loose again." He got up, after looking at his hole cards and opening for five dollars, then walked over to the girl and pulled her into a bedroom. He locked the door and returned in time to see Bruns raise him five dollars. No one asked about the girl.

A week later Elise Lutz died. The game following her death was scheduled for Russi's house in Madison. No one expected Pop Lutz to show, but the old man of the game was there. He did not appear shaken.

None of the players had gone to Elise Lutz's funeral. None had paid a condolence call. Joe Russi had telephoned to express his sympathy; but Lutz barely responded to his mumbled words. Russi felt foolish when the conversation was over.

"Everything okay at home?" Hussmiller asked Lutz.

"Yeah, yeah. She went fast. Who's high? Lucky Leo Grubman got an ace. Bet."

"Open for two."

"Fold."

"I'm in."

"Raise two."

"Without me."

"Call."

Lutz studied his jack. First hand of the night and he had jacks back to back. "Up two more."

Lutz won seven pots in a row. Tuttle, still unemployed, left the table early, falling into a drugged sleep on the sofa in Russi's den. Grubman was cleaned out by midnight. He awakened Tuttle. The roommates, arguing over who should drive, left for New York.

"You need any help, Pop?" Russi asked. He was down over a hundred dollars. It had been damned near a year and a half since he had enjoyed a winning night. "I mean, Marie could go over and help out."

"Nah, I got a dame comes in. My secretary. I been screwing her for three years; she might as well run the dishwasher for me a couple or three times a week. Call."

"Three kings," Hussmiller said. Lutz was killing him, edging him out of huge pots.

"No good," Pop said. "All pink. Whore-high diamond straight."

At the end of the evening, Lutz held the record for the game—$620.

After the players had left, Russi could not sleep. He drank black coffee, chain-smoked, watched a movie on television. In the morning he made breakfast for his daughter, who attended Fairleigh-Dickinson, and his son, who was in high school. "You stayed up all night, Daddy?" his daughter asked.

"Yeah. I had a good night. Won fifty bucks." Russi had lost almost three hundred dollars.

Yawning, her hair undone, shuffling in

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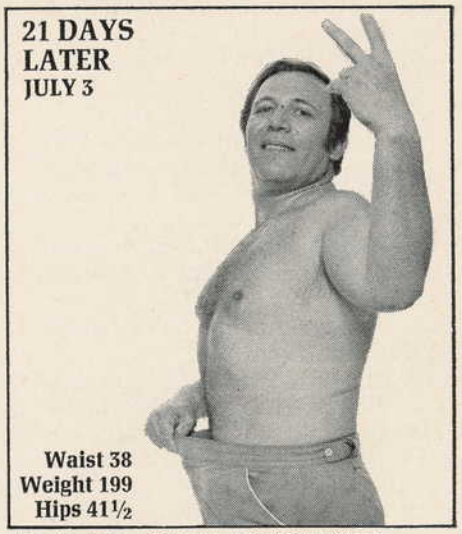

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fluffy slippers, Marie stumbled into the kitchen. Her hooded eyes studied the empty beer cans, the mounds of butts, the chips and cards strewn about. Salami rinds and bottle caps littered the floor.

"You didn't clean up?"

"Hah?"

"You leave a mess like this for me?" Her voice ascended. Marie knew he had been losing steadily. She no longer asked him how he had done. Lately, there was some funny business in their bank accounts, and she suspected he was sneaking money to cover his losses.

"Listen, baby," Russi said. "Don't shriek or don't fall down."

"You lost a whole lot of money?"

"We're through, Marie. Finished. This marriage is over. You can have whatever you want. The house, the kids, the money. I got to get out."

She was screaming to her mother on the phone when Russi packed a bag, collected some scores he was working on, and walked out into the autumn sunlight and down to the bus station.

A month later, in a game at Marvin Hussmiller's in Chelsea, Russi won $870. In the pot of the night, he drew the case ten, turning up four tens to beat Lutz's aces full.

Two of the men remarried during the next month. Frank Kuppick found a pleasant dumpy woman—his Smith College dropout had departed for San Francisco—who worked in an office in the Daily News Building. She had a teenage son. They left Stuyvesant Town for a red-brick house in Valley Stream. Pop Lutz married his secretary. Immediately both men began to lose heavily. Russi continued to win. He lived in a furnished room on West Eighty-fourth Street, read books on poker strategy, and spent less time at the piano.

A week before the January game, Russi, making love to a twenty-two year old flutist named Delia, got a call from Kuppick. The newsman's voice trembled.

"Tuttle's dead," Kuppick said.

"Dead?"

"It came over the police ticker here. They found him in that dump he and Grubman had in the Village with a plastic bag over his head."

"What a terrible thing! The poor guy was going to get a job in a movie, I heard."

"Not according to Leo," Kuppick said. "Tuttle hadn't worked in over a year."

There was a long pause. Neither of them had really known Tuttle.

"Well," Russi said. "At least he wasn't one of the founders. He was never with us in Bremen."

They met next at Kuppick's new home in Valley Stream. Kuppick's wife Gloria, fifteen years younger than the newsman, was pregnant. She had already learned the rules. She stayed in the upstairs bedroom.

"Should we get a replacement for Tuttle?" Hussmiller asked.

"I don't think so," Russi said. "After all, he came in late to the game. He wasn't one of us."

Russi thought of the night Grubman had brought Tuttle in—swinger, actor, with his California clothes and show biz chatter. He'd led poor Leo into greener pastures. And they had all followed. No, it wasn't that simple. Coincidence, Russi thought. The way the world went. A man needed a change, whether in love or in cards.

"Where the hell is Grubman?" Pop Lutz asked. Secretly he was glad the copywriter had not shown. He had come to hate Grubman's long hair, his stringy beard, and the odor of grass that saturated his denims.

"He said he'd be here," Kuppick said. "He called me after Tuttle's funeral. He was pissed off none of us went."

"We play poker," Lutz said. "We don't give a fiddler's fuck about each other's lives. That's how it's always been. To hell with all that crap—wives, broads, kids, deaths."

In the living room, Kuppick was dialing Grubman's number. They could hear his calm voice. "This is a friend of his, officer. Mr. Kuppick. He was supposed to play cards. . . ."

Lutz stopped in mid-deal. He turned up a jack of diamonds in front of Hussmiller. Then he dropped the deck.

"Alcohol and tranquilizers? Yes, I see. Since this morning . . . yes, yes, I'll be glad to talk to you tomorrow. I'm at the United Press. Just ask for me on the city desk."

Kuppick returned to the kitchen. A beer can rolled to the floor. No one moved to retrieve it.

"Two dozen downers and a quart of Scotch," Kuppick said hoarsely. "Leo's dead."

Bruns patted his sideburns. "What a jolt. They call it the synergizing effect."

"You think . . . he and Tuttle . . . ?" Hussmiller asked.

"Nah, all they did was get layed in that place," Bruns said. "Bragging about all the nooky they got, all the dames they stashed there."

"Should we cancel the game?" Russi said. He looked with terrorized eyes at the empty chair next to him. The chair reserved for his friend Leo Grubman.

"Bullshit!" Lutz said. "Let's play cards." He picked up the dropped deck. "Your deal, Marvin. You got the first jack."

Winter sunlight sent shafts of gold into the dingy bedroom on West Eighty-fourth Street, where Joe Russi lay awake with his slender flutist. He had been unable to make love to Delia after returning from the game. But he had won big again, over six hundred dollars.

The telephone screamed at him. He leaped from the bed, staggering across the room. He was ashamed of his paunch, his bald head, his spindly legs. He would buy a wig, go on a diet, dress better. He would be a winner and a lover for a long time.

"Mr. Russi?"

"Yeah, yeah."

"This is Dr. Almayer. I'm a psychiatrist. Mr. Marvin Hussmiller in one of my patients."

"Yeah?"

"He woke me up this morning—stumbled into my office looking like the wrath of God and kept saying he was next."

"N-next?"

"Frankly, he was largely incoherent and I had to calm him with a big dose of thorazine. He's sleeping now, but I don't know what to do about him. He has no family. His ex-wife refused to talk to me and some foreign woman, whose name he gave me, hung up. Then he said to try some of the names listed in his address book under the word Bremen. Yours was the first name."

"Marv's my friend," Russi whispered. "But . . . but . . . I don't know what I can do to help."

"What does Bremen mean?"

"That's our poker group. The game began in Bremen. We were all in the army." Russi began to weep. The vast dim barracks. The six of them seated around a footlocker. Sergeant Lutz shuffling; Pfc. Grubman coming back from the PX with six bottles of German beer; Pfc. Hussmiller lighting Pfc. Russi's cigarette; Corporal Bruns leafing through *Yank*. . . .

"Ah, I see. He feels a kind of security with your group, I gather."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Hmmm. Could you come down here and get Mr. Hussmiller, please, Mr. Russi? At least, just to take him home?"

"I'm kind of busy today. . . ."

"Mr. Russi, your friend is on the edge of a terrible collapse. He kept muttering something about people going out in order, and that he was next."

"I'll try to get down." Russi paused. But what good would it do? *In order*—just like a good poker game, everyone betting in turn. "Maybe you should try some of the others. Mr. Kuppick at the United Press."

Yes, let Frank handle it. Reliable Frank, with his bald head and pipe and green eyeshade. Ah, but Frank followed Hussmiller. Or was it Bruns?

"Coffee, Joey?" Delia asked. "You look sick, baby."

Russi locked himself in the john. He'd be last. He had four months to go. The game would get down to four, to three, and then there'd be just Joe Russi and Pop Lutz staring at each other across a green baize table in Pop's paneled den.

Russi began to cry—huge convulsing sobs. The tears gushed down his unshaven face, dripping onto the middle-aged body that shamed him. Briefly, he thought of taking all his poker money and the few U.S. bonds that Marie had left him and running off to Italy. Somewhere on the Apulian coast, in a fishing village, his mother had relatives. He could learn to cast for octopus and mullet, drink cheap wine, marry a cousin. But he knew he never would. He owed it to the game, to the Bremen Six, to play out the string. Who, he wondered, would win the last pot—he or Lutz? ○+

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W
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TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
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OR

To enroll under PLAN 2 fill in application on other side to order

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CANADIANS: mail application to U.S.A. address. Your membership will be serviced from Canada. Enrollment plan may differ. Prices slightly higher.

Columbia Record & Tape Club, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808
I am enclosing check or money order for $1.97 as payment for the 13 selections listed below. Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so. **I am interested in the following type of recorded entertainment:**

Be sure to check one box only

- ☐ 8-Track Cartridges (X5-W) 1KC
- ☐ Tape Cassettes (X6-X)
- ☐ Reel-to-Reel Tapes (Y4-Y)
- ☐ 12" Stereo Records (J8-Z)

Write in numbers of the 13 selections you wish to receive under PLAN 1

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
(But I am always free to choose from any category)
☐ Easy Listening 2 ☐ Teen Hits 7 ☐ Classical 1 ☐ Country 5

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....Zip Code.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO
APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer S74

APPLICATION FOR "PLAN 2" ONLY

Columbia Record & Tape Club, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

I am enclosing check or money order for $1.00 as payment for the 5 selections listed below. Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. I agree to buy 4 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming year — and may cancel membership any time after doing so. **I am interested in the following type of recorded entertainment:**

Be sure to check one box only

- ☐ **8-Track Cartridges** (QN-W) **1KD**
- ☐ **Tape Cassettes** (QP-X)
- ☐ **Reel-to-Reel Tapes** (QQ-Y)
- ☐ **12" Stereo Records** (QR-Z)

Write in numbers of 5 selections		

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
(But I am always free to choose from any category)

☐ **Easy Listening 2** ☐ **Teen Hits 7** ☐ **Classical 1** ☐ **Country 5**

☐ **Mr.**
☐ **Mrs.**
☐ **Miss** .....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address .....

City .....

State ..... **Zip Code** .....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ **YES** ..... ☐ **NO**

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer **S74**

To take advantage of PLAN 2 fill in this application to order

5 records or tapes

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